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THE  
LITERARY  
*ANNUAL REGISTER,*

OR

Records of Literature,

DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN.

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CHARLES TAYLOR, JUNIOR, EDITOR.

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VOL. I. FOR 1807.

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1808.

# THE PREFACE LITERARY

## ANNUAL REGISTER

To exhibit a general view of the progress of Literature, of Science, and of the Arts, is the Object of the present Undertaking: for this Purpose it includes a comprehensive Survey of the State of Letters, under the following Sections:

I. Correct Information relative to all works announced, at home or abroad, arranged under their respective Sciences, ~~Political and~~ Subjects, Sizes, Prices, and other requisite Details.

II. Accounts of all new Works as soon as published, in correct Abstracts and illustrative Extracts, with such other Information relative to them as may enable the Reader to form his own independent Opinion. This follows the same Arrangement as the preceding Department, so that the Professor of every Science may immediately receive all necessary Information relative to his own particular Line of Study.

Such is the Plan of the Register. The Execution of the Design is submitted with Esteem to the Decision of a candid Public.

THE EDITOR

## P R E F A C E.

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THE EDITOR.



PREFACE

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I. Correct Information relative to all Works published, at home or abroad, assigned under their respective Sciences, naming their Authors, Subjects, Dates, Prices, and other requisite Details.

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Such is the Plan of the Work. The Execution of the Plan is entrusted with Reference to the Editor of the ensuing Volume.

THE EDITOR

PROSPECTUS

OF A

SUPERB PERIODICAL WORK,

(Of which the first Number will be published on 1st of March, 1807, Price Two Shillings,) entitled

THE  
CABINET;

OR,

Monthly Report of Polite Literature:

INCLUDING A

REVIEW OF BOOKS;

And accompanied by a cabinet edition (upon an entirely new plan) of the most

POPULAR ENGLISH PLAYS:

With Anecdotes and Annotations, Biographical, Critical, and Dramatic,

SPLENDIDLY EMBELLISHED.

Quicquid agunt homines nostri farrago libelli.

Published by Mathews and Leigh, 18 Strand, where all Letters, (post paid) Literary Communications, Books and other Articles for the Review, &c. &c. are to be sent, addressed to the Editor.

TO THE PUBLIC.

It is not now necessary to explain, much at large, the objects of a *Magazine*; nor, when it is considered how many long established works of that description are already before the world, and that several others have recently appeared, is it easy to submit any fresh grounds for soliciting the favour of the Public towards a *new* Periodical Publication. Still, however, we will venture to add *one more* to the many, and, notwithstanding such numerous and powerful competitors, we have the confidence to think that, as well on the score of novelty of design as superior taste in the execution, we shall have some right to ask, and to hope for a very considerable share in the Public Patronage.

A share then of that Patronage, we now beg leave earnestly to request for the

CABINET;

which is the Title we have chosen for our work. It has often been asked "*what's in a name?*" We believe, in truth, not much, for "as that which we call a *rose* by any other

name would smell as sweet," so will a *magazine*, if ably conducted, find its way into public notice as well under one appellation as another; yet as our reasons for selecting this title will also afford a good *general view* of the character of the work itself, those reasons we shall proceed to state.

A *Cabinet* is an elegant Repository for any thing curious or valuable. It is intended to make the new work correspond with this definition by the splendour of its embellishments, the beauty of its type, and superior quality of its paper. Calculating, we trust not vainly, from our literary arrangements and resources, we may likewise pronounce that the contents of our

CABINET

will not be unworthy of the exterior ornament. In the different departments of BIOGRAPHY—THE ARTS—General and particular CRITICISM—MISCELLANY—POETRY—THE DRAMA, written and acted in London, in the country, and abroad—many *curious* articles will be found: and none, we presume, that will not prove *valuable* in themselves, and highly interesting to the friends of *elegant LITERATURE*.

A *Cabinet* is also a place set apart for the exhibition of pictures, engravings, and other specimens of the FINE ARTS. In this sense our title is not a misnomer; it being our purpose to present a *splendid series* of those performances from the pencil of celebrated painters, and the *burin* of our most eminent engravers: PORTRAITS of distinguished public characters, living and deceased; POETS, AUTHORS, CRITICS, MUSICIANS, PAINTERS, ACTORS, DRAMATISTS.

*Politics*, so uncongenial with literary attachments and pursuits, are not included in our plan; but, *parva componere magnis*, our proceedings, like the affairs of the state, will nevertheless be regulated by a sort of

CABINET COUNCIL.

Our *Chancellor*, presiding in equity, shall have the guardianship of all oppressed and injured authors, artists, and actors. They shall be peculiarly the objects of his care and protection. The Managers also shall have their cause fairly advocated: and none shall have reason to complain of the injustice of his decrees. Should it be found that from any defect of evidence, or detected error of judgment, the decision is questionable, the cause shall be again brought on, re-argued, and the decree amended or reversed. Our *Secretary for the Home Department* shall have cognizance of the progress of literature, taste, and



the stage in the *Metropolis*. The *Foreign Secretary* will have but little business to trouble him from abroad; he therefore shall have controul over the articles respecting the *Provincial Theatres*, the *Opera House*, the *Suburban Amphitheatres*, &c. The *War Secretary* shall conduct our controversial discussions, and all our personal disputes, should any unhappily occur. Our *Chancellor of the Exchequer* must find the *Ways and Means* if, he can, and we hope without laying any other tax on our Readers than such as they may be inclined cheerfully to pay. Our *Master General of the Ordnance* must supply us with ammunition as often as called upon; but of this we do not apprehend any want. At present, our *Magazine* is full. And having an aversion, like *Hotspur's* *foes*, to "those vile guns" and any thing like them, be they ever so small, we trust his official services in that way will never be required. Indeed this minister and the *First Lord of the Admiralty*, who except in the case of a great naval victory, which should not fail to be recorded in every *English* work, may be considered as holding sinecures, and as honorary, rather than efficient members of our *Cabinet*. The *Privy Seal* shall apply the stamp of *secrecy* to every article of correspondence that may require it. The *PREMIER*, consistently with uniform usage, must have the direction of the *Treasury*, which we hope will soon be in a flourishing state; he must also retain the discretionary power of choosing his colleagues, and even of ejecting them from the *Cabinet* should he think it necessary for the public good. We want nothing now but a *President*. He, like other presidents, must call the councillors together, sit at the head of the Board, and give the casting vote to the deliberations.

Thus is our *Cabinet* composed—our administration we hope will conduce to the general interests of the world—of letters. Opposition we must expect, and endeavour to overthrow; but, at all events, feeling no disposition to resign, we will keep our seats, and hold the reins of government as long as we possibly can.

## THE REVIEW.

The *Review of Books*, though we do not design any positive exclusion, will be chiefly confined to works which relate to the *Belles Lettres*, and to those particularly which shall eminently excite, or ought to excite, the attention of the Public. A *Review of Music* will be included in this Department.

## THE STAGE.

The affairs of the Drama will be discussed minutely and with spirit. To effect the improvement of the *English Stage*, considering it as a NATIONAL INSTITUTION, highly important to the literary character of the country; and to advance the credit and respectability of the members of that profession is the desire, and shall be the strenuous effort of the Conductor of the *Cabinet*.

## THE CABINET EDITION OF THE ENGLISH THEATRE.

A word or two in explanation of our plan with regard to the *Edition of the Theatre*. This we likewise hope will merit its title of the "CABINET EDITION." It will be separately paged and embellished, so as to form a Work perfectly distinct from the Magazine. Our popular plays only will be selected; but these shall be printed with great care from the most authorized copies: with Lives of the Authors; Critiques, original and selected; curious and entertaining Anecdotes; Annotations; a review of the leading Actors, ancient and modern, who may have distinguished themselves in the principal characters; in brief, every interesting article or occurrence appertaining to each play: humbly hoping by these accompaniments, to present an *Unique Edition*, which shall do honour to the drama of our country; and to render an acceptable service to all men of taste and letters; including the intelligent conductors, amateurs, and professors on the British Stage.

## CONDITIONS.

Each Number to contain twelve half-sheets (ninety-six pages) printed with a new Type, cast for the purpose, on a thick yellow wove paper, manufactured expressly for the

## CABINET:

to be ornamented with TWO ENGRAVINGS, one to accompany the Magazine; and the other to embellish the appended Cabinet Edition of the Plays, to which latter work twenty-four pages will be appropriated every month.

## TO ADVERTISERS.

No advertisements will be printed on the cover, nor any bills admitted; but advertisements will be received at moderate prices, and printed on a detached sheet, to be entirely devoted to that purpose, and stitched up with each Number.



## Periodical Literature.

*The Director.* A Literary and Scientific Journal, Published in Numbers, every Saturday, during the London Season, from January to June, inclusive, vol. 1. 8vo. pp. 380. pr. 8s. Longman. 1807.

Contents.—I. *Essays.* 1. Introductory. 2. On the causes that affected the progress of painting in ancient and modern times. 3. Colossal statue of Achilles. 4. 5. 6. On the connexion between genius and patronage, including an account of the Grecian artists. 7. Sketches of modern characters. 8. Life of Proctor, the Sculptor. 9. On the art of good living. 10. Further sketches of modern characters. 11. On the Gaelic poems of Ireland. 12. On the Drama.

II. *Bibliographiana.* Account of rare and curious books, and history of the most celebrated book sales in this country, (with biographical notices of the collectors) from the close of the 17th century, to the year 1756. To be continued to the present time.

III. *Royal Institution.* Analysis of the lectures delivered there.

IV. *British Gallery.* Description of the pictures exhibited for sale.

The design, and plan of this work are detailed in p. 173.



THE  
R E V I E W  
OF  
PUBLICATIONS OF ART.

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VOL. I.

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London :

PRINTED BY JOHN TYLER, RATHBONE PLACE,  
FOR THE AUTHORS;

AND PUBLISHED BY SAMUEL TIPPER,  
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1808.





# INTRODUCTORY

## ADVERTISEMENT.

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NOTWITHSTANDING that the universities of Great Britain may justly rank among the principal seminaries in Europe for the cultivation of literature and the sciences ; and that every British gentleman is, or is presumed to be, educated a scholar: yet literary *reviews* have been thought not unnecessary, and have been found not useless, in forming or assisting his taste for books. It will probably appear to posterity a curious fact, under such circumstances, and at a period when so considerable a portion of the public attention is attracted towards the arts of embellishment, that they should not only have remained unnoticed at these universities, but that there should have existed no such thing in England, at the commencement of the nineteenth century, as a periodical Critical Review of Publications of Art.

It is now generally admitted that the Fine Arts are copious fountains both of commercial prosperity and public happiness. Wisely superintended and administered, they are the “milk and honey” of celestial promise to civilized society, blessing the land through which they flow. They not only irrigate and enrich the fields of national opulence,

but fertilize the still fairer fields—the paradise of national virtue.

The same Arts, when misconducted—when diverted from their natural channels, form swamps and morasses which bear the treacherous semblance of freshness and verdure; or, hurried by reckless fashion from rock to rock, serve but to swell the ocean of absurdity.

Without stopping to deplore that, thus susceptible of perfection on the one hand, and of perversion on the other, the Fine Arts have not yet become in England an acknowledged object of the patriotic attention of government; we shall briefly state, that a small society of unprejudiced men, who have long cultivated a friendship with these chaste and charming sisters; and who have beheld with pleasure how much an honest review, by improving literary discernment, has tended to repress empiricism and fraud in the republic of letters, have resolved to exert their best endeavours, in a similar way, in the service of art and the public.

Of a publication in its nature anonymous, but to which the present usages of polished society have lent their sanction, little can with propriety be said previous to its appearance. If experience has taught the public to estimate advertised promises at a low value, it must have taught them to estimate anonymous promises at still less.

The proprietors, who are themselves the writers of the present Review, are therefore obliged, and



are content, to let their hopes of success rest on what they may be found to perform : yet they may be permitted to think, that the frequent impositions which have been practised on the candour of the British public in matters of taste, which have been severely felt, though but little understood, leave them not without flattering ground of anticipation that both the admirers and professors of the Fine Arts will hail their publication with a hearty welcome.

For these reasons our Prospectus simply announced our intention of supplying the public with an impartial Critical Review of Publications of Art, extending its observations to their conductors as well as authors, and entirely independent both of the interested wishes and the resentments of dealers and dabblers in art, however expressed.

The slight, and, we will add, modest notice with which Art has hitherto been *generally* honoured in the literary reviews : such as, “ the engravings appear to us, for the most part, to be very well executed ;” or, “ the first artists have been employed on the plates, which are very elegantly designed,” &c. have left a wide province of criticism untilled, of which we see little reason to distrust the fertility.

As our constant object will be to improve critical discernment in the Arts, any essays or discussions that may be calculated to promote this primary purpose, and which may be received from cor-

respondents, shall find a ready admission. Of this the reader will find an instance in our review of "the Artist."

On the language of our publication we shall of course bestow all the care which we are able, and which time and attendant circumstances may admit. Our respect for literature, and for the present state of literary taste, demand this: but they demand also, that we consider thoughts and things as our proper subject; and therefore that attention to words, further than as swift and safe vehicles for the conveyance of thought, can be but of subordinate concern. We must constantly prefer intrinsic truth to extrinsic ornament; and endeavour to excel by our strength, rather than captivate by our beauty.

# R E V I E W

OF

## PUBLICATIONS OF ART.

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THE ARTIST, *a Series of Essays on Science and Art, written by Men of eminent professional abilities, on topics relative to their respective Studies, and by other persons peculiarly conversant with those Subjects. Edited by PRINCE HOARE, and consisting of twenty-one weekly Numbers.*—Published (at 1s. each) by Murray, and White, Fleet-street; sold by the London, Oxford, Cambridge, Bath, Edinburgh, and Dublin, Booksellers: Printed by C. Mercier and Co. 1807.

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IN editing these papers, Mr. Prince Hoare, with the most virtuous intentions, fell, or appeared to fall, into the twofold error of supposing that valuable information, upon subjects of Art, could only be imparted by professional Artists; and that each contributor should write only on that art in which he had previously demonstrated his claim to public attention. He seems to have forgotten, or have feared to exercise, his own judgment in the arts, and his own *discretionary power* on such papers as might be sent for insertion in “the Artist;” and in requiring the names or initials of those persons who might contribute, he appears not to have remembered that the most elegant and useful political writings which Great Britain

ever saw, and which she will never cease to admire, are to this day anonymous.

Such at least was the general impression which the first appearance of the Artist made on the public mind; and such were the opinions which we ourselves formed on reading Mr. Hoare's advertisement and first paper: nor was it until we arrived at the concluding part of his very last paper, when it was too late for any correspondent to avail himself of the discovery to any advantageous purpose, that we were taught to think otherwise. The editor appears, at last, to have been convinced of his mistake by repeated remonstrance: he gives us passages to this purport from two letters written by candid judges, of whom one says, "I should be sorry to think that none but professional men could feel the essential beauties of a picture, especially those excellencies which address themselves to the mind rather than the eye; for this would be a most discouraging circumstance (I should think) to artists themselves. Perhaps, therefore, you may deprive yourself of the advantage of many valuable remarks, by limiting the communications you receive, too severely, to men absolutely professional:" and—in short, Mr. Hoare allows at last, what he ought to have informed us of at first, namely, that he does *not* consider practical experience as the only ground upon which to build the good taste of his countrymen; and we are well persuaded, that for want of this declaration in the outset, some communications which might have proved acceptable, and perhaps valuable, to the public, have thus been excluded from "the Artist."

Mr. Hoare's motive, was the very laudable one of conveying to the public instruction on the subject of Art. His mild candour, and extreme good nature, are every where visible: but his plan, in our estimation, was dictated too much by fear to offend the least worthy of his readers,



and by hope that artists “might be induced *openly to communicate their sentiments on their respective studies* :” the public, he flattered himself, might thus be “gradually familiarised with the principles of the arts.”

There is no doubt, if every artist who might contribute papers to such a publication, *would frankly tell the whole of what he practically and critically knows* of his profession, that Mr. Hoare *might* “present their recondite stores to his readers.” But do we live in times when so much disinterested virtue is to be expected from any set of professional men? And is not the national institution, called the Royal Academy, upon such an establishment, as, in its consequences, must rather keep down and repress, than promote, such generous purity of motive as this presumes? Mr. Hoare is a member of that institution; and he knows full well, from observation if not from experience,

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“how hard it is to climb  
 The steep where Fame’s proud temple shines afar!  
 He knows full well how many a soul sublime  
 Has felt the influence of malignant star,  
 And wag’d with Fortune an eternal war:  
 Check’d by the scoff of Pride, by Envy’s frown,  
 And Poverty’s unconquerable bar.”

Knowing these things, could the editor expect in such times as these, that the successful climbers to this bright and exalted station, would labour down again, to point out and expose their foot-tracks without fee or reward, and render the ways of original genius a beaten path? Did he believe that the professional artist, goaded only by difficulty, and selfishness, and fear, and dire necessity, *could* spread around him ease, and hope, and genial light, and disinterested pleasure?

Mr. Hoare must surely know of the higher class of artists, the sculptors of public monuments excepted, that

—with small pittances of patronage from the opulent, and with the natural revenues of their Academy, in a manner confiscated from their use by the folly of their legislators—they have hardly “enough for the little exigencies of obscurity:” yet to them he has looked for *light*! He must know that the Academy, from the ignorance or cupidity of its *architect*, is scarcely better than the black hole at Calcutta; and that all are gasping for the little vital air which it contains.

Let war cease to rage through the CIVILISED world: let man learn to doubt that moral or political truth is to be promulgated at the point of the bayonet: let more patriotic impulses be given from above, than that the gains of commerce are the HAPPINESS of England: unchain the genius of your country from the desks of office and the counting-house, and you will not want artists, nor poets, nor philosophers, to scale the steeps of Fame full in your view, or spread the light of science.

We are not surprised that, from men situated as are the present members of the Royal Academy, Mr. Hoare obtained no more of elementary instruction, for his readers, and so much of the language of suffering and complaint. The result has perfectly answered to our principles of human action, and the expectations which we had formed. Out of the forty Academicians, and twenty-six Associates of the Royal Academy, the editor of “the Artist” has received contributions from six only: namely, West, Flaxman, Hoppner, Northcote, Shree, and Soane.

From Mr. Flaxman, deservedly surrounded by circumstances which must be peculiarly gratifying to his professional ambition, we have a very excellent and instructive critical history of European sculpture, replete with profound and liberal remark, of which we have availed ourselves, as the reader will see, in reviewing the public monuments which have been erected to the memory of our

brave defenders in St. Paul's Cathedral; from Mr. West, a *well-written* account of Opie's style of painting: Mr. Hoppner, with the usual sportive, but sarcastic, brilliancy of his pen, has written some shrewd remarks on diletanti pretension, and in discrimination of beauty from fashion, and a very liberal critique on Mr. Stothard's Procession of Chaucer's Pilgrims: Mr. Northcote begins No. 2 with descanting on originality and imitation in painting, and ends it with melancholy complaints of the base but successful practices of picture-dealers; asserts the independency of painting in No. 9; complains again of neglect of talent and misemployment of industry in No. 19; and in No. 20, begins with cautioning students against theatric imitation, and concludes with some just remarks on the privileges and characteristics of genius. From Mr. Shee's pen we have an elegant and energetic elegiac tribute to the memory of Opie: and from that of Mr. Soane, a paper in full coincidence with our own sentiments, on the causes of the present regretted state of Architecture and architectural patronage in England.

We are obliged to defer noticing the communications with which "the Artist" has been favoured by other correspondents, excepting only that of Mr. Thomas Hope, on account of the relation his subject bears to the *moral* of our own publication: for which reason we also select for our readers' perusal an important part, in our own estimation, of one of the papers contributed by the editor himself: beyond which we shall not at present extend our review of "the Artist," but shall lay before our readers an original paper, containing the substance of a discussion which we hope may "have a tendency to protect or advance the ARTS of ENGLAND," (which is Mr. Hoare's professed object as well as our own) and which, we are informed was intended, but for the editor's apparent prohibitory law, for insertion in "the Artist."

In a very sensible and useful essay on the premature and improper exercise of taste, and particularly of *extraneous* taste, which however begins with a prolixity of ornament and confusion of metaphor not germain to his subject, Mr. Hoare has the following sentences, which, we presume, may possibly have been chiefly intended for the perusal of "*the Committee of TASTE.*"

"In the struggles of our limited intellect to attain to the excellence of art, how desirable were it that minds could be brought to unite towards the perfection of study, as bodies are made to join [co-operate] in lifting or carrying extraordinary weights; that the man of taste, and the man of learning could coalesce, to produce a faultless work! It is said to be an idea entertained by many persons (and those ingenious ones, too), that such a scheme is feasible, and I own it has a plausible appearance. But I am inclined to suspect, that if ever such an union subsist to any good purpose, it can only be where a constant and perfect intimacy affords an opportunity of the most momentary communications of ideas and sentiments; in which instances it will amount to nothing more than the advantages which every sensible man derives from the opportunities offered by his actual circumstances, for at last it will be to the skill that predominates over the suggestions of taste, that the tribute of admiration will be paid.

"Except in the case of this extraordinary and entire communication of minds, nothing is more generally prejudicial to the value of genius than the interference of *extraneous* taste. What is not intimately felt will never be ably expressed: and it will be found from experience, that in every high exertion of art in its peculiar province, the artist, whether painter, architect, musician, poet, or of what other description soever, has either rejected the taste of accessory minds, or, if he has yielded to it, has deformed and weakened his original design.



“It is in vain that we strive to alter (or, as we think, *correct*) the sallies of genius, whose vivid conceptions do not admit of the reform we propose. We may take away its strength, but we shall not take away its faults; and we must at last content ourselves with concluding, that although the knowledge and art of others be the groundwork of *our* taste, yet that faculty in us (in however high a degree we may possess it) cannot, in return, either increase the knowledge, or strengthen the powers of performance in the children of genius.

“No genius ever afforded delight, that had not, at the same time, something to be pardoned. Bring me any instance you will of a man who has acquired a great name [the reader will observe here that Prince Hoare is quoting], and I will tell you what those of his own time forgave in him, and what they knowingly overlooked. I will point out not only many to whom their faults were *not* prejudicial, but some to whom they were advantageous. I will name those of the highest fame, and who have been brought forward as objects of admiration, whom, if any one pretends to correct, he destroys altogether.”

“The interference of the taste of others has a tendency to impoverish the fruit of an original mind, but not to improve its stock. It may impede the flight of genius, but cannot fashion it. Taste, moreover, thus loses its highest qualities, and foregoes its most important uses.

“It belongs to the province of taste to exercise itself on materials already formed, and on works already delivered to the world; and by comparing and illustrating these, by weighing their beauties with their defects, to prepare the ground to the best advantage for the exertions of future times *and* future candidates.” [We suspect an error of the press here.] “But whenever it interferes to influence and qualify the actual effusions of genius, it not only prevents the increase of stores by which the world is to be

enriched, but impairs the very materials on which it is itself to act, and thus fairly saps its own foundation.

“ These observations apply to taste the most accurately formed ; for it is unnecessary to say any thing further on the intervention of extraneous taste unfounded on knowledge, the absurdity of which is too evident, and which is allowed to be at all times ominous, if not ruinous, to the cause it intends to assist.”

Thus far Mr. HOARE. In the eighth number of “ the Artist,” Mr. THOMAS HOPE, himself, we believe, a member of the Committee of Taste, shews a solicitude equally laudable to convert past experience into a lesson for the future ; but mingles with his lucubrations more of practical remedy than Mr. Hoare has pointed out. He clearly shews that the best way to secure a wise superintendence or interference of extraneous taste, admitting such superintendence or interference to be indispensable, on occasions when great public works are to be erected ; would be to lay the foundations of art deep and wide, by having our youth instructed in *drawing*, and more especially that of the human figure. We cite the concluding sentences of his paper, conceiving them to be very apposite to the purpose, which we ourselves have in view.

“ Should a nation, among which some proficiency in drawing is *not* regarded as an accomplishment indispensable in the education of a gentleman, have occasion to erect such works of architecture or of sculpture, as, incapable of displaying the minor embellishments of splendid hues, can only shine through means of the higher perfections of purity of design and excellence of composition, it may, perhaps, even among the first orders of the state, among the individuals that stand highest, both in point of rank and of abilities, in vain look for a certain number of men qualified to make—among the designs or models offered for their approval, on solid and scientific

ground—such a choice as may, on all occasions, insure the public wealth from being wasted in works which instead of honour reflect disgrace on a country; and much oftener will the execution of such works, however important, be, through interest and cabal, obtained for presumptuous and bustling mediocrity than for retired and unassuming genius.

“On these weighty grounds, the most enlightened republics of Greece were induced to decree, by a positive law, that all youths of ingenuous birth should be instructed in the most essential rudiments of the arts of design; in that lineal drawing, a proficiency in which is so necessary to make a man, if not a professor, at least a tolerable judge of works of art of every description; and for these same reasons Aristotle, in his Politics, dwells on the importance and necessity of such a law in all polished and well regulated states.

“Our rulers cannot *well* enact a public and a general law of this sort; but every one of our fellow citizens who feels anxious to give his children the species of education calculated to prove most useful to them at every period, and in every transaction of their lives, should make such a rule for himself. He should not be content with letting his daughters learn to paint flowers or transparencies, in order to bedaub every screen, and darken every window in his house; but he should make every one of his sons receive, in their early youth, at least a few lessons in those general forms of the human skeleton, and in those general forms of the human muscle, which alone can lay a sure and extensive foundation for any peculiar species of drawing they may afterwards wish to perfect themselves in, either for the sake of emolument or of pleasure. Above all, should every one of our public seminaries of youth provide itself with *able* teachers in an art of at least as immediate, and as great general importance to every



order of the community, as that of scanning Greek verse. Thus would every man, whether destined to become a cabinet-maker, or to sit in judgment on the monument of a Nelson, be enabled to produce or to approve, such works only, as may be a credit to himself, and an ornament to his country."

We admit the following original and novel kind of communication, the more readily, and are the better satisfied of this being the proper place wherein to introduce it, from its coinciding with Mr. Hope and Mr. Hoare in its leading sentiment. If the evils under which British art is acknowledged to suffer, can be satisfactorily traced to their true causes; and if remedies can be pointed out, we flatter ourselves that the application of those remedies would at least be attempted by those persons who might possess the necessary power; and it will be seen that the reasoning of our correspondent centres with that of the gentlemen just quoted, while, in our opinion, it at once confirms and extends its application.

*To the Editor of the ARTIST, subsequently, To the Editor  
of the CRITICAL REVIEW of PUBLICATIONS of ART.*

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—"Cast out first the beam out of thine own eye, and then shalt thou see clearly to pull out the mote that is in thy brother's."

"For every tree is known by his own fruit: of thorns men do not gather figs, nor of a bramble-bush gather they grapes."—Luke, ch. vi.

I hope, Mr. Editor, you will admit, or at least pardon, a general assertion in which I am about to indulge. It is, that the recent publications upon art and patronage, have abounded too much in the language of complaint, and reprehension too nearly approaching to invective.

You gentlemen artists, appear to think that we gentlemen, who are not artists, know not what to do with our money; and boldly, and in the face of day, proceed to

demand it on the public highway, clapping the muzzles of your pens to our noses.

On the other hand, it must be allowed that we are equally assuming, in supposing that you know not how to employ your talents, and would mistake the true roads of art but for a diletanti *directing-Post*.\*

I leave the casuists to determine which party is most laudably employed. Meanwhile, as it is wiser to enquire into and develope a cause, than to scold at an effect, I send you the substance of the latter part of a conversation which took place in discussing, with my friend Philographicus, the reasons why we beheld so few collections of the meritorious works of living professors, and so many of ancient art and modern rubbish.

I am,—or rather, I shall be if you keep your promises,  
Mr. Editor,

Your constant reader,

CANDIDUS.

P. ——— If we live in an age when the arts of engraving and printing have given such facilities to smatterers and empirics, that attention is dissipated, and intellect more frittered than informed, by the multiplicity of their productions: an age when the patronage of art is become but the pander of petty personal vanity: an age when

\* The reader will, perhaps, need to be informed, that at the same time with “the Artist” appeared another periodical, but very inferior paper, under the assuming title of “the Director” [the expression *directing-post* evidently alludes to a favourite passage of the writer in his first paper], the editor of which gradually found out that such a piece of wood as he there talks of, would not stand long, or be at all useful, unless covered by a painter. We may perhaps give a short account—a sketch of this picturesque post, which has yielded, we believe, to the natural operation of the elements for want of such a cover—if we can find room in a future number.

to seem a person of taste is eagerly desired, while the more easy and pleasurable task to *be* so, is so little aimed at, that the reasoning and the advice of Socrates, seems utterly disregarded or forgotten : an age when the minds of few, very few, are braced up to the pitch of study, and those of the many are relaxed to the flaccid tone of mere amusement, or listless indifference.—If the public endure that moral philosophy\* shall be played off as an attractive farce, and that tragedy shall seem a plaything—If the divine majesty of Truth must stoop to be arrayed by reigning Folly in the shewy garb of Declamation—If, surrounded by a sickening atmosphere, where the azotic and mephitic gases of courtly adulation and commercial importance far outweigh the vital principle, the health of the public mind is impaired, and the sanity of the public discernment impeded—If, bending obedient to the exigencies of the times, our rulers must cultivate the arts of war, and *must* leave those of peace to the natural operation of neglect and wildness, and open to the inroads of savages—If—

C. For Heaven's sake, Philographicus! whither are you proceeding? Are these the sentiments which love of arts inspire?

P. It was time, I grant, to use the friendly curb. But can we wonder, Candidus, that mountebank impostors should start up and thrive under such encouraging circumstances? That persons should appear who make it the business of life to convert heaven-born art into a childish toy? I can readily anticipate your answer: we can *not* wonder, you will say, but we may decline swallowing the gilded pill which these empirics prepare for us. Noble-minded, and powerful, and more than bold,

\* If the author means to allude here to the Lectures which were about this time delivering at the Royal Institution, surely he says too much.



must he be, who attempts to stem the tide of fashionable propensity. But either we must

“take arms against a sea of troubles,  
And by *opposing* end them ;”————

or suffer the tide to roll on and overwhelm us. The fine arts, and the genuine lovers of art, are at length brought to Hamlet's dilemma. Would you leave us to follow his example? Like him, to take no decided course—like him, to be whirled into a vortex of wickedness ; and like him, to sink regretted by the good ?

C. Aware of the danger, you may at least not embark on the stream.

P. True. But acting from a private motive of mere selfishness, is one of the reigning vices. To follow your caution, would virtually be to go most with the stream when I am most wishing to avoid it.

C. Let us not bewilder ourselves in a metaphorical or a metaphysical labyrinth. The advice I offer to you, is the advice I should give to all ; and if all were to follow it the tide would turn. To keep aloof, and point out lurking danger, is all that you ought to attempt, and perhaps all you can possibly do. Sudden revolutions in taste, are as dangerous, because generally as unsound, as in politics. Remember, that the most gentle friction ever produces the most delicate polish. Content yourself with pointing out the causes, where you can ascertain them, of the defects which you perceive and lament ; and assure yourself, that if the mirror of truth be in a steady hand, the most forward errors will be the first to recede from its rays.

Opulent persons, who possess the means of patronising living merit in the fine arts, have been much blamed of late for purchasing such old pictures as they believe to be of established reputation ; and filling their port-folios,

and furnishing their parlours, with tawdry, miscalled, engravings, rather than encouraging and rewarding contemporary artists with just reference to their respective merits. The facts are more undeniable than the blame is just. But *clearly to point out its true cause*, would be much more likely to remedy the evil complained of, than to reiterate reproach. Now I do not apprehend that there is any natural disinclination among us moderns to distinguish, appreciate, and reward, living merit. On the contrary, and notwithstanding all that has recently been said, the *wish*, the *desire*, to distinguish and reward living merit in the fine arts, was never so strong in England as at present; and perhaps has seldom been stronger elsewhere. It is the *power*—not to reward, but to *discriminate*, that is really wanting. The deficiency is not in the public will, but in the public discernment; which can only be gradually improved, and which, unless I am much mistaken, may be cleared from the film which obscures it by milder correctives; at most by less violent medicines, than you sometimes seem ready to prescribe.

P. You have entitled me to hope, if not to expect, that you should now point out the causes why the public judgment in matters of art is no better than you have stated it to be, notwithstanding the example set by his present majesty, and that the metropolis has now, for upwards of forty years, been benefited by the establishment of a national academy of arts.

C. The causes are less multifarious and complicated than some persons have imagined, yet all of them I may not now be able to state. In the volume of lectures which you lately put into my hands, the author has, I think, clearly pointed out two: namely, the defects of our academical establishment, and the ignorance of those dealers, who, as he observes, “have interposed their opaque intellects between the artists and the public,

eclipsing each in the notice of the other :” but there is a third cause to which, in my opinion, should be ascribed no inconsiderable share in the production of the effect, and that is, *the wretched state of the education of our youth with regard to DRAWING.*

It was not less wisely than wittily observed upon a certain occasion in the House of Commons, that we do not entrust shoemakers to repair or regulate our watches. To entrust cobblers with the more intricate and more delicate mental machinery of our successors, is surely not less absurd : yet what better than intellectual cobblers can we esteem the common herd of drawing-masters, to whom the foundation—nay, more, the entire formation, in most instances, of our children’s taste in all that relates to the fine arts, is confided. It is true, there are distinguished exceptions ; but though more numerous than formerly, the exceptions are still but (comparatively) few ; and the schools of the rising generation, as well as the private houses of the opulent, have been, and are still, attended by men who are the furthest of all men from being artists, and who teach, for the most part, what it would be desirable to unlearn. You allow that I am myself indifferently well-informed on these points, having learned, unlearned, and relearned, to draw. I blush to think of my own regeneration ; and you, Philographicus, have often witnessed among the small circle of the *elect*, the painful struggles of being *born again*. But, joking apart, is it not clear that much of the bad taste which prevails among us, may be traced up to this mental miseducation ?

P. But you would not abridge the rights of parents, and *impose* drawing-masters upon us in this land of liberty ?

C. Do not mistake shadow for substance. Amendment must begin somewhere. If, by diminishing the power to do mischief, you increase both the power and the will to do

good, how can liberty be endangered? Observing how much the pursuits of art tended to refine and elevate the human character, the enlightened republics of ancient Greece, enacted a law, that every free-born youth should be instructed in the rudiments of drawing; and doubtless took care that the fountains of information should not be contaminated. Perhaps among us, the same purpose might be better effected by the influence and sanction of example. Physicians and surgeons, whom we entrust with the care of our bodies only, undergo, as they ought, a previous examination, and have no authority to practise, unless they are found to be qualified. The certificate or diploma which they obtain from the learned bodies of either profession, when a successful examination is passed, is their sanction; and he that calls in or employs an empiric or unsanctioned physician or surgeon, does it at his own peril. How stands the case with regard to drawing? Is not *connection*, as it is termed—unprincipled connection, the sole introduction of the drawing-master? The personal recommendation—not of one qualified to judge of his merits, but—perhaps of the mistress of a boarding-school, whose utmost knowledge of art has been conned from a sampler, and whose acquaintance and *patronage* has probably been courted for the purpose, by the gross flattery of a still more gross pretender to drawing, is tacitly, and almost universally, admitted as qualification sufficient, in laying the foundation of the future judgment of a future generation. If, as far as we can controul or promote such future judgment, we proceed thus erroneously, can we wonder that such false and inadequate ideas of art should afterwards prevail? Can we be surprised that the young connoisseur, set free from the *instructions* of his drawing-master, and mixing perhaps occasionally with the genuine votaries of taste, should gradually learn to distrust his own taste and talent; and that, still desir-



ing to possess the reputation of *taste* at least, he should fear to risk the credit of his supposed judgment, by the purchase of modern art, but should rather choose to rest his reputation on the well known merits of well known and highly valued works of the old masters, or the great names of their authors? Should we not rather wonder at the numerous instances of good fortune, in which the minds of pupils thus educated, emancipate themselves from their early trammels?—

Here the education with respect to art, of the female part of society, finishes. Young gentlemen are, perhaps, sent to the universities; but it is not less a subject of complaint, that at the universities are no professors, and no establishments of art.

I believe *you* will allow that better pictures are occasionally produced by the best painters of the present day, than some of those of settled reputation and high nominal value. Reflect, that if their superiority be not perceived, their value will not, cannot, be admitted: they are (in the language of Scripture) “light shining in darkness, but the darkness perceiveth it not:” while in a dim-sighted and luxurious age, the finest works of the old masters themselves, are less *valued* for their intrinsic merits than *credited* as necessary articles of spurious grandeur.

We probably want judicious and well framed national establishments of art at the universities and in the metropolis, where drawing-masters should at least pass examination before they were ostensibly allowed to teach others. The Academy, as well as the Church, might thus send forth its sanctioned ministers of Truth, if not of *Grace*, and the light of Art, emanating from these centres, might illumine the distant provinces of the empire.

P. I fear that you are stepping far into futurity, and that at present these pleasing anticipations will be considered but as Utopian reveries. You have said enough,

however, to satisfy me of the general truth of your allegations, and the justness of your reflections on them. One cause of the neglect of living merit, I think, you have fairly traced to the drawing-masters; and the vulgar pretenders to teach this art are, to my knowledge, yet more grossly deficient in the country than in the metropolis, or at least, it is far more difficult to find one fully competent to the task of instruction.

As there is now a very respectable periodical paper, of which the object is to communicate to the public "*whatever suggestions may have a tendency to protect or improve the arts of England,*" I think you should address the editor on the subject.

C. I don't know that I can do better than transmit to him my recollections of the conversation which has just passed.



*No. I. of the BRITISH GALLERY of ENGRAVINGS, with some Account of each Picture, and a Life of the Artist; by EDWARD FORSTER, A. M. F. R. S. and S. A. Chaplain to his Grace the Duke of Newcastle.—Price, Proofs, large Paper and Type, three Guineas and a Half, common Impressions two Guineas, per Number. Printed by W. Savage, Bedford Bury; and published by W. Miller, Albemarle-street, London, 1807.*

THE Royal Academy has been fortunate, very fortunate, considering the past disconnected state of British art and literature, in having had good lectures on the art of painting. The discourses of Reynolds, Barry, Fuseli, and Opie, will long be remembered with reverence. Excepting these, very few persons have in this country shewn themselves qualified to write *well* upon the fine arts; and very little information of real value to the public has been

thus conveyed, until of late Mr. Shee, Mr. Hoppner, Mr. Flaxman, Mr. Knight, Mr. Price, Mr. Hope, and a few others, have stepped forward to improve our taste, and uphold or redeem this part of the national character.

The disconnected state of British art and literature, at that period of life which is usually devoted to education, is a subject of deep regret. We have no professors of imitative art at our universities;\* and no university in or near the metropolis, which is the principal seat of the arts.

Hence perhaps the reason why so many egregious pretenders to knowledge in art have started up among us; and hence probably the credulity with which many of the well-disposed public have listened to their sophistry, and relied on their promises.

If its seeds be not sown in the spring season of national refinement, or of individual life, art should at least be afterward engrafted on a stock of letters; and he who shall presume to write on such subjects *for the instruction of the public*, if he begin his education at a college, should at least finish it by visiting, for that purpose, the principal academies of art in Europe; or should compensate for his absence there by devoting inherent brightness of intellect to a close study of his subject at home.

We hope Mr. Forster has been duly aware of these demands upon his knowledge, his discretion, and that joint cultivation and natural vigour of imagination and judgment, of which the fruit is called taste.

To hope, however, which can have reference only to the future, is not here our duty. We must strictly attend to the present and the past.

\* We are perfectly aware that we are here repeating the sentiments of our correspondent CANDIDUS. We wish that we may thus contribute to give effect to his laudable purpose; and that we could flatter ourselves with the hope that it would not be necessary again to repeat them.

On the past we shall dwell but lightly, having before us a surer and better criterion of Mr. Forster's ability to conduct publications of art. The only works of this nature, in which, to our knowledge, this gentleman has hitherto been engaged, are his *British Drama*; a translation of a translation of the *Arabian Nights Entertainments*; and an edition of *Don Quixote*. The first, in point of appropriation of subjects and talents, is conducted as badly as if it had been left to chance, or been superintended by some person educated to a pursuit quite foreign to that of imitative art; of the second, it is well known that the whole management, as far as art was concerned, was very judiciously placed under Mr. Smirke; and his *Don Quixote* (which, we believe, was his first adventure in the way of publication) evinces still less intelligence on the subject of painting and engraving than his *British Drama*, and is so wild a jumble of foreign and English, ancient and modern, design, as might well lead an impartial observer to suspect that the reverend conductor had never read certain scriptural prohibitions, and was resolved to put new wine into old bottles, and old wine into new ones.

In conducting these works, however, we believe that Mr. Forster was chiefly an agent for booksellers; and the genial current of his soul, may have been frozen by the cold calculations of the counting-house.

That Mr. Forster may be a profound theologian and an excellent preacher, we are forward to admit. His Grace of Newcastle may have good reason to congratulate himself on the moral and religious merits of his chaplain, who may be a competent, or even an admired, master of arts; but it will still be our duty to doubt and examine, and to teach the public to pause and enquire, whether he be master of *those* arts upon which he undertakes to write for our instruction. We do not insist that the author of such a book as this gentleman has just begun, should be



*practically*, but we do expect that he should be, at the least, *critically, versed in the arts of PAINTING and ENGRAVING.*

How lightly such tasks as that now under discussion have hitherto been regarded, we have had too much reason to know and regret; we know, too, how easy they are to perform, as they have usually been performed. By the help of biographical dictionaries of painters and engravers, and with the opportunities of consulting professional artists upon every occasion that may, to a purblind writer, be dubious, even discoveries in art may be fancied, and another book may, without much difficulty, be added to the numerous books which have already been composed; much more for the benefit of "the trade," than of the public: as Sterne says, "new mixtures are made, merely by pouring out of one phial into another."

But when a book is to occupy so much of the valuable time and study of our first artists, and to take so much money from our pockets, as the present; where the loftiest aims in art are professed to be taken; surely then, for the honour of the arts and of the country, and in justice to that public which has never been backward to encourage such undertakings, (though, alas! woefully so to discover between false and true pretensions in those who engage to conduct them) literature should lend her most valuable aids; and the most refined knowledge, and the most exquisite taste in art, should here unite with the deepest erudition, and the utmost purity of style in letters.

How far Mr. Forster may have established his claims to these (in our estimation) indispensable requisites; whether he will write like one of "trade's unfeeling train" to sell his ware, or like one of the highly gifted progeny of art and science, to enlighten and improve his countrymen, and spread the emanations of cultivated intellect through the continent of Europe (for he prints his lucubrations in

French as well as English), is now to appear; and all conjectures, and all *à priori* inferences, must fade in our estimation, before the light which his first number may afford.

Before we enter on the consideration of Mr. Forster's prefatory address, or prospectus, it may not be improper to notice a slight inaccuracy—an oversight, as we conceive—in the title-page of his work: which title-page, as well as the rest of the number, is so handsomely printed, that we question whether better letter-press printing is any where to be seen. “*The artist*,”\* of whose life Mr. Forster appears to promise some account, has not been previously mentioned: here is, therefore, a relative term without an antecedent to give it meaning. Mr. Forster probably intends an ellipsis, which should never appear in a title-page; and we suppose will lay before his readers an account of the life of every painter from whose works engravings shall be made for “the British Gallery.” In a title every thing that is meant should be clearly expressed, and nothing remain to be guessed at or inferred by the reader.

It is now necessary to declare, that the prospectus or preface, which follows this title, is such a prospectus as any person might write, and as has often been written upon similar occasions. Excepting certain copious extracts from Mr. Landseer's lectures delivered at the Royal Institution, and since printed, it is the same which, in the shape of a small duodecimo pamphlet, has been long before the public, and contains little beside repetitions of the

\* While some might suppose that Michael Angelo is here designated, Mr. Holloway, and those others who, like him, bow to Raphael's supremacy in art, would naturally conclude that Raphael was meant. Mr. H. says, in his prospectus for the Cartoons, that as Homer was called *the poet* by way of pre-eminence, so Raphael was, or ought to be, termed *the painter*.

vague and common-place promises, by which former editors and publishers of expensive works have assailed our ears and our pockets ; and no other earnest of superior abilities to conduct publications of real importance in art, with advantage both to our professional artists and the public, than arises from our knowing that Boydell trudged up pennyless to London, like Whittington, “to seek his fortune,” and found it in the generous indiscretion of the public respecting the concerns of art ; that Macklin (another adventurer in this way) was originally a cabin-boy, and afterwards a frame-gilder ; and that Mr. Mr. Forster was educated to fill a station in the church.

It is true, we have a reasonable right to expect more from a clergyman than from either of the former characters ; and he has a right, which we as freely acknowledge, to expect more credit from us for his promises and professions. That credit we give him to its utmost extent : but our duty remains ; and we should not conscientiously perform it, if we did not unequivocally say, in this place, that we see little or nothing in the prospectus before us, or in the accounts of the four pictures by which it is followed, to persuade us that Mr. Forster is well qualified to conduct such a work as he has undertaken.

It begins by consoling us for the misfortunes of the war, by the possession of some of the finest pictures in the world. “The dispersion (says the author) of most of the *different* galleries and collections in Italy, France, and Germany, has enabled the admirers of the fine arts in this country to acquire the purest specimens of the greatest masters ; and we can now boast of larger and more valuable collections than were ever” [before] “known in Great Britain.”

If we rightly understand the author, his preface next proceeds to hold out to those who possess these pictures, *a desire to be envied*, as an example set them by the con-

noisseurs of the continent, and a legitimate motive for lending their pictures to be engraved; and goes on to state, "with the greatest satisfaction," the names of those noblemen and gentlemen who have granted this permission to Mr. Forster; the list of whom contains indeed the names and titles of many of the first personages in the kingdom, both for rank and taste; but whom (with the author's leave) we freely exonerate from any desire to be *envied* in so doing, and presume to have been actuated purely by a wish to promote art, and benefit its professors.

Large promises follow, and professions of those disinterested and patriotic motives with which Boydell and Macklin, and the print publishers in general, have set out.

"Two motives have principally induced the proprietors to engage in this laborious and expensive work: their love for the fine arts, and their wish that this country should give birth to the most complete and perfect work of the kind ever executed." We can only hope and trust, in the present instance, for superior sincerity. The author adds, that "*it is with the greatest confidence* he can look forward to its decided superiority over similar undertakings; but of this he wishes the public to judge from the work itself, of which he now submits to them the first number."

His next paragraph must lay the first painters of the present day under eternal obligation—if they should die before Mr. Forster. He says, "it may be proper to state of the English school, that as well as for the sake of having the stamp of Time put upon the value of the pictures themselves, as of avoiding every thing like partiality or *apparent* neglect, it is determined that no work of any living artist shall be engraved."

We do not very well understand this, though we have



tried hard, and must therefore stand excused from acquiescing in the purity, patriotism, or other propriety of motive, which the author may here mean to claim. "The stamp of Time," seems to mean the stamp of *Death*; but then we do not perceive how partiality, or apparent, or *real*, neglect, is to be avoided by engraving no work of any living artist, unless the author is afraid of indulging his partialities to the living at the expence of the dead, or of neglecting the dead at the expence of the living.

After stating his principles \* of selection, to which, if his picture-judgment prove adequate, we see nothing to object; and quoting passages from Prince Hoare and Sir Joshua Reynolds, in favour, as he conceives, of his undertaking; the author proceeds to an encomium on *line* or *stroke* engraving, which he speaks of as being "the *only* mode that has been used in *works of any repute, similar to the present*;" and adds, that "nothing can be so fallacious as the idea, that a coloured print is capable of conveying even the *slightest impression* of the colouring of the original picture." Surely this is going a little too far.

He enforces these doctrines with great *zeal*; but *zeal*, it is well known, as often proceeds from the mistakes of bigotry or self-interest, as from rational conviction or refined taste; and it is here that several pages are introduced from Mr. Landseer's volume of lectures, by referring to which, we acknowledge ourselves to have gained some information on the point at issue.

This reference, however, not only shewed us what that

\* Of the selection itself, of subjects for the first number, we shall only say, that to present the subscribers with two three-quarter lengths of single figures in one number, displays no great taste for diversifying the subjects of the work; and that to have been "a *specimen*" of what such publications *ought* to be, it should have contained at least one historical group.

gentleman has asserted of chalk-engraving, *as it was first introduced into England, and practised by Ryland and his immediate imitators*; but in a subsequent passage, which Mr. Forster has *not* cited, that he speaks of it *as it is now practised*, or as it might now be practised, as a *quite different, and very superior art.*

Mr. Forster has placed this line-engraver and lecturer, whose name we observe in the muster-roll of his auxiliaries, in the front of his battle:—he is probably therefore a volunteer. But whether he be volunteer, or pressed into Mr. Forster's *lines*, he is no feeble champion; and as we possess the power, so we see the policy, of neutralizing his valour by confronting him to himself.

After comparing, with some humour, the pursuit of chalk-engraving by the print-dealers, to the annual Easter hunt upon Epping Forest—all of which comparison Mr. Forster has (*somehow*) omitted, Mr. Landseer says, “at length, however, *this interesting art*” (of chalk-engraving), “of which I seem, I *only* seem to make sport, making a few noble bounds, has escaped from the toils of its pursuers, and now roves at leisure, when, *as a means of translating pictures, it is more worthy than ever of being pursued.* Upon what principles I am led to perceive that this province of engraving has recently disclosed more various, and extensive, and richer, tracts, than it was formerly known to contain, I shall have the pleasure to explain at another time;” which other time, we believe, has not yet arrived.

The suppression of this passage has, perhaps, been through inadvertency. Perhaps it escaped Mr. Forster in the reading: we should else regard the bringing together all those passages from Mr. Landseer's book, which seem to make in favour of the particular mode of engraving, which Mr. Forster says he has exclusively adopted, and the omission of the passage which we have just quoted,

as not quite a fair procedure, and as arising less from a wish to inform the public mind, than that of promoting the sale of his own work.

Having done with the prefatory prospectus for the present, we proceed to the author's comments on the four pictures, from which the prints which are the pride of the first number, are engraved; after which we shall deliver our own remarks on the engravings themselves.

In one place our author promises "some account of each picture;" and in another, "as complete a history as can be obtained." Histories of pictures [*i. e.* of their travels] are sometimes, though but seldom, interesting: what the public would much prefer, and what would contribute much more to the improvements of other painters, (which is one of Mr. Forster's professed objects), would be, an history of the mind of the painter whilst employed on it, and the circumstances, both physical and moral, by which he was at the time surrounded.

In a few passages Mr. Forster feebly aims at the latter, whilst in his accounts of the various dealers, and other possessors through whose hands the pictures have passed, he is more prolix. He appears to have fallen into the mistake of anticipating that gentlemen will be more pleased to have the adventures of their pictures recorded, than their merits developed and explained; or having less ability for the latter, he endeavours to divert our attention by filling his pages with the former.

Being sometimes general where he ought to be particular, and vague where he ought to be general, we conceive Mr. Forster has yet to learn when and how to be either.

The first sentence after his preface (he is speaking of *LODOVICO CARACCI*) is as follows: "Religious subjects were great favourites with this master, and in treating them he was extremely happy."

The mere force of a general term may depend upon the

number of ideas which it recalls, or of which it is the sign ; its proper use, will not always depend on the whole number of ideas recalled, but upon the number of those which bear upon the subject treated ; and here the taste and address of a skilful and well-informed writer, is most conspicuous. Now the word *happy*, as this gentleman has used it, is not a generic (or general), but a vague term : it does not recal a number of ideas which the reader may combine, or from which he may select, but no distinct idea at all. It is so vague, that a foreigner on reading the book, especially if he kept in mind that a clergyman wrote it, might be led to infer that Lodovico Caracci being a very good catholic, was always *happy* in treating religious subjects : for what could so much contribute to the terrestrial happiness of a good catholic painter, as to paint religious subjects, and to paint them *successfully*.

Mr. Forster does not only appear deficient in such acquired knowledge as might proceed from a careful study of his subject, but also in *radical feeling* for the arts of painting and engraving. Our readers will not of course expect more than negative proofs of this assertion, for more cannot, in the nature of things, be adduced. In such a work as is before us, we should naturally expect that the beautiful or sublime touches of Art, would elicit sparks of occasional enthusiasm from the mind of the writer : that the *verba ardentia* would play through his pages, and electrify and enlighten his readers ; but here the tame spiritless coldness of copying, is substituted for warmth of original feeling.

Caracci and his Magdalen are soon dismissed (in less than four lines, taken in substance, and almost verbatim, from Pilkington), and the rest of the imperial folio page, is filled with a conjecture and an anecdote, which may perhaps prove interesting to—picture dealers.

What Pilkington had previously mentioned as an histo-



ric fact, namely, that L. Caracci studied the pictures of Corregio—Mr. Forster has chosen to *infer* from a contemplation of his works. He says, “it is evident from Lodovico Caracci’s works that he was an admirer of, and diligently studied, Corregio.” Is Mr. Forster’s the old edition of Pilkington, before Fuseli edited and corrected him? Or has the following sentence from the pen of that learned artist and critic escaped him? Or does he mean to deny its truth? “Lodovico Caracci, far from subscribing to a master’s dictates, or implicit imitation of former styles, was the sworn pupil of Nature.”

Our author’s description of the second subject, namely, WILSON’S VIEW OF ROME, resembles his description of the first, if that may be called *his*, where we discover not a single idea which has originated in the mind of the writer. It informs us little of Wilson, of whom we wish so much to know; that the picture described was painted for the late Earl of Dartmouth; and that there *is said to be* a duplicate in the possession of William Hussey, Esq.

The next page is consecrated to VANDYCK. It begins, like the rest, by dealing out the semblance of accuracy: not that we mean to deny that there may be persons desirous of knowing the exact dimensions of *the engraving before them*, even to the minutest fraction. Whilst beholding this admirable specimen of English art, there may possibly be individuals whose still-unsatisfied minds may wish to be informed that it is eight inches and one quarter long, by seven inches and one eighth broad; (for there have been *critics*—at least, so we have read—who measured Garrick’s pauses by a stop-watch); not that we should at all quarrel with, or object even to this kind of exactitude, if it were not substituted for critical accuracy, or if it were accompanied by any such fervour of feeling in the writer, as might harmonize with the work of art described.

Mr. Forster preceeds to inform us, that “artists are not more free from the passions that agitate the human breast, than other men; and if *their* employers frequently wish to be identified with the gods and goddesses, or the heroes and heroines of the heathen world, we must not be surprised if *the painter* is actuated by the same feelings.”

Vandyck has in this picture assumed a fictitious character, and has transmitted himself to posterity under the semblance of the shepherd of Mount Ida; “and a Paris, he has the apple in his hand.” But does Mr. Forster pronounce this figure to be the shepherd of Mount Ida, merely because he holds an apple? He is not dressed in a Phrygian habit, nor has he the Phrygian cap on his head, which is so remarkable; neither holds he a shepherd’s crook, but a mere broken rustic stick; nor are we sure that his right hand contains an *apple*, nor that an apple is the indubitable mark of a Paris. Vandyck may have simply intended, for aught we know, to represent himself as the peasant of a southern climate; and then what becomes of Mr. Forster’s fine apology for his “personal vanity?” He next brings us acquainted with a circumstance of which many persons will certainly be glad to be informed, namely, that there is a fine portrait of Vandyck by himself, in the Earl of Pembroke’s collection at Wilton; but the words in which Mr. Forster conveys this information—“there is a fine portrait by *himself*, in which he has represented himself,” &c.—are neither elegant nor colloquial.

The account of REMBRANDT’S CHRIST IN THE STORM which follows, is better, far better, than his preceding pages; and we are glad to see Mr. Forster improve as he advances. The greater part of it is much more to the purpose than any thing of our author’s which is contained in the present number, and is worth reading and preserving: but many connoisseurs will differ from Mr. Forster’s last

paragraph, wherein he asserts that the picture spoken of “was painted while Rembrandt was young, *but in his best manner.*” Rembrandt pencilled with considerable neatness and precision of touch, when young, but as he was not an accurate draughtsman, he seemed to possess the means without accomplishing the end which it was calculated to produce; whereas when he assumed his carelessly-bold and commanding style, he seemed to perform all that he aimed at, and to accomplish without labour what no labour could transcend.

We shall now offer some remarks on the engravings themselves, beginning with

ANKER SMITH’S PENITENT MAGDALEN *engraven from a copy of a Picture by LODOVICO CARACCI, in the possession of THOMAS HOPE, Esq.*

This is a very ill-chosen subject for an engraving in the line manner, and Mr. Smith in treating it has committed a great error in judgment; yet it has a good effect of light and shade, and as it is in some parts engraven with considerable care, will probably be esteemed by the multitude a good print.

It is an ill-chosen subject, because the dishevelled hair of the Magdalen which is thinly distributed over her body in poor and separate locks, is extremely ill adapted to the local powers of that branch of the art which Mr. Forster says he has exclusively adopted. The line engraver here, could neither render the shining character of human hair, nor the firm softness of flesh, so as to do honour to himself or his art, or shew either to advantage.

If Mr. Forster had wished to give an example of the folly of endeavouring to fix the affections of the public “*exclusively*” upon this (it is folly to endeavour to fix

them upon any) mode of art, he could scarcely have made choice of a subject better suited to the purpose; and Mr. Anker Smith, as if co-operating in the same end, has adopted an opener, instead of a closer, than his usual style of engraving flesh: this not only makes Mr. Forster's error appear the more conspicuous, but has given a complexion of rottenness to his own engraving; which, however, does not belong to the generality of this gentleman's former productions.

It is in other respects not equal to former engravings of Mr. Smith. The drapery which covers the lower part of the figure is inferior to most of *his* draperies, and neither the eyes nor nostrils of the Magdalen, are drawn with feeling; the former being at the best, ambiguous in their expression, and neither open nor shut. We have known imaginations younger and more voluptuous than our own, to which this engraving presented a Magdalen, long before the hour of bitter sorrow and repentance, and which, if all but the bust had been obscured by a cloud, would surely have mistaken it for an Io in the embraces of Jupiter.

MIDDIMAN'S VIEW OF ROME, *engraved from a copy of a Picture by WILSON, in the possession of the EARL of DARTMOUTH.*

On comparing this engraving with the original picture, we observe that Mr. Middiman has let in portions of light behind and between the branches of the clump of trees on the right hand; by which he appears to have intended to improve the *chiaro-scuro*, and give (perhaps he has given) his performance more of the general air of Wilson's pictures, than the copy from which he worked, possessed. A more agreeable and Claude-like tenderness of the extremities of all the trees, is also observable in the original, than in the engraving.



Of a liberty so considerable as that of introducing lights not to be found in the original picture, we should condemn the general practice ; and even though the engraver should, in the present instance, have succeeded in conveying a more impressive idea of the general character of Wilson's painting, we should have thought it wiser in him to have adhered strictly to that picture which was before him : we mean, provided the original had been before him ; but perhaps Mr. Middiman may have been led into this error by working from a copy of which he might doubt the fidelity.

Wilson's original was lately exhibited at the gallery of the British Institution. We rely chiefly on its internal evidence, when we say that we believe it was painted in Italy, and perhaps under a shade of the influence of superstitious admiration of Claude, and before our countryman had fully asserted the superior grandeur of his own style ; but of such an artist as WILSON, it would be highly interesting to trace the intellectual steps by which he ascended the throne of landscape painting ; and engravers, (the historians of his fame) should therefore be particularly studious always to render him with due reverence and as he really is.

Notwithstanding the imperfections which we have noticed, and others which we have yet to notice, in this print, its general effect is good, and a good *chairo-scuro*, like charity, sometimes "covereth a multitude of sins."

We are reluctantly compelled to say, that in the engraving before us, we seek in vain for the playful freedom and taste which guided Mr. Middiman's Etching-needle, in his *Morning*, and his *Forest of Arden* (both after Barrett), and in some of the best plates of Hearn and Byrne's *Antiquities*. In these most successful efforts of Mr. Middiman's art, we have sometimes seen his line balanced by taste, between sensibility of the merits and the consequent

claims of his original, and his own observation of nature. In the view of Rome it is comparatively dry and rigid, particularly in the ground and stems of the trees; and whatever of *drawing*, the fore-ground may have possessed in the etching, is mercilessly hacked away with the graver in finishing.

The woody middle-ground is in tone and style more *Wilson-esque* than any landscape engraving which we have lately seen, and as truly so as any which we have ever seen; of the distance we cannot say so much. All about and beyond the *ponte Mola*, wants more of the tenderness of air-tint, and *monte Soracte* conveys no idea of being thirty-five miles from the eye of the spectator!

The dryness and rigidity of style, of which we have already complained, extends itself to the figures; particularly the cattle-driver; and also to the cattle, and the fragment of ancient sculpture; and, though we may pardon it in this place, on account of the known habits of the painter, we can see no reason why the head of an Italian child should be represented as larger than that of a man or a woman.

It is known that Wilson did not *draw* the human figure very well, and that Mortimer (and other painters) occasionally peopled his classical landscapes; yet his own figures harmonize most admirably with the local scenes which he painted, both in colour, and in freedom, fulness, and force of pencil. *His* figures should probably be etched with something of the vigour and spirit of Callot, or of Mr. Middiman's own foliage, and what might remain for the graver, should be performed with a bolder line and touch than Mr. Middiman has here employed.

SCHIAVONETTI'S VANDYCK, engraved from a copy of the original Picture in the collection of HENRY HOPE, Esq.

WE have great pleasure in congratulating Mr. Schiavonetti on the production of this engraving. We confess that four prints of no larger dimensions than Mr. Forster's, with so indifferent an accompaniment of literature, though well printed, seemed a dear purchase at three guineas and a-half, (we are commenting on proof impressions) or even at two guineas, but when we arrived at Schiavonetti's performance, we were taught to hold money cheap; we believe that any, and every, person of taste and feeling for the art of engraving, will here be made sensible (as Sterne has expressed himself upon another occasion,) "how much lighter than a feather is the heaviest of metals."

If this work of art were not an impression from a plate, from which thousands may be printed, but, like a picture or drawing, or an enamel of Mr. Bone's, was the single and unmultipliable production of the artist's hand and mind, how very valuable would it be esteemed!—Upon our principles, among which are, a principle of discarding the printselling nonsense of *scarcity*, by receiving intrinsic merit as the only true test and measure of value; and a principle of constantly endeavouring to instruct the public in the means of forming just estimates of the sterling value of productions of art; this idea should rank, and rank highly, among the pleasures of imagination, and it should enhance the genuine enjoyment of the possessor of such a work of art as is before us, when he reflects that a copper-plate when thus engraven, is like the light of heaven! a blessing in which all may participate without lessening the enjoyment of any individual.

It is the natural operation, and perhaps the highest felicity, of candid criticism, (as of art itself) to liberalise sen-

timent ; to repress all partial, narrow and selfish motives and pretensions : to fan

the *artist's* fire,

“ And teach the world *with reason* to admire :”

We shall therefore now endeavour to shew in what the merits of this charming engraving chiefly consist.

The reader must be aware that the poetic delight which we profess to feel on contemplating Mr. Schiavonetti's print, is not easily communicated by definition, or description, or by any species of prosing ; and that, on such a subject, criticism alone, without the presence of its object, can never impart it. To be feelingly admired, it must necessarily be seen ; and when seen, we believe that its excellencies will be found to consist in its being at the same time a compleat epitome of the original picture, and of the powers which an accomplished engraver can display upon so confined a subject as a half-length figure without landscape, sky, or any other accompaniment of back-ground. It is, throughout, quite as well drawn as Vandyck's original ; the texture of flesh is as perfectly expressed, with all its varieties and inflections of surface, and chiaro-scuro ; nor is the drapery less well felt and understood, nor scarcely less skilfully engraven, than the naked parts of the figure ; all are sufficiently finished, but without petty trickery, or vain labour, and the eye sparkles with all the fire of Vandyck's.

But above and beyond its other perfections, the idea of *colour* is here powerfully suggested, mingling its magic blandishments with those of light and shade ; and the whole presents the most perfect example we have yet seen on paper of the *style* of Vandyck's penciling, who is in this respect the very perfection of style ; or at least, approximates the nearest to it of any painter whatever, except perhaps Fyt, who exercised his powers on subjects of a quite different kind.



FITTLER'S CHRIST IN THE STORM *engraved from a copy of a picture by REMBRANDT in the possession of HENRY HOPE, Esq.*

The best executed parts of this engraving are those which ordinary observers would esteem of the least importance; we mean the dark, hazy, tones of the sky towards the horizon, and the boat with its tattered sail and rigging; such observers may here see that apparently unimportant passages in a print, are, (at least occasionally) of great moment in producing that general impression which the whole may be intended to make on the mind of the observer. But for this, tolerably well rendered obscurity of Rembrandt, which contributes so much to the effect of the whole, we should not hesitate to pronounce this a very indifferent print, for the engraving of the water and figures, which are the principal parts, we cannot at all commend. Universal closeness of texture does not, by any means, constitute the art of characterizing Rembrandt, and the defects of his drawing should at least not be encreased.

It is not the fault of the engraver, but of Rembrandt and the Dutch School, that Christ is here so far from possessing that godlike and commanding air and countenance which we should expect from him who is about to rebuke the elements, that he seems rather to stand in need of help than to be able to impart it to the distressed mariners and disciples. His head is not the best, nor among the best engraved in the composition, and his right hand, besides being ill-drawn, is too small. It is not fair, however, to criticise Mr. Fittler's *drawing* when he is working after Rembrandt. The best engraved heads are those of the helmsman and the farthest figure in the boat who is engaged in repairing the rigging.

The water wants both liquidity and transparency, the

striking characteristics of water ; and it also wants the characteristics of Rembrandt.

When the pictured representation of an object is unlike what it is intended to resemble, fancy is apt to busy itself in the discovering of other resemblances. Some persons whom we have heard comment on this print, have imagined ears of corn where the surge of the nearest wave breaks into spray, while others have beheld in Mr. Fittler's spray, more of the spray of a birch tree, than of a stormy sea.

There is an extraordinary felicity of carelessness in the rambling of Rembrandt's pencil, and upon such objects as the foam and spray mingled with the dashing waves of a tempest-driven sea, it is free even to licentiousness.

In the plate before us Mr. Fittler has not caught the rapid, random course of Rembrandt's feelings. He does not, like that great painter, set the mind in motion, but vainly endeavours to accomplish the same purpose, by coolness and careful precision : hence his water is wooden and motionless, and much more like bad carving than it is like either Rembrandt or nature.

The coldness of the light is, however, not alien to the subject, and had it been accompanied by freedom and feeling, would have been entitled to our warm commendation. But the magical charm of Rembrandt's chiaroscuro, is thrown over the whole ; has given "interest to insipidity," and almost reconciled us to defects which we could not dissemble ; and this Mr. Fittler has rendered with considerable fidelity.

It will probably have been remarked, that in enumerating the respective titles of the engravings in this first number of the British Gallery, we have spoken of them as having been engraved not from original pictures, but from copies. It appears necessary to state the disadvan-

tages under which the engravers labour in this respect, with some degree of firmness.

Looking at the corners of the prints, such of the public as have not read Mr. Forster's prospectus, are taught to think that the engravings are done immediately from the original pictures: others know that this is not the case, but are still instructed to believe that the engravings suffer nothing from being copies of copies, made too by irresponsible persons.

Now, some of the copies which we have seen, are very far from being good: and as every work of art must necessarily lose somewhat by being copied, even at the best, the engravers should either be introduced to work from the originals, or, where this is utterly impracticable, where, from largeness of dimensions or other insurmountable causes, the mountain can neither be removed to Mahomet, nor Mahomet transported to the mountain, which by the way we deem absolutely indispensable, where lofty purposes are sincerely felt and intended, the inscriptions beneath the engravings, should in fairness run thus, Engraved by ——— from a copy by ——— of the original picture by ———.

For, in such cases, admitting for the moment, the copyist to be an indispensable character, he should be stimulated to keep his talent for copying on the stretch, by enjoying the credit, where he deserves it, of having performed his part well; and whether well or ill, the engraver is at least, and in common justice, entitled to the salvo or the praise (as the case may happen) of having his performance considered *as being what it is*; namely, a copy in the second remove from the original: we mean, in as far as engraving may be considered a copy of painting.

The nobility and gentry of the united kingdom have lately shewn much liberality, in parting with very valu-

able pictures from their cabinets and galleries, for a time, by lending them to the British Institution for the improvement of students in painting. The genuine love for art of this exalted class of the community, and their known solicitude to promote the exertions of its professors, is no longer to be doubted. If they lend their pictures for students in painting, is there not at least good reason to hope they would also lend them for engravers to copy? especially as so many important purposes are in view; and if the danger of loss by fire, &c. should be thought to be increased by the removal of valuable pictures from the galleries of their respective proprietors, though in case of such loss, modern art could supply no adequate substitute, pecuniary compensation might be secured by insurance, which the proprietors of such a work as the present, might accomplish at a sixth, perhaps at a tenth, part of the expence of having copies made.

We dwell the longer on this point, from an apprehension that the noble possessors of capital pictures, are not fully aware of the great difference to an engraver who has really the feelings of an artist, between working from an original picture, and working from a copy, and how much the latter must necessarily detract from the merit of his translation, *more especially in those exquisite passages where the true spirit of a painter can only be caught and communicated by kindred feeling.*

Not only have the public reason to fear that noblemen and gentlemen who possess valuable pictures, are not sufficiently aware of the evils of second-hand translations in art, but from the following passage in their prospectus, there is also reason to apprehend that those who have undertaken the publication, are themselves either not aware, or being aware, of the great difference, when lofty aims in art are sincerely taken, between engraving from originals, and engraving from copies, choose to dissemble the truth.



“ *In order that the engravings may be in the VERY FIRST style of excellence,*” [by the way, no style of puffing is now more common-place than this] “ *some of the best artists are engaged to make oil copies from the original pictures, instead of slight drawings as is usually done, at a very considerable expence : a method which has not hitherto been adopted,*” [It was very foolishly adopted by Macklin, that the walls of his exhibition-room of originals, might not be left blank while his plates were engraving] “ *but which is calculated very considerably to ENHANCE THE VALUE of the engravings.*”

We are most inclined to think that the proprietors of the work *are not aware* of the disadvantages which we have stated ; and we regret that there is occasion to bring them on this critical point, to an unpleasant dilemma ; but the admission of an agent without responsibility between the painter and engraver, has produced, is producing, and may in future produce, the worst consequences ; the error is deep-rooted ; and our duty here is imperious.

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*The ANTIQUITIES of MAGNA GRÆCIA ; by WILLIAM WILKINS, JUN. M.A. F.A.S. Fellow of Grenville and Caius College, Cambridge.*—Printed at the University Press by Richard Watts ; and published by Longman, Hurst, Rees, and Orme, Paternoster-row, London, 1807. Price 10 guineas in boards.

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It is well known to those who are acquainted with the theory of Architecture, that although the principles of fine proportions and beautiful forms in buildings exist independently of particular styles or fashions ; and that al-

though we ought therefore to possess within ourselves the means of forming and regulating our architectural taste, yet as we know that in all arts the progress of the scholar is much facilitated by the knowledge and experience of the master, so the advanced state of that of architecture among the ancient Greeks and Romans enables us to dispense with the numerous experiments that might else have been necessary for the establishment of just proportion, by placing before us correct models for our imitation.

The advantages that have been derived to modern art from the study of ancient remains, are too well known to be insisted on in this place. But though the ancient buildings of *Italy* have been studied and imitated for some centuries, and became the foundation of that modern style of architecture which has hitherto prevailed among us; yet it has been but lately, and indeed in our own times, that the attention of British architects has been directed to the remains of those *Grecian* edifices from which the Roman style had its origin.

Mons. Le Roy was the first person who gave to the world any thing like delineations of the antique edifices still existing in Greece; but his publication was so deficient in accuracy of detail as to mislead rather than to inform.

To this country belongs the honour of having first faithfully delineated from actual measurements, the glorious remains of *Grecian* architecture. To the labours of Stuart and Revett, and subsequently to the researches of the Dilletanti Society, Europe is indebted for its present accurate knowledge of the edifices of Attica and Ionia, which knowledge has had a very obvious and beneficial influence upon our own architectural taste. It is, however, matter of surprise that the publication of the antiquities of Greece, was at first but indifferently received among the

architects of this country. Those antiquities were considered rather as interesting in an historical point of view, and as exhibiting the infancy of architecture, than as likely to be useful to the professor, by shewing him the maturity of that art. In fact, the prejudice against Grecian architecture was very strong even among our most eminent professional architects. Sir William Chambers, in his preface to the third edition of his *Treatise on Civil Architecture*, speaks in very strong terms of the *inferiority* of the Grecian buildings to those of the Romans; and it also happened very unfortunately for the art, that, about the same time, the style of the late Messrs. Adams, which was founded chiefly upon the Roman buildings of the later ages, became popular, and so overspread the country, as almost totally to exclude every other.

In France, where architecture has been more the subject of academical attention than in England, the Grecian style was much better received: its merits were appreciated, and soon produced a sensible effect upon the taste of our transmarine neighbours, while its adoption here has been so languid as to be some reproach on our national sensibility to the beauties of such objects. It is only within a very few years that its principles have been thought worthy of the study of those British artists, who now appear to be compensating for past neglect by present assiduity; and we are pleased to observe that at length it has taken firm root in this capital, and is gradually branching and disseminating its perennial elegancies over the kingdom.

We have stated how much was effected by the laudable zeal and ability of Messrs. Stuart and Revett, and that of the noblemen and gentlemen of the Dilletanti Society: we should not forget how much the country is also indebted to Mr. Peter Nicholson's "*Principles of Architecture*;" a work which, aided by Mr. Lowry's valuable engravings, at once demonstrated the solid foundation, and

displayed the proud superiority, of the architecture of Athens.

The accurate measurements of the temples of Pæstum, and the ancient edifices of Sicily were, however, still wanting to complete the publication of the illustrious remains of Grecian architecture by British artists; and this desideratum has now been ably supplied by Mr. Wilkins.

His work opens with an introduction, containing the author's remarks on the principles by which the construction of Grecian temples appear to have been regulated; and as Vitruvius is the only ancient author extant on this subject, his enumeration of the various species of temples is recapitulated; examples of the several kinds are adduced; and the author takes the opportunity of pointing out how far the theory of temples, according to Vitruvius, differed from the practice of the Greeks as we find it exemplified in their present remains. The author is of opinion, that from the great similarity which is observed in the plans of most of the Grecian temples with which we are acquainted, they studiously followed some one grand model, from which they deviated as little as possible; and this model he conjectures to have been the *temple of JERUSALEM*.

The channel by which Mr. Wilkins supposes the architecture of the Hebrews to have been communicated to the Greeks, is as follows:

The worship of Jupiter, he thinks, was probably borrowed by the Phenicians from the inhabitants of Crete, the reputed place of his nativity; and so early as the time of King Hiram, who was contemporary with Solomon, there were temples to Jupiter in Phenicia. But as the Phenicians excelled the Cretans in the arts, Mr. Wilkins thinks they probably furnished the latter with the models of their temples; the Cretans originally perform-



ing their religious ceremonies only in caverns. As the worship of Jupiter was propagated throughout Greece by the various colonies and migrations from Crete, he reasons that they probably carried with them also the style of architecture, which they obtained from Phenicia; and in this manner he endeavours to prove that the temple of Jupiter at Egina, part of which still remains, was built from Phenician models. It is found to agree in its general proportions with the description of Solomon's temple; and it is one of the most ancient of the Greek temples. And, since the proportions of the columns of the temple of Solomon, as described in the book of Kings, did not differ very considerably from those of the columns in several Grecian temples which are well known to us, the author thinks it fair to conclude, that they were of that order which was afterwards called the DORIC.

There is nothing impossible in this theory; but the evidence adduced is not sufficient to convince us that the Doric order was originally invented in Phenicia.

An approximation in the general proportions, between the temple of Solomon and some of those of ancient Greece, may perhaps have originated in the proportions of human nature itself, or have been dictated by the similar wishes and similar powers of man in different countries under the same climate, and is by no means sufficient of itself to establish the opinion that the *shape* of the columns, or what is called the *order* of architecture, was the same in each. How difficult it is to have clear ideas of forms when described by words, however carefully arranged, if unaccompanied by graphic representations, is well known; but even this uncertain guide towards understanding the forms of the columns of Solomon's temple is wanting. We have no detailed description in the sacred history of sufficient accuracy, nor has the desolating power of war spared us the least fragment of this very

important edifice. The prophecies here have been completely fulfilled. To maintain, therefore, that the temple of Solomon was the prototype of Grecian temples, may serve to display ingenuity, but cannot promote the purposes of art, nor perhaps the discovery of truth.

A part of each of Mr. Wilkins's chapters is occupied with the ancient histories of the several places of which the antiquities are described; and here the author has distinguished himself as a man of classical learning. This is followed by an account of the present state of each building, and a particular description of its details. The antiquities remaining in Sicily appear to be very considerable; and they seem to have been measured and drawn by our author with that care which their importance demanded.

In SYRACUSE, the most important of all the ancient cities of Sicily, the only ancient building of which there are any *considerable* remains, is the temple of Minerva, now converted into a church, and dedicated to Saint Mary of the columns. The plan of this temple was originally like that of all the Grecian temples, a parallelogram, and was of that kind called hexastyle peripteral, having six columns in front, and fourteen in flank. Most of the columns still remain, but the intercolumniations are filled up by the wall of the church, so that portions only of the columns can be seen. There are some vestiges of the architrave and frieze, but none of the cornice, nor of the pediment. The engravings with which Mr. Wilkins has furnished us of this remarkable building are, a *view* of the temple in its present state; a plan; an elevation of the front; a section through the pronaos and outer porticos; and the details of the columns of the peristyle and pronaos. When we observe that all these (except the *view*) have been executed by Mr. Lowry, it is unnecessary to add any thing respecting their

excellence. The columns of the peristyle are of the most beautiful form and proportion ; but it is remarkable, that, contrary to the usual style of the Doric, they are placed upon low square plinths ; and the columns of the pronaos are of greater diameter and height than those of the peristyles, and have bases to each, consisting of a torus and a plinth.

We are next presented with a view of the theatre at Syracuse, accompanied by a small plan. This theatre was hewn in the rock, and was of the general form of Grecian theatres, with treble ranges of seats, separated by platforms.

The engravings of the other antiquities of Syracuse represent the remains of the temple of Jupiter Olympius, which consist of only two Doric columns, without capitals, and having a portion of the lower part of the shaft plain : a view of the fountain of Cyane ; a view of the *latomiæ*, or quarries, and a view of the fountain of *Arcthusa*.

The ruins of *AGRIGENTUM* are more considerable ; and the dignity of their situation, (upon a rocky eminence) adds much to their impressive effect as objects of classic grandeur. Of the temple of Juno Lucina the remains are considerable. It is of the *hexastyle peripteral* species, and of the Doric order. The columns are without bases, and stand upon a *stylobate*, consisting of three steps, which went round the temple ; the profiles of the columns and entablature are of the purest Greek forms, and are described with great minuteness and precision in the plates, which exhibit also a view of the temple in its present state, with a ground plan, and elevation of the front. The temple of Concord is almost entire, the roof only being wanting. It is like the others of the Doric *hexastyle peripteral* species, and has the staircases to the roof remain-

ing. The plates which represent it consist of a view, plan, elevation, transverse section, and details of the parts.

Of the temple of Jupiter Olympius at Agrigentum, which appears to have been of prodigious magnitude, and was the largest temple in Sicily, only a heap of ruins remains; but these sufficiently attest the grandeur of a temple erected to the most powerful of the gods. Profiles of the capital, architrave, and frieze, are given, the height of the former being seven feet, and that of the two latter ten feet each! The columns were of the Doric order, and they were engaged in the wall, projecting only half their diameters, a practice not usual with the Grecians, and which was probably employed on account of the great distance between the columns. It was of the pseudo-peripteral and hypethral species. Another instance of engaged columns occurs in the small temple of Æsculapius, of which a few columns only, and the antæ, remain. This appears to have been of that species called *in antis*. Mr. Wilkins has given a view of the ruins of this temple, but no details. A small building of singular construction, which has been called the tomb of Theron, and which exists nearly entire, Mr. Wilkins considers as of the most ancient Grecian workmanship; but from the bad taste displayed in its design we are inclined to assign to it a much later date. Its basement consists of a pedestal, with a base and cornice. Its upper story is the frustum of a pyramid, having Ionic columns at the angles, and the whole is crowned with a Doric architrave and frieze; the shafts of the columns are fluted in the Doric manner; and they are *not perpendicular*, but take the pyramidal inclination. On each of the sides is a blank door, having pannels cut in the stone. This barbarous mixture of incongruous parts, certainly indicates the design of a people inferior to the ancient Greeks. The



other antiquities of Agrigentum are, the vestiges of the Piscina, two mutilated columns of the temple of Castor and Pollux, and the remains of a temple in antis, now a convent.

The city of SELINUS was, in the time of Strabo, classed among the ruined cities of Sicily; but the vestiges of its temples are still considerable. The hypethral Doric temple of Jupiter was of the octostyle dipteral species, having eight columns in front, and a double row surrounding the cella. The number of columns in the flanks was sixteen. It is remarkable, that the columns of one of the fronts were fluted; and of the rest, some are plain, while others exhibit the preparation for the flutings, more or less advanced, which affords us a proof that the ancients fluted their columns after they were erected. The flutings are not in the usual Doric method, but are separated by a fillet. Within the cella was a double row of plain columns. All the columns and walls of this temple are thrown down, and the whole presents an awful spectacle of fallen grandeur! The obstructions offered by the prostrate masses prevented the author from ascertaining the plan by exact measurement; that which he has offered is, therefore, partly formed from conjecture. Two views of the ruins of the temple are accompanied by restorations of the ground plan, and by elevations and profiles of the order. Another temple at this place, of which the proportion of the columns and their capitals are precisely similar to those of the temple of Jupiter, is also entirely in ruins. From the plan given of it, it appears to have been hexastyle peripteral.

The third temple at Selinus, though not so completely demolished as the former, has not a single column standing entire. Its form also was hexastyle peripteral, of the Doric order, having sixteen columns in the flanks. Be-

sides the cella and vestibules, this temple appears to have had an opistodomus, or second cella. Besides a view, there are engravings of the plan, elevation and details of the columns and entablature.

But one of the most singular and interesting of all the ancient temples is that in the city of SEGESTA. Its form is hexastyle peripteral, having six columns in the front, and fourteen in the flanks. It is of the Doric order; but the columns are not fluted; and each capital has an abacus, different from any other example of this order. At the bottom of the shaft is a groove, which the author thinks was probably made for the reception of bronze mouldings. The columns stand as usual on three steps, each stone of which has a remarkable projecting knob, and the front of the other step is sculptured. This magnificent temple is almost entire, wanting only the roof and the cella, which last has been entirely removed: and Mr. Wilkins has presented us with a view of it in its present state, a ground plan, an elevation of the front, and details of the columns. At Segesta there are also the remains of a small theatre.

The author next proceeds to describe in the same faithful manner, the three temples of the ancient city of POSIDONIA, now called PÆSTUM. This city, at present so totally deserted, and, except its temples, so entirely swept from existence, was founded by a colony of Grecians; and one of the temples yet remaining appears to be of the highest antiquity. It is hexastyle peripteral, having fourteen columns in the flanks: it is of the Doric order, and was hypæthral: its interior exhibits two ranges of fluted Doric columns of *two stories each*, with entablatures, as was the practice in hypæthral temples. All the exterior columns are entire, and are of the most beautiful proportions.—A view of this temple, plan, elevation, longitudinal and transverse sections,

with details of the parts are represented in ten plates; and they appear to have been measured, and the outlines drawn, with the greatest accuracy.

The form of the second temple was pseudo-dipteral, and is remarkable for the peculiarity of having *nine* columns in front. The pronaos has, consequently, three columns between the antæ; and there is an interior range of columns along the middle of the cella, which once supported the roof. The columns are of the Doric order, but are much diminished upwards, and their capitals have an extraordinary projection. This deviation from the simplicity of ancient Greek architecture, Mr. Wilkins considers as a proof that this temple is of Roman origin, and that it was erected subsequent to the conquest of Posidonia.

The lesser temple is also of Roman origin; it is hexastyle peripteral, of the Doric order, and its entablature has no triglyphs. Almost all the columns of these temples are remaining. Nine plates exhibit the views, plan, elevation, and details of the two latter. Nothing, therefore, appears to be wanting towards the complete understanding of both the general and particular forms of these magnificent ruins.

Having expressed our entire approbation of the correctness with which the measurements appear to have been taken, it remains for us to observe, that the architectural plates are, in general, tolerably well engraven, though every person acquainted with the subject will be struck with the superiority of those executed by Mr. Lowry. To this excellent artist, indeed, who has refined upon Piranesi and the elder Rooker, the English are much indebted for their present superior excellence in architectural engraving; for to the examples which he had previously set before them, the merit of the English engravers of architectural subjects must be chiefly attributed.

Though the task be painful, yet our duty to the public requires that we should now proceed to notice some glaring defects in this otherwise meritorious publication.

No sooner had we opened the book, than we felt disappointed and vexed that the views of the present remains of these magnificent edifices, which so many centuries have beheld with admiration, should have been so miserably drawn and engraved.

The perspective views—if *perspective* views they might be called—are executed in aquatinta : while the architectural plates are engraved in lines.

What circumstances of haste or economy, or what error of judgment, could have induced the author or publishers of the present work, to adopt so inferior a mode of engraving as that of aquatinta, for any part of their publication, we are at some loss to conceive ; and though we are far from condemning universally the principle followed in this work, of mixing line-engravings with aquatintas, and impressions printed in brown ink with impressions printed in black, yet we think that uniformity of appearance in these respects, in works of high character and pretensions, is desirable.

But, what will probably be thought still more unfortunate, the *draughtsman* of these views, whoever he may have been—for they are without a name—has shewn himself so very uninformed of the leading principles of this branch of art, that he should have gone to *school*, instead of to Sicily. Hence these important features of the work are neither represented with scrupulous fidelity, nor with such licence as a well-informed landscape painter might have thought, or felt, it proper to use. The deviations from fact, are not the deviations of knowledge, but of ignorance. Particular truth is not departed from with the poetical intent of rendering general truth more



obvious and impressive, but is sacrificed by the failures of feebleness to the falsehoods of inadvertency.

It will now be expected from us that we should detail at least a few instances of the bad drawing which we at once reprehend and regret. Plate I. of the chapter of Syracuse, is a view of the remains of the TEMPLE of MINERVA. Here the lines of the perspective of the architrave, frieze, and capitals of the columns of the temple, diverge as they recede from the eye of the spectator, instead of converging towards the vanishing point, and the *artist* has introduced his light, as if his object had been to shew, not the beauties of the temple of Minerva, but the barbarous architecture of the church of St. Mary, the front of which is full of false perspective, bad drawing, and evident absurdity : among the rest, may be seen the statue of a female Saint, which has a little (*stone*, we suppose) halo of glory, suspended (we *must* suppose *miraculously*) round her head ; and the aquatinta appears to have been cobbled either to introduce this halo, or to reduce the original dimensions of this saint.

The next view is of the THEATRE at SYRACUSE, and it exhibits, particularly in the curves of the nearest rows of seats, an instance not less flagrant than the former, of egregiously bad perspective. The *chiaro-scuro* is here also very ill managed, and the view ill chosen : which is the more to be regretted, as this is a subject which in the hands of a landscape painter of talent, would afford several pictures of extraordinary interest and grandeur.

In the third view, consisting of two fragments of columns of the TEMPLE of JUPITER OLYMPIUS at SYRACUSE, there was less scope for error, and accordingly error is less visible : here (as in some of the other views) an admixture of etched lines is introduced in the way of hatching, which serves to clear and enrich the aquatinta ; but here the draughtsman has contrived not to shew the upper

or horizontal parts of the plinths of the columns, although they are situated below the horizontal line of his picture, and the distant town of Ortygia, exhibits, though its towers are far removed and small, scarcely less ignorance of the leading principles of perspective. This scene would have admitted, and indeed required, a grand composition of forms and light and shade in the sky, which, in the print before us, is most miserably mean and ineffective.

It would be tedious to the reader to attend to all the errors with which these *perspective views* abound. Where a knowledge of perspective is required, and the draughtsman possesses it not, the ill effects of his want of this knowledge must always be in a ratio increasing considerably more rapidly than the difficulties and importance of the subjects treated. Wherever mutules occur, they are in these views represented as if the soffits were parallel to the horizon, by their sides being drawn to the vanishing point in the horizontal line, instead of being represented (as the mutules in question really are) parallel to the inclined cornice or rake of the pediment: for mutules being the supposed ends of the rafters which support the roof, should consequently have the same inclination with the roof. In the view of the very ancient temple at SEGESTUM, those thicknesses of the mutules, which are perpendicular to the frieze, are altogether omitted.

In general too, the vertices of the pediments are out of perspective, in proportion as they are foreshortened; of which the same temple at Segestum may serve as a conspicuous instance, it being represented as leaning over considerably to the right hand, although intended to be upright and central. It is out by at least half the space of an intercolumniation.

The same want of the talent and feeling of an artist, though manifested in a different way, extends itself to the more rude and rocky scenes. The quarries of NEAPOLIS

the fountain of ARETHUSA, and the colossal fragments of the immense temple of JUPITER OLYMPIUS at AGRIGENTUM, whose very ruins are relapsing fast to their original state of unhewn ruggedness, are utterly destitute of such appropriate grandeur of sentiment, as light and shade might have conferred.

The trees too, of this ignorant pretender to landscape painting, (for so we must esteem him) are, for the most part, of no known character, but spriggy, without masses, and such as young ladies form and introduce in their artificial grottoes: very *pretty* examples of which, may be seen in the second view, taken within the ruins of the temple of JUPITER at SELINUS; in that of the tomb of THERON, and in the view of the temple of Jupiter at Agrigentum.

The anonymous plates, (with the exception of the view of the temple of CASTOR and POLLUX) and those by Jukes, or Jeakes, (whichever be the true spelling of his name) are the worst in the volume; and those by Mr. Medland, who appears to have assisted the draughtsman in the skies and chiaro-scuro of such as were entrusted to him, are, in general, the best.

We have now a complaint of much less moment to make, of two instances of inattention to orthography in the inscriptions under these views. What Mr. Wilkins has very properly written Olympius in the text, is spelled Olimpus in the plate; and Theron in the former, is in the latter Thero. There are no inadvertencies of this kind in Greek architecture.

It remains to be added, that, unacquainted as we are with the circumstances which induced and enabled Mr. Wilkins to engage in so great and arduous an undertaking, and also with the difficulties which he may have had to encounter in his progress, we feel how unjust it might be, to impute the defects which we have pointed out,

exclusively to him. But while we feel grateful for the services which he has rendered to his profession and to the public, by his architectural delineations and admeasurements, we cannot repress our regret—we hope it may have some influence with future travellers—that when a country so highly interesting as MAGNA GRÆCIA was visited, apparently for the express purpose of obtaining all that the powers of art might be able to convey to Great Britain of the remains of its ancient architectural magnificence, proper means should not have been resorted to, for securing also, such representations of its picturesque or its sublimer features, as might have gratified those who thirst after the knowledge of genuine classical landscape scenery.

This omission is the more mortifying, when we look around us and behold, as with national pride of the most honourable kind, we may, the talents of British landscape painters, and the rapid strides which they are making towards an high degree of perfection in their art. We have no fear of contradiction, when we affirm that no country in the world can boast of so many and so eminent landscape painters as our own, particularly in that more portable species of the art, which is executed on paper; and the same may, with scarcely less justice, be said of our landscape engravers.

We repeat therefore, our wish, that, with these ample means in the power of opulence, we could have seen upon an occasion so important as the present, the skill and taste of our painters and engravers, united to the accuracy of our architect, well assured that such publications would thus be in *every respect*, an honour to our age and country.



No. I. of the *LANDSCAPE SCENERY of SCOTLAND*, (price *One Guinea*) has recently made its appearance. The Plates, which are three in number, are engraved by JOHN LANDSEER, Engraver to the King, and F. S. A. from Pictures by WILLIAM SCROPE, of Castle Combe, Esq. by whom also the historical and descriptive accounts which accompany them appear to be written. The work is very handsomely printed in imperial folio, and is published in London by Messrs. Carpenter, Old Bond-street; Murray, Fleet-street; and Landseer, Queen Anne-street East: in Edinburgh by Messrs. Constable and Co.; in Glasgow by Messrs. Brash and Reid; in Aberdeen by Mr. Browne; and at Bath by R. Cruttwell.

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WE understand that the author, Mr. Scrope, is descended from the ancient and noble family of the same name, celebrated in Shakspeare and in feudal story: we have little hesitation in placing him *before all his ancestors* (if such a bull may be suffered to escape) in point of taste, and in the very first class of amateur landscape painters; to which (as far as our knowledge extends) belong only Sir Geo. Beaumont, Mr. Abbott of Exeter, and himself.

Amateurs *who publish*, are amenable to the same tribunal, and the same laws, of criticism, as professional men: and ought to be so, not only because they publish, but because gentlemen in Sir George Beaumont's or Mr. Scrope's situation in life, who devote themselves to practical excellence in Art, *ought* to be the best Artists. They possess many advantages—many obvious and powerful means of improvement, which those who are less favoured by fortune cannot enjoy; they are enabled to use these

means where and how they please; and, that is always *best* performed, and always expected to be so, that is performed *con amore*, and when the mind is in tune. This gentleman will, for these reasons, find no more of indulgence from us, than impartial candour cannot refuse him.

The first thing which presents itself on opening number one of the *Landscape Scenery of Scotland*, is Mr. Scrope's "Advertisement," wherein he informs his readers that he travelled over Scotland and its western islands to fish for salmon and shoot grouse, and promises to give the best account he is able of those amusements in a subsequent number, which account we have no doubt that other *sportsmen* will be very well pleased to read, but which may not prove equally interesting to the lovers of landscape: perhaps some of these may not, in the present advertisement, be quite so well pleased to see his landscape painting spoken of as a secondary and subordinate pursuit, and of his having been induced to publish upon considering, after his return home, "that many of the scenes from which his pictures were taken, had probably never been engraved; and that those which had been published, were executed upon too small a scale to do justice to the objects they represented, or to the abilities of the draughtsman. How small are his pretensions" [*literary pretensions, we suppose is meant*] "will appear on the face of the work; since the descriptions are scarcely more than mere explanations of the plates."

The author further informs us, that "he has endeavoured to make the effect of each plate, as broad and simple as possible, *being* far from an admirer of that style which o'ersteps the modesty of nature:" Mr. Scrope appears not to consider here, that when in modern landscape painting the modesty of Nature is overstepped, (i. e. the modesty with which Nature conceals her real

high-finishing, in the dilatation of eye and mind that is occasioned by contemplating so as to comprehend, her general effects) it is upon this very principle, of the Artist endeavouring to make his effect as broad *as possible*. The author's meaning is here somewhat clouded, but the next sentence lets in light enough to shew that Mr. Scrope intended to convey the idea that he had endeavoured to make his effects as *natural* as possible; or, as broad and simple as nature and probability would warrant or allow.

It has been elegantly and justly observed by the author of the Painter's Remonstrance, that, " he who voluntarily presents himself in the character of an author, and

—— "dares ask public audience of mankind,"

should be sensible that he gives a proof of confidence in his own powers, which both occasions and authorises such an examination of them, as no deprecating introduction can or ought to prevent. If he will start from the crowd, jump on the pedestal of Art or Literature, and put himself in the attitude of Apollo, he has no right to complain if his proportions are examined with rigour. ——

" In the hope of disarming censure by diffidence, and obviating the imputation of presumption, it became a kind of established etiquette for a virgin muse to bind up her blushes in an introductory bouquet, and present them to the reader as an offering of humility and conciliation.

" But the good sense of the present day has, in a great measure, exploded as idle and impertinent, this species of literary prudery;" and has taught the severer lesson, that no man can be justified in submitting a work to the public, that is not as perfect as it is in his power to make it.

Some such recollections as these, crossed our minds as we read over the former part of Mr. Scrope's advertisement. They faded away, however, as we lifted the tissue paper which veiled his very interesting view of Inverary Castle.

It seemed now, as if the author only meant to be polite, and undervalue himself that his company might value him the more.

INVERARY CASTLE is the noble gothic mansion of his grace the duke of Argyll. The general effect of the landscape of which it forms an unobtrusive feature, is serene and pleasing, mingled with as much of mild grandeur as may be supposed properly to belong to a ducal residence in a romantic country. The hand of art has here been employed to soften, but not subdue, the rugged features of nature, and all is united in tranquil harmony. We suspect however, that the author's taste has been formed *in part* by the perusal of the rev. Mr. Gilpin's once fashionable books upon the Picturesque, &c. and that in obedience to that gentleman's precept, he has given greater elevation to the mountains than really exists at this place : at least, when we were at Inverary, the mountains were less high in proportion to the extent of their bases ; and we cannot help observing that this additional loftiness, conveys more of the sentiment of romantic seclusion ; more of a monastic air, than we trace in our recollections of Inverary Castle with its surrounding scenery. We particularly remember a spiral path which leads to the watch-tower on the summit of the mountain of Doniquaich ; the existence of which path seems scarcely compatible with the steep acclivities of the Doniquaich of Mr. Scrope. Yet we are not disposed to question that the scene gains much more than it loses, as a picturesque landscape, by this deviation from the truth of nature.

We think the mountains of GLENCOE,—a name which disgraces the annals of our third William, and which is the subject of the second engraving,—liable to the same objection as those of Inverary. The scene is else represented with all its dismal desolation and gloomy grandeur. Yet we are of opinion that the general effect of Glencoe



would have been better without the *white* cloud, which straggles over from hill to hill, in no very interesting forms.

His DUNSTAFFNAGE CASTLE, however, the ancient residence of the Pictish and Scottish monarchs, is perfectly free from our former objection. We wish only that where the modern house rises above its walls, it had presented an ancient and noble tower; but we know that no painter who professes portraiture, may so materially alter the features of nature, as to introduce a nose of a noble and aquiline form, where only a snub nose is to be seen in real life.

To this scene, and to the ability with which it is treated, we profess ourselves unable to do justice by any verbal *description*, and vague panegyric would be of little value. To be felt and enjoyed, it should certainly be seen, and be seen in a diminished light, for the garish light of the sun, or even broad day-light, would mar what has evidently been the aim of both the painter and engraver. It represents the close of day, when the sun has just sunk from the horizon, and it pictures the pensive sentiment of Milton when he describes himself as viewing the distant curfew tower, from a plot of rising ground, "over some wide-watered shore."

Nor has the engraver been less successful than the painter, in rendering the indistinctness, and that Claude-like amenity and repose, which prevail at the commencement of twilight. Above all, Mr. Landseer has suggested with singular felicity, the mild amber-coloured light which after the sun has sunk, still lingers in the horizon.

We say with *singular* felicity, because we do not know another instance where the engraver's art has gone so far towards conveying the idea of *light*, of light faintly coloured by the glow of the departed sun.

Glencoe is the plate which we like least of the three. The

texture of the darker clouds which hang over and about the right hand mountains, is inferior to passages of the same kind which we have noticed with much pleasure in other engravings of Mr. Landseer, and appear as if some accident had in a certain degree frustrated the usual success of his process. His principal course of lines is not sufficiently predominant, and here is no semi-predominating crossing, such as he has introduced with so much skill and address in the hazy tones of the sky of Dunstaffnage castle. Neither does the treatment of the fore-ground, or that part of the plain in the middle-ground which is in half tint and forms the left bank of the Conan, meet our ideas of characteristic propriety; the inderdotting in the latter, appears too powerful for the principal line, and breaks it into a *grain*, which is neither agreeable, nor conveys the idea of receding ground; and those forms in the nearest mountain which are in light, appear to us to be rather too particularly detailed for their distance in the picture; though we cannot be certain that this distinctness is the fault, if it be a fault, of the engraver.

Although we do not think so well of the *engraving* of Glencoe, as of that of Inverary and Dunstaffnage castles; yet all the plates are so well executed, that we venture to say of them in the aggregate, we know not where in Europe, to look for better modern engravings of the size and kind. We here behold very little, we had almost said nothing, of that ostentation of *line*, grinning with the seeming expectation of praise, so much admired by the ignorant, and so sedulously aimed at by those who mistake the means for the end of engraving; but the hey-day of the art is firmly held in check by sober science, and all is softened and subdued to the requisite tones of tranquillity.

We should even have thought this quality of softness, carried to an excess, and that a little more sparkle and

brightness had been called for in the execution, had the subjects been of another kind ; but the *hazy obscurity* (not *darkness*) which is thus produced, we consider as so justly appropriate, so absolutely essential, to the *effect* of Dunstaffnage castle as Mr. Scrope has treated it, that we cannot but commend its adoption, as marking the superior knowledge of the engraver in the theory, as much as its successful exhibition, proclaims his power in the practice, of his profession ; and the extent of *space* to be expressed on a scale so comparatively small, almost as imperiously demanded this subdued style of execution, in Inverary castle, and Glencoe.

On the whole, we cannot do less than recommend this publication to the favourable notice of the connoisseurs of Scotland ; to its visitors, and to all who wish to cultivate and encourage real *engraving*, in preference to the noxious and gaudy weeds which have lately over-run the field of the art.

In his account of Glencoe, the reputed birth-place of Ossian ; the scene of the heroic achievements of Fingal ; and, alas ! of the detestable massacre of the Macdonalds, Mr. Scrope has introduced some lines of poetry, which shew with what success he has devoted himself to the sister muses, and with which we shall close our review of the first number of this interesting publication.

Was it thy form, Fingal ! that in the cloud  
 Strode on as the autumnal gust bléw loud ?  
 Deep'ning amid these glens and rocks forlorn,  
 Was it the echo of thy distant horn ?  
 Or heard we his wild harp, who drew his breath  
 In the dark pass, dark as the frown of death,  
 When Conan, creeping through the mossy stones,  
 Along his gloomy way forsaken moans,  
 As if rememb'ring still the mighty dead,  
 Or mourning the fell deed which dy'd his current red !  
 'Twas not, Fingal, the winding of thy horn,

'Twas not thy shade, wrapt in the mists of morn,  
 'Twas not, oh Ossian! thy sad minstrelsy  
 Heard o'er the mountains, as the dead pass'd by;  
 But here, as on the scene renown'd, we gaze,  
 Where strode the awful chiefs of "other days,"  
 Wild fancy wakes, sudden before our eyes,  
 As to the lonely seer that dreaming lies,  
 Paleshadowy maids, and phantom chiefs arise;  
 Dim float the sombrous imag'ry sublime,  
 Thy lone harp mingles sad its sweetest chime,  
 The aged rocks seem list'ning to the song,  
 On clouds of mist the spectre warriors throng,  
 Whilst the low gale sighs o'er their mossy bed,  
 "Peace to the shadows of the mighty dead!"

*AN ESSAY ON TRANSPARENT PRINTS, and on Transparencies in General, by EDWARD ORME, London, Printed for and sold by the author in Bond-street, Longman and Co. Paternoster-row; Vernor and Hood, Poultry; White, Fleet-street; Champante and Whitrow, Aldgate; Ostell, Paternoster-row; Rowe and Waller, Fleet-street; 1807, Price Two Guineas.*

WE are really concerned to see the names of so many respectable publishers, affixed to so paltry a publication as is now before us. Of the mischievous and catchpenny attempts to degrade art; of all the vulgar appeals to the eyes of the groundlings; of all the mountebank impostures which have been played off under the mask of literature, and full in the view of this fair metropolis, none have exceeded this.

We hope that none *can* exceed it, for of all the insidious and hypocritical attempts to debauch the taste of the rising generation, by violating the chastity of art, be-



fore their eyes, we have no where seen an instance that calls more loudly for our reprobation.

If we did not too plainly perceive that some persons have been deluded by this exhibition, whose misled, mistaken, and meretricious tastes, and unfortunate habits, it were desirable to reform, we had treated it with reference only to itself, *i. e.* as a contemptible piece of quackery, and consigned it to oblivion. As it is, we must expose it to the ridicule and infamy which it so well deserves.

Romantic misses and masters who may have leave to darken mamma's windows, and perpetually haunt their papa's with castle-spectres, witches, green-eyed monsters, and blue flames or devils, may here be informed for the trifling sum of *two guineas*—that mastic varnish will make paper transparent, and that it will do it rather better if mixed with a certain portion of Canadian balsam. We are surprised that Mr. Orme, who in page 5 complains of piracy and infringement, did not take out a patent to secure to himself the sole advantages of his important discovery. We sincerely think that it would have been more to his honour, and more to the advantage of the public.

Mr. Orme however thinks otherwise, and he generously, for two guineas, lays open the whole secret to the public, and even the fortunate accident by which he stumbled on the invention.

Sir Isaac Newton, saw an apple fall, and to that accident the world is *said* to be indebted for the promulgation of the law of gravitation : Mr. Orme let a drop of varnish fall upon a print, and lo ! an Essay on Transparencies ! How can the *Royal Society* sufficiently reward him ?

The author frankly and unreservedly informs us that he is indebted for his discovery to the accident of letting some varnish fall on an engraving, and to his possessing

afterward the wonderful sagacity to perceive that the spot thus fortunately varnished, became transparent, when "*exposed against the light!*"

It is from the mere accident of this book being placed before us, when our brush was full, that a drop of our varnish and *balsam* has fallen upon it, and we now exercise the right, after Mr. Orme's example, of *exposing it against the light*, trusting that the fault will not be imputed to us, if people now do not *easily see through it*.

Mr. Orme's first specimen, essay, or experiment, is upon his majesty's crown of state. Contemplating a *revolution* in taste, which in his love for the human race, he hopes will reach to the continent, he begins with the Crown : or, as the undisputed *emperor* of Transparencies, he does the Crown the honour of treating it as *his first subject*, and here we must confess that he has made the emeralds, rubies, sapphires, diamonds, &c. look *almost* as well as bits of blue, red, green, and white glass.

From the Crown—(Tom Paine himself seems not to have less fear of bringing the crown into contempt) Mr. Orme proceeds without ceremony, to John Bull's fire-side. Plate 2. Is a Bath stove with fire-irons compleat ; poker, tongs, fender, and shovel.

After premising that his "*enlightened* readers will excuse any tedious repetitions when they are reminded that this work is intended for the *information* of persons of *every* age class and *capacity* ; and to produce *if possible* a taste for these *productions of art*, not only at home but *on the\* Continent!*" he says, the aforesaid stove-grate, poker, &c. &c. "*is a design for a transparent fire board, which it is presumed would be a pleasant object in a room on a wet, or cold, and bad summer evening ; for with a lamp placed in the grate behind, it would produce ALL*

\* We here discover the reason why Mr. Orme has favoured the world with a French translation of his invaluable lucubrations.

*the lively and cheering effect of a fire! without the dirt, dust, or expence of coals or wood."*

This is indeed an expedient for which society can never repay the author. Why does not Mr. Winsor make haste to become his partner? To warm, cheer, and enlighten, the nation, in hard times like these: and the continent also, in wet, cold, and bad weather, and without the dirt, dust, or expence of coals or wood, is no trivial matter. It beats Count Rumford hollow; and we really think that even the patriotic proposal for collecting and economising moonshine, and applying it to the cultivation of cucumbers, must fade before the superior light and superior economy of Mr. Orme.

As we cannot think of engaging our reader's attention much longer upon so unworthy a subject as this essay, we must leave Mr. Orme's philosopher (pl. 3) alone in his cell, of which the inside is a sort of *puppet-show Gothic hall*, and the outside a *rock*, where

"the moping owl does to the moon *complain*;"\*

we must also leave his legendary saints quietly on their pedestals; and his burlesque Buckinghamshire cottages, and all the rest of his trumpery, without particular notice: but we can *not* let his fiery frontispiece pass without bestowing on it a very few words.

This frontispiece, like the prints we have just mentioned, is a specimen of anonymous† engraving that would disgrace a tobacco-paper or Grub-street ballad. To

\* Whether the bird of wisdom complains of the inventor of transparencies, for molesting "her ancient solitary reign"—we leave to the curious.

† Whether the engraver is ashamed of his performance, or Mr. Orme ashamed of his engraver, we cannot presume to say.

say this, is not the smallest exaggeration. As is customary, it presents us with (we suppose) a portrait—a *striking* likeness—of the author, who is represented as a conjuror in his robes, brandishing his magic wand, with puppet-show dexterity; trampling on a serpent, (the emblem of wisdom, we suppose) and invoking a bat. There is an affected little miss sitting on a cloud, with a shield, or a palette, or perhaps a *transparency*, before her middle; and to crown the whole, there is a clumsy little master in the character of the god of deceptive tricks, with his caduceus in his hand: all which perfectly accords, in our estimation, with the moral, and general contents of the book. Indeed, the only thing which we remarked in it of a contrary kind, is a little Cupid embosomed in a rose, and from a design by Mr. Craig, but which has no more connection with, or reference to, the rest of the work, than Waterford church, of which an old plate of Mr. Malton's, vamped up, is also brought in, with no other possible view that we can conceive, than that of increasing the quantity, so as to an ignorant eye, to eke out an appearance of two guineas worth.

In page 59 (for there are more than fifty-nine pages in this volume of wonders) the author announces *another* discovery in the following modest and elegant terms: “Almost any subject may be rendered transparent in a greater or less degree, such as the accompanying plates of the cat's head, or tygers' heads. *I have made an experiment* with one of the engravings of the head of the cat, which produces a curious effect: by washing over the eyes with a liquid composition, the manner of making which is explained below, and when dry, by holding the print at a little distance from the fire, the cat's eyes *immediately* turn green! and look *fierce!* but when cold again, they assume their natural *white* colour.”



After all, however, Mr. Orme has not disclosed his principal *transparent* secret. His book is all

“about it, goddess ! and about it;”

but of his main spring—the centre of his system, he has not informed us—at least he thinks not.

The reader will probably recollect that when Mr. Yorick was in Paris, he saw from the gate of his hotel a mysterious figure, who was very successful in *obtaining money from the ladies* : and, being afterwards in a dark passage of the *opera comique*, he edged himself up within a yard, or a little more, of two ladies who were standing together.—He was in black, and scarcely seen.

He says, “they seemed to be two upright vestal sisters, unsapped by caresses, unbroke-in-upon by tender salutations : I could have wished to make them happy—their happiness was destined, that night, to come from another quarter.

“A low voice, with a good turn of expression, and a sweet cadence at the end of it, begged for a twelve sous piece betwixt them, for the love of Heaven !

——“They both seemed astonished at the sum, as much as myself.—Twelve sous ! said one,—a twelve sous piece ! said the other——

“The poor man said, he knew not how to ask less of *ladies of their rank*; and bowed down his head to the ground.

\* \* \* \* \*

“Do not, my fair young ladies, said he, stop your good ears against me—Upon my word, *honest* man ! said the younger, we have no change.—Then God bless you, said the poor man, and multiply those joys which you can give to others *without change* !—I observed the elder sister put her hand into her pocket—I will see, said she, if I have a sous.—A sous ! give twelve, said the suppli-

cant; *Nature has been bountiful to you, be bountiful to a poor man.*

“I would, friend, with all my heart, said the younger, if I had it.

“My fair charitable, said he, addressing himself to the elder—what is it but your goodness and humanity which makes your bright eyes so sweet, that *they outshine the morning, even in this dark passage?* And *what was it which made the Marquis de Santerre and his brother say so much of you both, as they just passed by?*

“The two ladies seemed much affected; and”—in short, the man was successful—they both subscribed together, and the man went away.

Yorick stepped hastily after him, and found it was the very man whose success with the women before the door of his hotel, had so puzzled him. “And (says he) I found out at once his *secret*, or at least the basis of it—it was FLATTERY.”

Thus far Sterne. In like manner we, in passing certain passages of this *opera comique*, have discovered that Mr. Orme’s *grand secret* is flattery. His constant purposes appear to be to persuade his readers into the opinion that ART is no more than a pretty plaything, and to bring it down from those classic heights to which the wisdom of ages has exalted it, to the level of a conjuror’s trick, which all who are possessed of the secret, may easily play off, to the great admiration and inexpressible delight of the first circles of taste and fashion. His unremitting endeavour is, to flatter a certain class of readers into the belief that *they are Artists*, or may easily become so through means of his nostrums. He knows the subtle power of the delicious essence which he administers, and how much all the weaknesses of human nature are on his side, and the constant tenour of his hope is, that persons of high rank will soon learn the flattering lesson that their own performances

are the *ne plus ultra* of the aims and purposes of the fine arts.

As the prevalence of such sentiments, are among the principal hindrances to the real progress of the arts ; and have unfortunately been in this country the constant bane of true taste and intellectual culture, we trust the reader will see in our remarks, sufficient apology for the length of time he has been detained on this contemptible article.

In closing this magical book—we hope, never to open it more—we observed that the author had availed himself of the opportunity of advertising his list of transparent publications : some of which may *perhaps* one day fall under our notice. Among them we remarked “the-witches in Macbeth,” which, judging from the prints in the Essay, we shall expect to find the very *bathos* of historical painting. It reminded us, however, of a motto, which we think may serve for the whole collection—Essay and all—and with which we shall close our review :

“The earth hath bubbles, as the water hath,  
And these are of them.”

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*The LIFE of GEORGE MORLAND, with Remarks on his Works, by G. DAWE.*—Published by Vernor, Hood, and Sharpe, 1807. One vol. octavo.

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MR. DAWE'S is by far the most detailed, best authenticated, and best written, account of Morland the painter, which has yet been published. It is treated in a plain, perspicuous, unaffected, and unambitious style, such as we should naturally expect from an artist not deeply versed in literature, who simply aims at communicating

to others what he believes to be true on a professional topic. His opportunities of observing the subject of his memoirs were numerous, and his means considerable of collecting such information as the circle of Morland's intimate friends and associates could impart.

In our opinion Mr. Dawe has availed himself of both with very fair claims on the public attention. He has traced the progress of Morland, both as a man and a painter, from childhood to debility. As a man, from the trammels of mistaken parental solicitude, through the errors of inexperience, and the eccentricities of unrestrained passion, till passion was no more: as an artist, from the dawning to the bright noon of talent; and through the declining glimmerings of enfeebled intellect to the final obscurity of the grave.

With no inconsiderable knowledge of human nature, his biographer has shewn how the subsequent habits and character of Morland grew out of his previous education; and throughout his book has ably connected the peculiarities of his hero's motives and conduct with those of his varying situation in life. His reflections upon Morland's opportunities and modes of study, and his comments on the practical exertions of his talents as a painter, appear to us to be in general well founded, and such as it required an artist of some experience and observation to form and appreciate. We look at these parts of Mr. D.'s work with much pleasure; we always read the production of an artist's pen, on a professional subject, with sentiments of candid indulgence; and we wish that due encouragement should be given to those professors of the fine arts, who, with Mr. D.'s impartiality and success, devote some portion of their time to the purpose of instructing the public on those points, on which we are ready to confess that biographers of merely literary abilities are too often deficient.



Of genius—if such a compound of extraordinary talent with thoughtless folly, as is displayed in the life of Morland, might be called by that sacred word—of youthful genius, misled by the mistaken notions of seclusion which presided over its education; gradually corrupted by early success, and by the flattering attentions of the ignorant and the idle; and, finally, debased by vice, our painter presents a mournful, but an useful, example. The three periods of “preparation, maturity, and declension,” into which Mr. Dawe has divided his life, are distinguished with sufficient care, and marked with sufficient firmness; and his comparisons of Morland with the Dutch masters and with Gainsborough, we deem very valuable portions of his book, particularly to the votaries of that kind of art in which Morland excelled. In these, as well as in some other parts of his work, the author writes in a style of dignified simplicity, which may be thought to bear some resemblance to that in which Dr. Johnson relates his Journey to Scotland and the Hebrides; and blends with it a considerable portion of the amenity and reflection with which Sir Joshua Reynolds has lectured on his art.

We subjoin a few sentences from Mr. Dawe’s book, which we trust will be thought to confirm our opinion, and not prove unacceptable to the reader. In page 176, he says,

“Morland has described the manners and habits of the lower class of people in this country, in a style peculiarly his own. No painter so much as himself ever shared in the vulgarities of such society, Brouwer perhaps excepted, who in many points much resembled him,” &c.

“To carry his picture to its full extent, a painter must possess much more knowledge than he employs; his mind must be variously and abundantly furnished, or his pencil will not give a rich and comprehensive representation of nature. If our artist fails in elegance both of design and

execution, he must be allowed considerable merit both for truth and simplicity of character in the objects which he represents, and he is free from the affectation of a refinement which he does not possess: his mind was a mirror, reflecting Nature as she presented herself to him," &c.—“From the works of Morland the philosopher may in part study the manners of humble life, and the citizen become acquainted with the sports of the field.” Vide pp. 178, 179.

Towards the close of our painter's life, the narrative, which is rarely enlivened to genuine cheerfulness, becomes completely sombre and melancholy: yet notwithstanding the irregularities and the radical defects of his subject, the author succeeds in calling forth his reader's regret as well as surprise; and has produced a book which, we think, will prove interesting to connoisseurs, and practically useful to students, in painting: as the Eolian harp causes even the roughest wind to yield some music; and often closes a tempest of irregular passion with a few soft tones of pity.

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### BRITISH INSTITUTION.

We have been obliged to postpone much important matter, in order to fill our remaining pages with such remarks as our confined time and space will admit, on the EXHIBITION which is just opened at the Gallery of the BRITISH INSTITUTION.

The exhibition of a picture, or other work of art, is a mode of *publication*, which confers on every spectator who chooses to exercise it, the most unequivocal right of forming, and imparting to others if he please, his opinion of the work so exhibited. We are not, like Nero's auditors, commanded to applaud; and the Artist of modern times, whether emperor or plebeian, knows that the value

of approbation principally arises from his fair exposure to the voluntary censure of the public.

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THE first thing which strikes an observer on entering the rooms of the British Institution, is, that they are very well filled with pictures, which in general are very well disposed, with a small proportion of sculpture and models. The next thing, if he does not allow his attention to be particularly attracted, is that the number of historical and poetic pictures is comparatively small.

As to promote exertion in these loftiest aims of art, was the ostensible purpose of this Institution; and as portraits were on this account expressly excluded, every reflecting mind will naturally be led to enquire whence it has happened that so small a proportion of pictures of the former kind grace the present exhibition?

On this subject we shall present the reader with part of a discussion which took place between two of our own society.

A. Well—Portraits we see are excluded: but their places are occupied by fac-simile resemblances of still life; by the sports of childhood, and the occupations of rusticity. Out of the whole five hundred, here scarcely seems a dozen, pictures from poetry and history. How happens this, when the patrons of the institution profess to have established it for the purpose of encouraging our painters to emulate the noblest works of the best ages of art?

B. It happens because no scale of comparative merit has been established; and because every purchaser of art pleases his own fancy.

A. I see it, and I regret it. Yet you cannot say that

no scale of comparative merit exists. The professor Fuseli, I believe, first developed and promulgated the close analogy that subsists between poetry and painting in their loftier aims, and classed the productions of the latter into historic, dramatic, and epic, from whence we may easily descend to pastoral, descriptive, and fac-simile, painting; and if his classification is not acquiesced in, its justness has at least never been disproved nor denied. From his pencil and from West's, we do not this year see a single production. I suppose because their former pictures were returned unsold; and hence probably the painters of the present exhibition have learned the lesson of accommodating their talents to the existing taste.

B. Which they must always do, to a certain degree: operating in their turn, either by sudden and powerful impulses, or by gradual refinement upon the average or leading taste of the public. Between these there is probably a constant and mutual action and reaction in every civilised country, and in every age; and it has too often been the misfortune of exalted merit (in other arts besides painting) to draw largely upon posterity, while perhaps it needed present pocket money. But this is the necessary and inevitable state of things; and people in purchasing works of art will still continue to please themselves: and so in my opinion they ought.

Neither is it any reproach to us to love landscape scenery, or the pictured sports of infancy, or the occupations of rusticity. On the contrary, ideas of the most interesting kind are associated with such subjects. The soul flies from the foul haunts of herded men, to scenes of native innocence, where hypocrisy appears not, and sincerity need not be restrained. To imagine with what feelings we should wander amid the classic landscapes of Wilson, or the romantic solitudes of Turner, or even among



the lake and cottage scenery of De Loutherbouurg or Gainsborough, are no vulgar pleasures. Is it surprizing that we should be charmed with a genuine unsophisticated state of things, and love to mingle with them in imagination? Is it wonderful that we are fond of *nature* and *truth*?

A. You ask this latter question with somewhat too triumphant an air. Nature is not truly *nature* till it be cleared of accident, defect, excrescence. You know that painters in the higher species of art, regard these as *unessential* qualities, and discard them on principle, and that they not only avoid such warts on a man's hand, such pimples on his nose, and such dirt on his drapery, as a painter of rusticity would sedulously imitate and call nature, but also (in proportion to the loftiness of their aims), all individual peculiarities, seeking the genus in the species, and so upwards approximating toward that supreme perfection of form, which we imagine to belong to divine *natures*, and which Reynolds has declared it to be the lot of genius ever to contemplate, but never to attain. And with regard to *truth*, on which you dwell with such peculiar emphasis: presuming that you will allow that to be most desirable in art which is most valuable to society: do you think *particular* or *general* truths best entitled to this proud preference? Are the truths which Homer and the Holy Scriptures teach, to be put in competition with such truths, as that pretty girls may sometimes be seen picking water-cresses? or how Tommy Douce plays best on his drum?

B. The Poet has long since insisted, and I am sure you will not controvert his position, that we can only reason from what we know. Of ordinary men we know a little, of classic heroes less, and of gods only what we are pleased to fancy. Men will, indeed must of necessity, regard most, the kind of nature with which they are best acquainted,

and on their view of nature, must be founded their perception of truth. General truths, and, *perhaps*, heroic actions, may be of most importance, but of particular truths we are more immediately and especially sensible. If an artist address himself (by his works) to his cotemporaries, he must deal in the kind of truth which those cotemporaries understand, or he must teach them the language and the science of his superior art, by first creating in them a willingness to learn; or alas! he must content himself with the bright but ideal recompense which posterity may award him. In the present times, if he paint such truth as would be a cottage girl at a well, or a garden with hop-pickers, he addresses himself to feelings which are more diffused, and to observations which a *far* greater number have made, than if he paints epic pictures consisting of patriarchs, or classic heroes, and gods: for no person of the present day has seen either, and but few have been led to imagine what they have been, or how they ought to be represented. The minor truths of his art are precisely in the same predicament: the costumes and accessory ornaments of the heroic and patriarchal ages, are known only to a few men of learning and research, while scarcely any are ignorant of those appertaining to cottage and domestic scenery.

On the whole, I am far from denying the justness of the degradations in your scale of comparative excellence, but if their justness and the corresponding ranks and claims of professors, be not felt and acknowledged, its existence is like the existence of those stars which we do not behold; or whose light has not yet travelled down to us.

A. I'm afraid the fact is, that the atmosphere of English virtû is still clouded by exhalations from the puritanical times, through which those bright stars of art do but glimmer to us, which shall shine a splendid hemisphere on our posterity.

We shall now offer some brief remarks on such of the pictures and models as appear to us to be entitled to our more particular attention : beginning with

The BATTLE of TRAFALGAR and DEATH of LORD NELSON, printed by J. M. W. TURNER, R. A. which is in every sense of the word, the *first* picture of the kind that has ever, to our knowledge, been exhibited. It hangs in the south room, and is numbered in the catalogue 359.

It might not perhaps be improper, as this picture is new in its kind, to call it a *British epic picture*. It was the practice of Homer and the great epic poets, in *their* pictures, to detail the exploits or sufferings of their heroes, and to generalise or suggest the rest of the battle, or other accompaniment, and Mr. Turner, in the picture before us, has detailed the death of *his* hero, while he has suggested the whole of a great naval victory, which we believe has never before been successfully accomplished, if it has been before attempted, in a *single* picture.

The painter has supposed himself looking forward from the mizen starboard shrouds, along the main-deck of Nelson's ship, which is closely engaged with the Redoubtable, and while he has brought together all those leading *facts* which mark the battle of Trafalgar, and the death of our noble and gallant Admiral, he has either painted or suggested all those circumstances of a great and dreadful sea-fight, which shall rouse the hearts of his countrymen to deeds of naval heroism, or melt them with pity.

The picture appears more powerful both in respect of chiaro-scuro and colour than when we formerly saw it in Mr. Turner's gallery, and has evidently been since revised and very much improved by the author. With a broader principal light, there appears more judicious and partial obscurity of smoke ; more vigour and richness of colour, and every where more expression of space, than

formerly : yet the main and fore-masts of the Victory, are still (if we mistake not) somewhat too slender, and the Santissima Trinidad with her quadruple tier of guns, appears to us to rise less terribly threatening than before, over the decks of the English.

Upon the whole this is a picture every way worthy of the high and various reputation of its author, and is so intimately connected with our national feelings both in art and arms, that we hope it may soon find a permanent situation where it may not be far out of the sight of the people.

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TURNER'S JASON, (No. 394) hangs in the same room with his battle of Trafalgar, and is a scene of romantic and mysterious solitude, of a highly poetical character. The catalogue says, it is taken from Ovid's *Metamorphoses*; yet we cannot recollect, nor find, any passage there, which in its main circumstances agrees with the picture. Perhaps it may be esteemed the more mysterious, and not the less proper on that account, as by that mode of treating the story as a subject for a picture, Mr. Turner may have made it coincide the better with the general sentiment of Ovid's poem. It may be the more what Ovid would have done, had he expressed himself in another art, and painted, instead of writing, his story of Jason.

It seems as if, from the destructive strength of the dragon, a forest had gone to wreck ! and Jason is represented scrambling over the boles and branches of ruined trees, to get at the monster in his rocky den. Here all is obscure and mysterious. The spectator can discover but a single coil of the dragon-serpent, but having already seen him in his dreadful effects, is led to imagine much. It is (as Mr. Fuseli has expressed himself upon another occasion) a feature of immensity ! while the few human bones which lay about the fore-ground, terribly indicate the



fearlessness of the hero, and the favourite prey of the monster.

Both Mr. Turner's performances—Poems, we had nearly called them, are calculated to display the vast power which he possesses over the imaginations of his readers. In comparison with him, some other painters, and particularly of the modern French school, appear but as the *geometers* of painting, making their appeal directly through the medium of sense to the judgment. His art is of more persuasively-commanding influence,

And, without passing through the judgment, gains  
The heart, and all it's end at once attains.

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By R. WESTALL, R. A. here are five pictures, the first of which, No. 19, is an OLD SHEPHERD in a storm. It is painted the size of life, of course on a large canvas, and makes us think of Gainsborough much to the disadvantage of Mr. Westall. The cottagers and shepherds of this artist, when at the best, too much resemble those which poets have feigned as having existed in the golden age; and when at the worst, too much resemble those which we see in operas, to be faithful representations of such rustics as really exist in our own times and country.

The old shepherd's face is rather a spot of light, and the expression somewhat overcharged; but the general tone and effect of the picture is very much that of rain and wind, and shews an attentive observation of nature under those circumstances.

The dog, and sheep, are also well painted, excepting that the right fore leg of the former is a little out of drawing: the latter are clustered with much art, and with little labour convey the idea of an unsheltered and suffering flock: the principal ewe in particular has a character

of meek submission which is perfectly natural and germane to the occasion.

The subject of Mr. Westall's next picture, (No. 28.) in the ADORATION of the SHEPHERDS. Here also, the shepherds are not peasants, but people of a superior class in the character of shepherds, while his Holy Family, are so much otherwise, that it may be no exaggeration to say the latter are as much less than divine, as the former are more than rustic. His Christ, is such a beautiful infant as we have often seen, except that after the example of the Jesus Christ of Corregio, he emits the light by which the Virgin Mary, the shepherds, the manger, &c. are illumined : yet though the light radiates from him, he does not seem luminous, but also receives light ; which is somewhat contradictory ; and though some may think that in painting this is not easily avoidable, we recollect that Corregio has contrived to paint his infant Christ with more of the inherent light of a glow-worm, and without his casting any shadow. And indeed, physically speaking, and apart from the scriptural and poetical ideas that, "God is light," and that Christ was sent as a *light* to lighten the Gentiles, and to be the *glory* of his people, with what propriety can that body be made to cast shade beneath, that emits light around and above ?

Mr. Westall's Virgin Mary is novel and unprecedented. By a certain train of ideas which do not appear to be concatenated on principle, (the picture before us has led our minds to this doubt.) The character and countenance of the virgin, is perhaps, with most persons, become as ascertained and fixed, as that of Minerva, or any other of the principal heathen deities ; we can therefore easily imagine that he who has conceived his ideas of the Virgin Mary, from contemplating the divine purity and graceful

airs of the Madonnas of the Italian school, will feel something like disappointment at Mr. Westall's, but, notwithstanding what we have said above, it appears to us that he *has thought for himself*, as an artist ought, and either copied or imagined, a young and beautiful Jewess; one who might well be supposed of the royal house of David.

Of the composition and grouping, and the glowing tone of colour of this picture, we think highly, and the general effect is also good; but the *painting*—the mechanical part we mean—is too much in the worst *manner* of Westall.

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We now approach a subject more in tune with the heroism of Mr. Westall's art. His *CÆSAR PASSING THE RUBICON*, is a grand picture, and every way worthy of his well-earned fame in the loftier sphere of painting. It is painted to a low majestic tone both of light and colour: The gigantic and shadowy form of the genius of the republic, forbidding or opposing the invader's progress; the advancing spears and eagles of the legions, obscurely seen; and the allegorical sun of Roman greatness setting beyond the Rubicon, and

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—seen through the misty horizontal air  
Shorn of his beams,

are circumstances highly poetical and awfully impressive, and the governing sentiment of the picture is brought to a grand climax in the solemn intrepidity of countenance and action of Cæsar himself.

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His *UNA*, from Spenser's *Faëry Queen* (No. 28) is an interesting and well-studied picture, with a fine *chiaroscuro*. The *Una* of this copious and picturesque poet, with her protecting lion, are represented in the depth of an almost impervious forest, which is described with all its

wild vigour of majestic boles, tangled roots, and dark and massy foliage. *Una* is elegantly simple and beautiful! and the lion and ass are painted with a master's hand; but the *tawny* colour of the former, and the painter's apparent desire that majestic *simplicity* should reign in this performance, appears to have induced him to aim at extending it to the colouring; which to us appears simple without being majestic. The colour of the lion, being spread over the rock, ground, stems of the trees, &c. has given (in our eye) a clayey or leathery hue to the whole; where, unless we are mistaken, deep-toned, purpleish, brownish, and greenish, greys, should have prevailed.

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WESTALL'S SLEEPING BACCHANTE (No. 54) is painted as if in emulation of the poetry of Anacreon. It has all the genial glow, all the rich redundancy, and all the easy fervour of the Teian bard, united to more than the exquisite drawing of Cipriani in the figure, and Castiglione in the landscape accompaniments.

Mr. Westall has great diversity of powers, but, in our estimation, he does not excel more in any kind of subject than in this; and the picture before us we esteem one of the most successful of his performances.

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STOTHARD'S ANTIOPE (No. 101) is an exquisite cabinet picture, uniting the rich, complicated, but well adjusted harmony of colour of the Venetian school, with the elegance of composition and design for which Mr. Stothard is so justly celebrated.

Like Westall's *Bacchante*, it is a beautiful female, sleeping amid the exuberance of rich landscape and sylvan scenery: it is treated in a very different manner, but with equal success.

Instead of the prevailing glowing and golden tone which Westall has adopted, Stothard's picture resembles



a cluster of precious stones disposed with great—we had almost said with talismanic—art; for there is a hidden, but powerful, charm in the effect of the whole.

It struck us at first, that the figure of Antiope did not sufficiently bear itself out, from amid the surrounding splendour, but that the cold clearness of complexion in the shaded part of the figure, made it seem too much of a pearl, where a diamond might have appeared, among rubies, topazes, sapphires, and emeralds; but aware of Mr. Stothard's great knowledge in the theory, as well as art in the practice, of disposing colours, we speak here with doubt and diffidence, being far from certain that the effect of the whole as a piece of colouring, is not in great part owing to the pearly hues in his principal figure, in which case the painter must be allowed an additional claim to rank among the chosen few, who are

“ne'er so sure our passion to create,  
As when they touch the brink of all we hate.”

We think, however, that the picture is misnamed, the female is more Diana than Antiope; the Satyr is not Jupiter; and who is he whom we perceive to the left, sleeping on the quiver of arrows? We think also that the bed on which Antiope reposes, is too much of a modern mat-trass, to be in strict unison with the sylvan character of the subject. It is very properly red, because red was wanted in this place to fill up the system of harmony; but its mat-trass-like look we cannot commend.

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Mr. DOUGLAS GUEST'S CALISTO (No. 94) is a very vulgar piece of human furniture. We should suppose it painted from a bad model, if the disproportion of parts were not much greater than we believe exists any where but in a distempered imagination. Why he has chosen

to call it Calisto, we cannot tell, unless it be from his having read, or heard, or supposed, that Calisto was once a wet nurse. We do not injure the sale of this performance, because we see by the sale-book of the Institution, that it is sold, while the pictures which we have just noticed, Westall's Sleeping Bacchante, and Stothard's Antiope, both in the same room, are not. [Feb. 20.] To the purchaser we would say in the words of Hamlet,

“ Could you on these fair pastures leave to feed,  
And batten on this moor?”

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Mr. GUEST's historical picture of MAURICIUS and MAXIMIANUS CÆSAR, we cannot esteem better than his Calisto, notwithstanding that something must be allowed him on the score of superior difficulty of composition, whereas in the present picture, any considerable number of figures are to be introduced. It is ill drawn, and worse coloured, though as a composition it is somewhat better. The nudities in general expose the author's deficiency in point of anatomical and academical prowess; and the back of the, captive, (we suppose) on the foreground, is really a mingled exhibition of ignorance and impudence.

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THE ATTIC ARTIST, (No. 21) by Mr. H. ASHBY. A popular and respectable weekly journal has well observed of this picture, that “ nothing can be more easy and natural than the cross-legged attitude of the painter, whose wild energy of countenance and time-torn apartment, proclaim him to possess more genius than money.”

The stock-bed on the ground; the ordinary culinary utensils, mingled with broken plaister models, and other materials of art, by which he is surrounded, and which

are disposed in a confusion sufficiently picturesque, all belong with great propriety to the *attic* artist, whose ragged-headed negligence and enthusiasm, are contrasted by the mild gentility of the mother, who is meant to be observing the progress of her son's portrait, but who is really, like certain stage players, looking out of the picture, and as if at the spectator.

We feel some regret that this picture has not more of the exquisite penciling of the Dutch school, and which Hogarth,\* Wilkie, Mulready, and a few others, have attained in our own.

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IN MR. G. ARNOLD'S View of AMBLESIDE MILL (No. 367) a "solemn stillness" prevails, with much of what we have been accustomed to admire in the magic tones of colour and *chiaro-scuro* of Wright of Derby. The larger cloud near the moon does not "turn forth a *silver* lining on the night," (*that* would have interfered with the bright reflection from the moon in the water) but turns forth those faint and dubious tints of colour, in the production and use of which Wright was so eminently successful, and which dally with, and transport to higher regions, the fancy of the poetical spectator.

We think there is somewhat too much of detail in the nearest tree, between whose branches appears the moon; and also in some of those more distant trees which relieve by light, and that the picture would *perhaps* have been better, if the light on the water had been less of a splendid and unbroken breadth of light; and we do not think that the girl dipping water contributes to its general sentiment of silent repose. The Mill is, very properly, not at work;

\* Particularly in his *Rake's Progress*, now in the collection of J. J. Angerstein, Esq.

and we think we should have been better pleased, if the repose had been undisturbed by any other suggestion of sound or motion, than may be supposed to proceed from the falling water.

The fire-light, or candle-light, which appears through two of the lower windows of the mill, dash the cool tints with an agreeable contrast, which does not interfere with the general harmony; and we no where recollect to have seen a subject *of the kind*, either view, or composition, where the elements of the picturesque and the grand were more successfully mingled.

The lines which Mr. Arnold has quoted from Milton in the catalogue, we do not think quite applicable to his picture, though he has altered them from the poet, with the view of rendering them so. They teach the reader to expect—we will not say a better, picture, but a picture of a very different kind. Five words from Shakspeare would much better express the true sentiment, and be the best motto, of this picture—

“How sweet the moonlight sleeps.”

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We have often seen pictures of Roslin Castle, but have never before seen ROSLIN CASTLE with its surrounding scenery so poetically represented as by Mr. ARNOLD. (In No. 478.)

Its colouring is rich without tawdryness, and well harmonised and kept together by the grey tints of the intervening atmosphere which prevail in the shadows, and graduate the several distances.

The situation and remains of the Castle itself, are faithfully portrayed, and possess much of the rugged grandeur, now softened into pastoral repose, which poetry supposes to have belonged to the feudal ages: yet we think the



grandeur of the Castle is in some degree lessened by the introduction of the overhanging tree, which grows from the right hand corner; and that the picture would have appeared less like a studied composition, and more like a view from nature, if the tree had not been there.

Roslin Castle is famous for its remarkable echo; and Mr. Arnold has introduced a Scotch shepherd so, that any person acquainted with this circumstance may suppose him listening; while he is still an interesting, and well placed, and well painted, figure, to those who are not. To this echo we suppose he also alludes in the following pastoral lines by which he accompanies the mention of his picture in the catalogue.

“ Of Nanny’s charms the shepherd sung,  
The hills and dales with Nanny rung;  
While Roslin Castle heard the swain,  
And echoed back the cheerful strain.”

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Nos. 264 and 277 are FLOWERS and FRUIT, by J. HEWLITT, of Bath.

We esteem Mr. Hewlitt’s beautiful Flower-piece in the last exhibition better, on the whole, than his Flower-piece of the present season—though not much: and his Flower-piece of the present season we esteem superior to his Fruit, and his Fruit very far superior to his Gypsies.

The various textures of the different kinds of petals are accurately discriminated; the forms both of his leaves and flowers are botanically understood; and the delicate reflex lights in the bosoms of his roses, white holy-oaks, and other flowers, are painted with exquisite feeling.

The colouring of Mr. Hewlitt’s flowers is also generally good. In No. 264, the colours are even scientifically arranged for the production of, what Barry was used to call, *totality* of effect; but Mr. Hewlitt is still much

wanting in the art of melting away those lines and form which should elude attention, into the back ground, particularly where his objects come dark off light, as may be too plainly seen in his fruit-piece, No. 277.

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No. 472, OLD HOUSES; and No. 474, View in St. ALBAN'S: both by W. MULREADY.

Mr. Mulready's Old Houses are excellent; and if he need one, we hope will "bring a new house over his head." His rich moss-grown roofs of tiles and thatch, old planks, and old plaster and brick-work, in all their various stages of age and decay, are well varied and discriminated. In such objects he will soon, if he does not already, vie with the most celebrated masters of the Flemish school.

His tinker and surrounding group are quite appropriate. *Incidental* to the subject, and painted with a pencil, which for exquisiteness of touch, may be compared with that of Brouwer, or Du Sart, or Teniers.

Nor are the figures which he has introduced in the inn yard at St. Alban's less incidental or appropriate, or less well painted than the former. The old buildings here, are in a picturesque and almost tottering state, from age and neglect, and country workmen are preparing to repair them. The storm gathering beyond the tower of the Abbey, is also judiciously introduced to support and give additional brilliancy of effect to the old and well coloured plaster houses.

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Cow Boys, by A. W. CALLCOTT, A. R. A. (No. 260.)

Though perfectly original, this picture reminds us powerfully of Cuyp, but without disadvantage to Mr. Callcott. It is a picture of considerable effect, and displays much sensibility to the unsophisticated charms of pastoral nature.

In the Cow Boys and Dog, as in the generality of his other performances, Mr. Callcott (like Mr. Mulready) evinces that he has attained the science of distinguishing and separating *accident* from *incident*; which gives to his pictures a certain air and character analogous to that of pastoral poetry, and entitles them to a higher rank in art than the rustic pictures of those who paint accident only. Beside the superior merit of his unlaboured, but not careless, execution, he thus discovers much more original, and deeper, thinking, than the mere imitators of any thing and every thing which they see in the country, and have learned to call picturesque.

We are now reluctant, and almost afraid, to say, that Mr. Callcott appears to have worked upon this picture since we saw it in the exhibition of the Royal Academy, without improving it.

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In Mr. T. BARKER's WOODMAN, and his MILLER, (Nos. 87 and 105) we see a sad falling off, since he painted Cowper's Woodman for the Poet's Gallery. Compared with this, his present rustics are mere men of wood.

The Woodman of the Poet's Gallery is a faithful transcript of Nature under the circumstances which the poet has so admirably detailed, and with no more of the *ostentation* of Art than we find in Cowper himself. The present Woodman and Miller, with their rubbishing accompaniments, exhibit that part of nature which is in itself inelegant; vulgarised, and debased, by a degree of ostentation, and conceit (we will add) in the painter, which brings down Mr. Barker's former pretensions to style in painting, to mere *manner*, and of the worst kind too.

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Mr. R. R. REINAGLE's Evening Scene on an OLD DECOY POND at MANNINGTREE, (No. 196) is a per-

formance of merit. Mr. Reinagle has painted a mild summer's evening, when the grey tints of our English atmosphere prevail, and the (unseen) setting sun does little more than gild the extremities of his trees.

The trees—those in the middle ground particularly—are well painted: with neither more nor less of the work of the pencil, than was necessary to describe their characters, and mark their distances in the picture.

We think the grey tints of this picture, which are gradated with considerable skill, would have admitted with advantage of a little more warmth: for we confess that, deceived either by our own eyes on Mr. Reinagle's, we at the first glance, mistook this Evening, for a Morning, scene.

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In his picture of the INTERIOR of WOOLBEDDING CHURCH, SUSSEX, Mr. S. W. REYNOLDS has produced a solemn effect of chiaro-scuro, that may vie with those of Rembrandt himself.

Above the communion-table, where a few of the parishioners, we suppose, are seen at their evening devotions, is a Gothic window, through the *upper* part of which a subordinate light still lingers, while the principal light comes through a side window, and falls, with much of Rembrandt's richness and unobtrusive splendour, on the pulpit, with its fringed furniture, cushion, &c.

Mr. Reynolds has introduced three distinct lights in this picture; of which the second is subservient to the first, and the third, which is melted with great art into the shadow, is subservient to the second. The shadow is deep-toned; and the light, excepting where it falls on the ornaments of the pulpit, is a

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“dim religious light.”

(*To be continued.*)



# REVIEW

OF

## PUBLICATIONS OF ART.

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### No. II.

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*Continuation of the Exhibition at the Gallery of the British Institution.*

VENUS PERFUMING HER HAIR, by J. NOLLEKENS, R.A.  
(No. 141.)

This beautiful statue has long since been admired by the first judges of sculpture for a certain degree of graceful action, for its symmetry of form, and for that internal evidence of unaffected feeling and purity of taste in the artist, which keeps every idea of the ostentation or extravagance of art at an immense distance, or in the often-quoted words of Shakespeare, effectually restrains him from overstepping "the modesty of Nature."

Not to overstep the modesty of Nature, and, at the same time, not to fall short of the demands of ideal beauty, should neither be esteemed incompatible merits, nor their union an unattainable perfection, except in that supreme degree, in which the imagination of a great artist always transcends his practical powers, and which Reynolds has with so much eloquence declared it to be "the lot of genius, ever to contemplate, but never to attain." Of the statue before us, we must say, that while it approximates towards this union, it possesses a much larger portion of

Nature, than of the ideal as we have seen it exemplified in the finest sculpture of antiquity.

The general form as well as the details seems as if *copied* from a well-selected indeed, but a *single* model, not an abstract idea *studied* from many, and it is therefore, to our apprehension, much more the statue of a beautiful woman, than of the Goddess of beauty.

In the execution, the artist has been more eminently successful, than in the conception, of his subject. The soft firmness and smoothness of flesh, with all its delicacy of inflexion and transition, is admirably expressed; which, though it may be in part owing to the semi-transparent surface of marble, (and so far unattainable in any other material,) must be principally ascribed to that exquisite skill in the conduct of the chisel, in which no man excels Mr. Nollekens.

We presume to think that the hair and face of the Goddess fully agree to the general account which we have given of the whole figure, and are too much like human nature *as it is*. We have even seen living faces more poetically exalted and more exquisitely lovely, a remark to which we conceive the statue of Venus ought not to be liable: and the hair has not that character of gracefully-clustering hyacinthine redundancy, which we have sometimes admired in the sculpture, thought of whilst reading the Poets, and might well imagine to belong to the most lovely of the goddesses, of antiquity; and which is even adverted to in the passage of Virgil which the artist has inscribed under his statue.

It is somewhat surprising that, in an age not backward in its admiration of female beauty, this charming Goddess should have remained for so long a time unsold. It should seem (if we may give our British amateurs of beauty credit for a feeling so *refined*) as if no one cared to possess, a Venus that any one might purchase.

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MR. MATTHEW WYATT'S Monument to the Memory of LORD NELSON, (No. 486,) he says is "designed to be the record of his victories, and calculated to *adorn the private habitations* of those who appreciate the services of that most enterprising admiral." We understand that it has also been offered to be sculptured on a large scale for the town of LIVERPOOL.

With the former of these purposes in view, Mr. Wyatt, who models like a young man of considerable talent, and writes and thinks like a still younger man, puts forth a Prospectus for publishing casts from his model, wherein he informs us that "with a view to the diffusing more generally through the country memorials of his [Nelson's] fame, the artist has been guided by two principles"—which he proceeds to develope; but as these principles are more completely unfolded in his subsequent "explanation of the model," we think it unnecessary to repeat them; and after saying, once for all, that the execution of his model is slovenly—certainly deficient in the degree of finish and neatness necessary to constitute it "the ornament of a drawing-room," which is one of Mr. Wyatt's purposes, we shall proceed to speak of the design, following the author himself in the order of its developement. He says,

"1st. The figures constituting the design, are Nelson, Victory, and Death. His country mourning for his loss, and *her navy eager to avenge it, naturally claim a place* [places] in the groupe."

With the latter of these positions we cannot readily agree, but not to interrupt Mr. Wyatt, shall reserve the explanation of the reasons of our difference.

2d. "The principal figure is the Admiral resting one foot on a conquered enemy, and the other on a cannon. With an eye stedfast and upraised to Victory, he is receiving from her a fourth naval crown *upon his sword*, which, to indicate the loss of his right arm, is held in his left hand

The maimed limb is concealed by the flag that Genius is lowering to him, under the folds of which Death lies in ambush for his victim; by which it is intimated that he received the reward of victory and the stroke of death at the same moment.

“ 3d. By the figure of *an enraged British seaman*, is represented *the zeal of the navy to wreak vengeance on the enemies who robbed it of its most gallant leader.*

“ 4th. Britannia with laurels in her hand, and leaning, regardless of them, on her spear and shield, describes the feelings of the country fluctuating between the pride and anguish of a triumph so dearly purchased, but relying for security on her own resources.”

The general aspect and character of Mr. Wyatt's design, is that of an imposing and in some degree magnificent piece of sculpture, wherein, if there is much to praise, there is much more to blame; for of the upper and principal group which we have just described in the artist's own words, we cannot but say that it strongly partakes of that bad taste and affected refinement of the old French school, which formed the worst part of the style of Roubiliac, and which has been justly exploded by the purer taste of the best sculptors and judges of the present day.

As a mere composition of lines and forms, and considered without reference to its purposes, it displays considerable skill in the artist: but its parts are heterogeneous, and the noble simplicity from which monumental sculpture never should depart, is lost in the errors and littlenesses of unprincipled refinement: it vainly attempts to convey complicated, and in our opinion, improper, sentiments; but, of which it does not belong to the nature of sculpture to become the vehicle: it mingles a barbarism of the middle ages with the poetical mythology of Greece and Rome, whilst heraldry and the author's brains appear to have been ransacked for new allegorical allusions, but which, in our esti-



mation, are not founded on sound analogy and the truths of Nature.

To descend to particulars. By a sort of conventional agreement which has been handed down from artist to artist, which subsequent painters have derived from Holbein ; and Holbein—not from the art \* of antiquity, but—from the barbarisms of the middle ages, we are taught to understand that a skeleton in seeming action, means *Death*. It is a received mode (of which it may be said that no artist has yet possessed power to invent and authority to enforce, a better) of writing that word in the language of Sculpture or Painting, where it should seem that we are sometimes disposed to overlook the absurdity of substituting a visible effect, for an invisible cause. We understand it, however, just as we understand great A, or as we understand the word DEATH, when it is thus written or printed, and therefore, notwithstanding that Milton has since crowned him with power, and clothed him with terror, we tolerate the appearance of this personage in his old undress, and admit him into the classical company of Victory, who is of Greek, and of Britannia, who is of Roman, origin, though we cannot admire his presence and introduction there ; but if Mr. Wyatt expects us to understand upon the same principles, or upon any other *principles*, that “an enraged British seaman” brandishing a tomahawk, represents or signifies “the zeal of the British navy

\* The ancient artists typified but did not *personify* Death. Perhaps they were withheld by the palpable absurdity of giving Life to Death ; and Homer is the only Greek poet in our recollection who ever mentions him, and though he *mentions*, he does not *describe* him, and mentions him, we believe, only once, as bearing the body of Sarpedon to Lycia, as being swift, and twin-born with Sleep. See the Greek, or Cowper’s, Iliad, B. XVI. The inverted and extinguished torch, which was the type of Death among the ancients, conveys with powerful analogy the idea of Death, of which all that they knew consisted in darkness and extinction.

to wreak vengeance on the enemies who *robbed* it of its most gallant leader"—(mere pomp of words)—he certainly expects more than simple unassisted common sense will apprehend, or sound criticism be disposed to grant, even after reading the modeller's explanation.

We shall not regret, however, if this part of Mr. Wyatt's design should *not* be understood, for he has here conceived an idea which we deem as much beneath the dignity of British sculpture, as it is beneath that of the British navy, and has bodied forth an unreal thing. The British navy never fights *because* a brave commander has fallen in battle, but from a much nobler motive. The dreadful work of destruction cannot be performed without our heroes being in their turns liable to the fatalities of war; and if Mr. Wyatt would transmit only honourable truth to posterity, he must learn to shew that the navy can and does regret her Nelson, without being angry at the known terms on which battles are fought, and without calling our foes robbers, because he has fallen. In the ardour of actual combat such a feeling might perhaps be allowed to obtain for a moment, but it can never be a sentiment, which reason would direct art to transmit as either naval, national, honourable, or lasting.

Of the idea of Victory displaying crowns, as we have seen game spitted for roasting, along the sword of Nelson, we must entirely disapprove. *If* such a conceit be admissible in heraldry, the muse of Sculpture should disdain to adopt it. Poets have occasionally entwined swords with olive, with laurel, and with myrtle, if not with admirable effect, at least without incurring critical censure; but *swords* have never been *crowned* that we can remember, either in reality, poetry, or fine art—and, if they had been so crowned, we believe that all persons of taste and reflection would have discarded such art, as a gross departure from common sense and all known usages, and absurd even in imagination.

On the present occasion it will naturally be asked, why did

not Victory place the crown on the head of the hero? and the modeller's answer will probably be, I wished to avoid the inconsistency and the practical difficulty of placing four crowns on one head. But why were you not then content with a single crown? or, if you could not dispense with refinement, why not surmount your naval crown with the starry crown of immortality, and still place it, where alone crowns are placed with propriety, on the head of your hero? You had already, with much ability, displayed his four principal victories round the pedestal of your group—and having done this, why should you fear that we should forget there were *four*?

These are the chief reasons why we must deliver it as our opinion that Mr. Wyatt's model, though it has the general air of a magnificent pile, and though as an abstract composition of forms it be entitled to some praise, yet will not bear critical examination in the detail; neither is its imposing appearance sustained by adequate strength of thought. It is like a man of a handsome figure, whose first appearance is prepossessing, but whom, on a nearer acquaintance, you discover to be without intellect. It addresses itself to passions and prejudices not of the noblest order. It is too much composed to please present persons\* and times, and not enough for the taste and wisdom which Genius, in his moments of proud consciousness, anticipates from the times to come; and it is on the whole more fit to be the centre ornament of a court gala, or a city feast, than to be a record by which art majestically transmits to future generations, the bravery which defends our freedom, and the wisdom which presides over our bravery.

The science which regulates the simplicity, and restrains the aberrations, of that art, which the British senate, the classical nations of antiquity, and indeed the universal suf-

\* Not the judicious few.

frage of mankind, have consecrated to heroic virtue, cannot be too sedulously attended to. Other arts may seem to have obtained licence to descend to the production of momentary and meretricious gratification : of sculpture, it is still held to be the office to honour and to instruct.

The author of the model before us, whom we are given to understand is a young man, has shewn that he possesses a good eye and considerable powers of composition, but has yet to chasten the eccentricities of his muse, to purify his fancy, and acquire just ideas of the noble simplicity of monumental sculpture.

We wish the reader to recollect here and apply to Mr. Wyatt's group, Collins's invocation to Simplicity, and more especially we wish that Mr. Wyatt would read, and reflect on, the following lines from that divine Ode.

O sister meek of Truth,  
 To my admiring youth  
 Thy sober aid and native charms infuse !  
 Though taste, though genius, bless  
 To some divine excess,  
 Faint's the cold work 'til thou inspire the whole :  
 What each, what all, supply,  
 May court, may charm, our eye ;  
 Thou, only thou, canst raise the meeting soul !

“ As the endeavour of the artist (to use his own words) was to adapt the model equally to public buildings or to private apartments,” we have not been very wide of one of his marks, in pronouncing it not unfit to be the centre ornament of a city feast : but we meant to speak rather of the whole composition than of the upper group only ; and we are sorry to see that, in the accommodating spirit which we could wish were confined to the servile sellers of tawdry trumpery, or to the inferior artists of foreign climes, Mr. Wyatt offers either the whole, or partial casts, of his model,



provided his subscribers, or purchasers, do but take his favourite upper group, which we esteem the worst part of his performance.

He says, in p. 6, that "he has made it capable of admitting a size and elevation suitable to the room for which it may be intended; and hence, by the admission or rejection of the steps, the diameter may be varied from 5 feet 8 inches, to 3 feet. By the rejection of the pedestal, which does not interfere with the main body of the design, it may receive a further diminution from 3 feet, to 1 foot 2 inches. On this reduced scale [*reduced scale*, does Mr. Wyatt call it?] it is more peculiarly intended to be the ornament of a drawing-room, and when raised on a tripod or column in style and character suited to itself, would assume the form" of which Mr. Wyatt has subjoined an etching: a comparison of which etching with that of the monument altogether, may help to convince the reader of the great value of—the pedestal and steps.

We certainly think that the rejection of these parts, more especially the pedestal, *would* "interfere," if not "with the main body," at least with the main purpose, and main excellence, of the design, of which this noble feature, with its basso-relievos and chained captives, are, in our estimation, by far the best part: for, in the first place, it is perfectly free from the affected refinements and real absurdities of the upper group; in the next place, there is an appropriate grandeur in sculpturing the great actions of a hero round the pedestal of his statue or monument, and the chained captives increase that grandeur; and in the third place, this part is composed, and the captives are varied, in a style not unworthy of an artist of high claims and character. In short we had much rather possess the pedestal and captives without the surmounting group, than the group without the pedestal; and if the corporation of Liverpool were to commission Mr. Wyatt to place a colossal statue of Nelson upon

the pedestal, (preserving the steps,) we should honour both their taste and their patriotism.

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We are sorry to learn that Mr. M. Wyatt was not permitted to announce to the public his intention of publishing casts of this monument, which, as we understand, he purposed to have done by laying his pamphlet at the foot of his model, for all those persons to peruse, who might choose to be at the trouble. An ostensible purpose of this Institution, is to do away the ill effects which have arisen to art from the intervention of dealers between the artists and the public; yet here we meet with such a prohibitory law as a dealer would dictate.

If it be an advantage to the public that a moral work of art should be seen by one thousand persons, none will deny that it would be a greater advantage if it were seen by twenty thousand. If, therefore, a performance be fit to be exhibited at the Gallery of the British Institution, it is fit to be made more extensively public. We are not now speaking of Mr. Wyatt's model, but of the *principle*—if that may be so called, which appears to us to imply a departure from principle—which disallowed of his advertising in the way which we have mentioned, and even in the catalogue of the Exhibition, his intention to publish: for as Mr. Wyatt is professionally an artist, and not a dealer, this prohibition seems to run directly counter to the ostensible purposes of the Institution.

For the benefit of professional artists, the Institution has provided an officer to dispose of their works at stated prices: yet it precludes that officer from receiving the names of such persons as may wish to possess casts from a model exhibited in their Gallery. Or, (to put the case more particularly,)—for the benefit of artists and of the public, the governors of the British Institution have appointed Mr. Green to sell single pictures, models, and other works of

art; but when a design is expressly modelled for the purpose of being multiplied by the operation of casting, which must be still more for the benefit of those parties concerned, then—for the benefit of the artist and of the public, they will not allow him to be the means of selling more than one.

Whether the keeper's time be already entirely occupied with employ, or not, is quite a minor consideration: for if, happily, his time be entirely occupied, it would surely be well to put a clerk in authority under him.

*The dignity of an Institution for the advancement of Art, essentially resides in its utility.* For want of adhering to this principle, the Royal Academy of Arts has lost many advantages, which it might otherwise have possessed: among others, for want, as it should seem, of an attendant secretary or clerk, during the period of their Exhibition, they have foregone the advantage of such an annual sale of their productions, as is now enjoyed at the British Institution, and Water-Colour Societies; erroneously conceiving, as we suppose, (for we know not to what else to ascribe the omission,) that the appointment of such an officer was beneath their dignity.

The governors of the British Institution appear to have seen the error of the Academy, and, as far as they have proceeded, have virtually recognised our principle. Why then—will they permit us to ask?—why limit its operation? We are quite certain that they are not afraid of doing too much good; and such an establishment as they have formed, under such auspices and in such a metropolis as this, would enlarge itself in its natural operation, upon the principle which we have laid down, and prove not only a mine of wealth, but a mint of virtue.

In speaking of the proceedings of a body of gentlemen, amongst whom are some of the first personages in Europe, both for rank in society and taste in art, far be it from us to be or to appear dogmatical or disrespectful. These gentlemen may

have good reasons for deferring such an extension of their plan, as the adoption of our ideas in their full extent might lead to an extension which may perhaps be intended, and only postponed: yet (as they will candidly perceive) our proper business is with principles, and their application to things *as they are*.

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CONTENT in the character of a COBLER (No 143) and AVARICE in the character of a MISER, (No. 145,) modelled as companions by C. Rossi, R. A.

In these models the muse of Sculpture lays aside her severer character, assumes the mask of Thalia, and attempts, and succeeds in producing, the best effects of well-written Comedy. It is something like Raphael stepping into the Dutch school attended by his moral purposes, and exercising there his accustomed authority over the fancy and understanding of his spectators.

They form an admirable pair, and no uninstructional chapter in that volume of ethical philosophy which it is the chief business of art to set before us. To invert a celebrated verse of Dr. Johnson—at the sight of these models

“Virtue may light her torch at Pleasure’s flame.”

The Cocker may help to mend our morals here; and the Miser teach us, with a very little reflection, to lay up treasures for her after, “where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal.”

In the countenance of the Cocker, the sculptor’s attention to the philosophy of his art is conspicuous. *Content* here, as we may observe in nature, seems more the offspring of native character and conformation, than of superinduced expression: which circumstance, while it has given to the Cocker’s face that air of individual portraiture to which some persons have objected, we cannot but esteem the result of sound reflection and unsophisticated taste in the artist.



We therefore agree, in one of his meanings, with the gentleman, who, addressing an often-repeated pun to a certain fashionable shoemaker, was heard to remark that "the very looks of that fellow are sufficient to mend the soul." The shoemaker's attic reply, "His looks then would do more than his awl\*," facetiously reminded us of the Athenian critic of old.

Nor do we admire less, the countenance and action of the Miser, nor think it less calculated to repress, by placing at once in a painful and ludicrous view, the sordid cravings of Avarice, and correct both the heads and hearts of such observers as may recognise in themselves this foolish and disgraceful propensity. The face is indeed a study for a physiognomist, who may trace that habit has here confirmed the passion that nature had implanted.

The draperies and other accompaniments, in both of these excellent and novel specimens of the modeller's art, are disposed with the greatest ease; and the simplicity of forms which characterises the sculpture of Mr. Rossi, and neither affects breadth nor is frittered by littlenesses, prevails throughout; their various substances also, of woollen, leather, linen, &c. are sufficiently discriminated, but without vain labour; and we profess ourselves so much delighted with this pair of models on the whole, that it would afford us the sincerest pleasure—if our Review should enable us to build niches for the Miser and Cobler.

Since writing the above, we read in the sale-book of the Institution, that the EARL of CARLISLE has become the purchaser of Mr. Rossi's Miser; and we cannot repress our regret that these admirable companions, [the Cobler and

\* This awl is, to be sure, of an enormous size, and might almost serve a man of the Cobler's dimensions for a sword (if Content could ever want one). In short it is a *real* awl lying beside him, and painted over with the rest of the performance, though the Cobler is not more than a sixth, and perhaps not an eighth, part of the size of Nature.

Miser] which are light and shade to each other, should now be doomed to a divorce : nor do we less regret that Lord Carlisle, who has ever been known to possess *Content* without *Avarice*, should now leave *Content* and take a fancy to *Avarice*. If his friends should insist that *having* content, he could not want it, we must still be allowed to think that he *will* want it when his *Avarice* comes home to him.

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We very readily admit the following liberal and judicious remarks, which we have received from an unknown hand, on Mr. HAYDON's picture of JOSEPH and MARY resting on their road to Egypt, (No. 152.)

It has been much lamented, of late, that historical painting should hitherto have been so little practised or encouraged in this country ; I therefore am rather surprised that no notice should yet have been taken of a performance now exhibiting at the British Institution, which, in my humble opinion, displays in an eminent degree those highest and rarest excellencies of art—sublimity of conception and correctness of design. Perhaps these qualities have hitherto attracted so little attention in the picture I allude to, because it represents a night scene, and therefore could not appropriately exhibit that brilliancy of colouring which undoubtedly is a great merit in painting, but one, the value of which seems over-rated ; while (as may be said still to be too much the case in England) it is held to make amends for every defect in drawing and in expression.

The picture I am speaking of, is *The Repose in Egypt*, by Haydon. The subject seemed so hackneyed as to appear incapable of being treated in a novel way, or at least of combining with novelty, any degree of propriety and truth : yet this, I think, has here been most successfully achieved.

We do not, in this composition, see the mother, after the fatigue of a long journey under a burning sun and across a barren desert, nurse her infant with all the composure and

freshness of a fine lady just risen from her toilet, while her sturdier husband is looking idly on, a most useless as well as insignificant personage: no, the weaker vessel, overcome with weariness, is restoring her exhausted strength with a few moments' repose, having resigned her precious charge to the care of her robust helpmate. And well might she trust it to his watchfulness; for it is impossible to conceive greater tenderness than that with which Joseph gazes on the infant stretched in his lap. Thus, for the first time brought forward and rendered, from a very subordinate, a principal personage, the figure and the attitude of Joseph seem to have been deeply meditated by the artist. Both are happily expressive of his character and station; for the limbs, at the same time that they display great correctness of drawing, are not those of an ideal, or even exalted personage; they are truly those of a sturdy mechanic, used to hard labour, and whose appearance alone is sufficient to mark him as able to withstand and overcome, the weariness to which all else around him yields. The drawing of the child too, with its little legs crossed, is most accurate, and its posture extremely pleasing.

While all the rest of the picture is immersed in sleep and darkness, this group alone receives a sort of silvery moon-like light, from a glory composed of two beautiful angels, to whom seems committed the guidance of the travellers; and it may be said of this picture, that throughout every part of it reigns a sort of calmness which gradually inspires the mind of the beholder himself with the repose it displays.

The accessories, such as the broad-leaved banana, which shades the holy group, the palm-tree, the distant tents, &c. all belong to the country in which lies the scene, and seem to have been thoroughly studied.

I have been the more induced to expatiate on this picture, from finding that while the perfections of familiar subjects, like Wilkie's, strike every eye, come home to every intellect,

and become a general topic of conversation, the merits of more elevated subjects are as yet felt by few only, require being pointed out to the many, and do not spontaneously excite that enthusiasm indicative of a strong and universal sense of the higher branches of art : but since I have mentioned Mr. Wilkie, I cannot refrain from indulging in the pleasure of adding, as a circumstance honourable both to him and to Mr. Haydon, that I understand these two young artists, though in such different careers, like men made to feel each other's worth, are very intimate friends.

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*The COTTAGE DOOR*, by H. THOMSON, R. A. (No. 55) presents us with the outside of a cottage, where sits an elegant girl, and where stands an idle boy, with poultry, &c. Perhaps it might without exaggeration be called a picture of rural idleness, for a cat sits idly in the cottage window, the cocks and hens stand idly by, an idle infant, who might employ himself on his porringer of milk, sits on the ground, the girl is idly engaged in playing with a squirrel, and the boy in a very common idle occupation among rustics—notching a stick. We hope the painter too has not been idly employed.

The principal figure in this picture, is not a peasant, but a cottage volunteer, or young lady who has got free from the trammels of ceremony and the toils of fashion, and who chooses to lead a cottage life. Of this we are firmly persuaded by the appearance of her hat, shawl, shoulderknots, &c. but most of all, by the elegance of her bust and studied negligence of her attitude.

The picture contains some excellent colouring and a very agreeable general effect, is executed with a bold and firm hand, and may be pronounced, on the whole, one of the happiest efforts of the kind which we have seen from the pencil of Mr. Thomson.

Yet we cannot avoid thinking that rustic subjects are more truly interesting, when painted on a smaller scale than



this of the Cottage Door. Heroic subjects, which are calculated to brace and expand the mind of the spectator, seem to require a large canvas. We should probably be more affected by a colossal, than by a small, picture of Hercules or Achilles; but in viewing pictures of rural innocence, our pleasure is of a far different kind:—they please the mind by relaxing it; and if Mr. Thomson's Cottage Door, had been painted on a canvas no larger than contains Mr. Shée's beautiful figure of Pattie, we think he would have found more persons than he will at present, desirous of possessing it.

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HELENUS and CASSANDRA, (No. 193,) by H. HOWARD, A. R. A.

“Helenus and Cassandra, sleeping in the temple of Apollo, acquired a spirit of divination by the agency of two serpents, which wound themselves about them, whispering in their ears the councils of the gods.”

So says the catalogue: but, whispering in their ears *the councils of the gods*\* is not very good sense in this place; and we doubt whether words amounting to these in meaning are to be found in any classic writer. Without answering any very intelligible purpose, they serve but to render more indistinct the confused sentiment with which the spectator is affected at the sight of this picture. As far as we are able to ascertain the predominating impression which it made on our own mind, it was that of sleeping innocence in danger, and so appears to feel the old priest, or whatever else he may be, in the back ground. He little dreams that the serpents are whispering in the ears of Cassandra and Helenus the councils of the gods, or imparting to them the power of foretelling the events that should in future happen to men. To our apprehension, the ray from above, conveys

\* Whispering in their ears the will of Fate, or councils of the Destinies, if they ever held councils, would seem to be more proper.

much more powerfully than the presence of the serpents, the idea of an holy influx proceeding from Apollo.

The painter *seems to* intend to terrify us with the ideas of beauty and innocence in danger, and at the same time informs us that they are not in danger, but blessed with the presence of messengers from heaven. But as this is a heathen miracle, and as miracles must run counter to the natural order of things, we must endeavour to be reconciled. Perhaps too, if the human mind be at all affected by abstract forms, (a question upon which the learned in art have differed most widely,) a similar kind of counter sentiment may subsist between the beauty of serpentine forms, and the terror which serpents themselves inspire.

However these things may be, the extremities in this picture appear neither so delicate as they once were, nor so accurate as the generality of this artist's works. The picture has evidently been *gone over*, since we saw it in the Exhibition-Room of the Royal Academy, for the general effect is broader and the colours brighter than we there remember them, and in improving the picture in these respects, Mr. Howard appears to have impaired the perfections of his own drawing.

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His *HYLAS and the NAIADS*, (No. 29,) though a much smaller picture, is in our estimation a superior performance, and alone would prove Mr. Howard worthy of the rank of Royal Academician, to which (as we understand) he has recently been raised. It is a classical story poetically treated, and possessing, with a powerful effect of light and shade, a tone of colour congenial with the subject: the management of Mr. Howard's pencil in this picture is also much to be admired. The group of Hylas and the caressing Naiads is entwined with great art, governed by simplicity of taste, and is represented as gracefully floating down the stream, while Hercules roams in the extreme distance, calling in vain on his beloved Hylas.

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SIR WILLIAM BEECHEY, R. A. exhibited in the last year, a pleasing picture of a chalk cavern under the Margate Cliffs, which found a purchaser; and a Venus, to whose charms the public proved insensible, which was coldly admired, and returned unsold. Guided by this experience, we suppose, and in conformity with the reigning taste, he this year sends to the British Gallery his landscape playthings: his summer recreations on the sea-coast—sketchy, unelaborate productions, and offered to the public as no other.

No. 202, is a View of SOUTHEND, ESSEX, by moonlight, with much of the general effect of nature. The sparks of glowing colour with which Sir William has touched the cottage-windows, while they suggest the idea of internal comfort, are of great value to the picture as a piece of colouring.

He who would view this picture to advantage, should retire to some distance; whence he will see, that in order to avoid two masses of light, of equal breadth and brightness, on the water and in the sky, the painter has interposed a tree with excellent effect, where the moon would else have thrown “her silver mantle o’er the deep” with distracting splendour. He will also see that the leading lines and forms of the composition, artfully evident in some places, and judiciously obscured in others, are altogether good: and he will have less reason to regret, than when he approaches nearer, that the horses, particularly the white horse, on the fore ground, are not better painted.

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His View of LEIGH from the Hamlet of PRITTLEWELL, has also a striking general effect, and unites considerable taste in painting slight sketchy trees, with a correct resemblance of the scene. Excepting that we think the sky too much divided into small parts, the landscape, as a whole, is well composed, and the flood of light on the sea (but that

the number of apertures in the clouds do not accord with it) is well introduced, and much like Nature, as we have seen her at this very place.

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GIRL WASHING HER FEET, by W. OWEN, R. A. (No. 328.)

Mr. Owen had before firmly established his claims to the public attention in subjects of this description, and the present is, in most respects, not inferior to his former productions.

With a large portion of that genuine, unaffected, simplicity in the figure, which constitutes the most powerful charm of pictures of this kind, Mr. Owen has united his usual well-tempered richness and harmony of colour: and the pitcher, bulrushes, stem of the tree, wild convolvulus and other weeds, which the artist has introduced, with the splendid star of light bursting between the foliage, are painted with a degree of taste and felicity of handling, in which probably no painter excels Mr. Owen.

But the girl's right leg is too much extended, and is not well connected with the rest of the figure; and we are not sure that a girl washing her feet, or putting on her stockings, is altogether so pleasing a subject for a picture as Mr. Owen has sometimes selected. Rural novelty should know its limits: and cottage girls do things every day, beside putting on their stockings, which would not become very interesting, if they were to be ever so well painted.

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We have much pleasure in observing and reporting the professional progress of Mr. R. COOK. He this year exhibits two pictures of great merit: one from the Holy Scriptures, and one from the Iliad, and neither of them exceeded by any picture of its kind in the present Exhibition.

In treating the AGONY OF CHRIST, (No. 217,) he has avoided an error which is very common among the old masters, even of the highest celebrity, and which has been



sometimes repeated by the moderns. Jesus Christ using a figurative expression in his prayer upon this extraordinary occasion, says, "O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me"—as it is still common in poetry, and even in the common intercourse of life, to say the cup of sorrow, &c. and hence most painters who have chosen this subject, have thought it necessary to make the angel which St. Luke mentions, look something like a waiter from the bar of a tavern, bearing a cup of liquor: Mr. Cook's angel, on the contrary, looks like a messenger from Heaven who has descended to administer comfort, and is employed in sustaining our blessed Saviour during that agonizing moment when the human, is struggling with the divine, nature. In the countenance of Jesus Christ himself, this agony is firmly and finely expressed, but is mingled with the dawns, or something more than the dawns, of holy resignation: for we there read, not only the prayer which we have repeated above, but also, "nevertheless, not my will, but thine be done," and this the painter has accomplished with little auxiliary aid from surrounding circumstances. The head and figure of Christ is the focus of the picture, to which all else does but converge the spectator's attention, (who should approach near to see it in perfection :) yet when separately examined, the angel, sleeping disciples, sky, &c. are all painted with considerable ability.

But though Mr. Cook has avoided one error, he has fallen into another; and though some of our readers may think with Uncle Toby that "a story passes very well now-a-days without such niceties," yet we cannot entirely pass a trifling anachronism which we observe in this picture, and which will for ever shew to those who may see it in the Bishop of Durham's collection, that it was not painted under his lordship's supervisal.

Had the Bishop seen the picture on the artist's easel, he would doubtless have informed him that it was altogether wrong to introduce a *waning crescent moon* on the night of

the Jewish feast of the passover, which was always celebrated at the time of the *full* moon, and that to this day our Christian festival of Easter has been ordained to be moveable, in order to make it accord as near as possible with the paschal full moon.

The artist's intention in introducing the moon appears to have been, at once to give elevation to his mount, and a portentous character to his picture: it also serves to mark that the event took place at an early hour of the evening. All this is well, but the moon should be full orbed, though it might be crossed by clouds, and its brightness obstructed, as much as the painter pleases.

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Mr. COOK's other picture is from "the tale of Troy divine;" it is marked No. 232 in the Catalogue, and is entitled HECTOR REPROVING PARIS.

This classical picture is painted in a manner which at once seems to prove that delicacy of penciling, which has so frequently been employed on subjects of rusticity, belongs with more propriety to the beautiful class of subjects, and inclines us to believe that we have been pleased with it in the Dutch school, chiefly because it is in itself agreeable; and that our attention has dwelt on it there with the greater delight, from the subjects of Teniers and his followers being in themselves of subordinate interest.

However this may be, Mr. Cook has shewn in this picture that a subject belonging to the beautiful class, derives great advantage from being treated with a corresponding delicacy in the conduct or handling of the pencil. The elegant ornaments, architecture, and costume of antiquity—such of them, we mean, as might properly be supposed to belong to the royal palace of a far-famed metropolis which more than mortal hands had been employed to erect—are here introduced, but kept in due subservience to the general sentiment of the whole; and a fine harmonious tone of colour, a

sort of warm purpleish grey, which accords well with a subject of a rich and beautiful character, pervades the picture.

But though there is much to praise in this performance, there is also something to blame. Mr. Cook's Hector, we think, is in stature too short, and appears deficient in heroic character: yet who shall paint the Hector of Homer? the godlike Hector! the bulwark of his country!

That innate dignity of deportment, which discloses by how little is done, how much latent energy is possessed; or, the science of painting strength of mind, is probably one of the greatest difficulties which the historical painter has to surmount. If he falls short of it, he is in danger of being esteemed apathetic: if he goes beyond, the reproach of being esteemed theatrical and affected, is sure to await him.

In the picture before us, Mr. Cook has at least kept on the side of prudence, for the least appearance of strut or swagger in a hero, is far more offensive, and more destructive to elevated character, than an equal proportion of the contrary fault; we must recollect too, that in the majesty of Hector's character, there is an amiable mildness; no one of Homer's heroes assuming so little of the superiority which he really possesses; and we are well aware that a judicious painter—one who is master of human sympathies—knows that he really accomplishes much more, when he stimulates the spectator's imagination to go beyond what he has actually produced, than when he visibly attempts to carry his art beyond imagination; and, that if he can but bring us to believe that it is HECTOR who appears before us, we shall be disposed to give large credit to the valour which his hero will display in the plains of Troy.

Mr. Cook's Paris, with much of the characteristic lassitude which attends on habits of luxurious indulgence, is perhaps a little too boyish: but here occurs a fresh instance of the difficulty which we have stated above, in painting subjects from Homer; and again we ask what painter has

combined, or shall combine in a single figure, the umpire of contending goddesses, the lover and the beloved of Helen, and the subtle archer who subsequently became the murderer of Achilles \* ?

But the Helen of Mr. Cook is beautiful ! and her beauty is of that passive kind, which seems properly to belong to the character of fair Helen. Of all the Helens and all the heroines which we have had the pleasure of seeing †, none has a claim which we admit with so little reluctance, to be considered as the woman which Greece might fight to recover, and Troy might fight to retain.

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THE BEGGAR, by H. SINGLETON, (No. 6,) is far too elevated, to be what the Catalogue purports, and does not at all accord with the lines from Warton's Ode,

“ The *naked beggar* shiv'ring lies,  
While *whistling* tempests round her *rise* :  
And trembles lest the *tott'ring wall*  
Should on her sleeping infants fall.”

The female is neither a beggar, nor naked ; the tempest has risen, and is more than whistling ; the wall is an impending rock ; and the whole wants characteristic simplicity. Perhaps it were better to say of the whole, that it is a misnomer, for it is really an affecting picture, of a woman—but not a low bred woman—not a woman that *could* beg—with her children, in distress. Call it an unfortunate mother—leave out Warton's lines—and (if you are master of so much abstraction) leave out Singleton's manner—It assumes to itself a poetic character, and every part appears replete with mean-

\* We must not forget that Pliny has recorded, and Fuseli believes, that a statue once existed in which this union was exemplified. It was executed in bronze by Euphranor the Isthmian ; and, for many learned and critical observations respecting it, the reader is referred to the Professor's first Lecture, published by J. Johnson, 1801.

† 28th April 1808.



ing—even the distant beacon will then seem to say, Behold the wreck of Beauty, and—beware.

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The limits which circumstances have prescribed to us, and the quantity of subject matter which crowds upon our attention at the present season of the year, which may be called the harvest time of Art, does not allow us to comment on all the (twelve) pictures which the present Exhibition displays from the pencil of Mr. S. DRUMMOND.

His first picture in the order of the Catalogue is the DROWNED SAILOR (No. 5.)

The idea of painting this pathetic picture, appears to have been conceived (if we may hazard a conjecture upon a point of this nature) from the painter's having seen the Dead Soldier of Wright of Derby, to which it may be thought to bear some comparison. Both pictures speak forcibly to the heart; but while Drummond discloses the boundary of the feelings which he means to impress, Wright, with more consummate art, deals largely in suggestion, and directs, but does not limit, the imagination of his observer.

The stiffened corse of the sailor is well conceived and well expressed, and the effect of such a spectacle on the different ages and sexes of the group of bystanders which the painter has introduced, is not less justly felt; from the mere dread of childhood, to the manly regret of mature age.

The mingled pity and aversion of the softer sex is ably depicted, but you really are led to see into the mind of the elderly man who forms the apex of the composition; and you there see the humane wish that he could have saved, mingled with regret that he cannot restore, the deceased, but rendered subservient to mild acquiescence in the dispensations of Providence.

The colouring is of a cold, livid, melancholy cast; suited, in our opinion, to the subject of the picture. It is somewhat

dissonant, but we are not sure that even this dissonance is improper in this place.

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In his next picture (No. 7) PHARAOH'S DAUGHTER pleads for MOSES with all the ardour and innocence of virtue and youth; but her father is not yet beginning to relent, and, in our opinion, appears more apathetic and inexorable than the occasion requires. We should have been glad to have seen, and we think the painter should have shewn us, the dawnings of parental love, though not the daylight of humanity.

The three other figures introduced, are, the infant Moses, and, we suppose, his mother and sister. The woman has much motherly sweetness of expression, with a well-managed reflected light on her countenance; and the look and action of the girl has also much of sisterly tenderness.

With such claims on the public regard, men of taste will regret that Mr. Drummond unites such occasional fuzziness of form and crudity of colour; and such entire inattention to architectural costume, as is shewn in the present performance.

The draperies in this picture are more especially defective, both in their forms and colours. Indeed, the public eye has long been—we will not say offended, but—dissatisfied with this artist's colouring, and, whilst dwelling on his merit, which it has justly perceived to be considerable, has looked at his colouring with indulgence, wishing it were better, but pardoning the evil for the sake of the good: with equal indulgence, and with warmer hopes from Mr. Drummond's reflections on the subject, than from our own, we shall venture a word or two on "the cause of this effect, defective."

It is well known that the earlier part of this artist's life was devoted—squandered, we had almost said, by a part of the community which was insensible to its real value, on crayon painting, and it appears to us that the habits and the eye for

colour which were then formed, influence Mr. Drummond's present historical practice in oil. It is in the nature of crayon painting to be comparatively garish, and to want a basis of neutral tint in its shadows, and this seems to be precisely the defect of Mr. Drummond's present system of colouring.

The back-ground of "Pharaoh's Daughter pleading for Moses," contains nothing characteristic of Egypt. The painter has here sported a monstrous, but very uncouth, and unclassical, chimera, as a leg to the throne; (or other seat on which the sister of Moses is sitting with the infant;) and, in hoping to impose on the spectator's ignorance by sticking a strange idol against the wall, he has exposed his own. He has still more completely exposed his ignorance by introducing a portion of a pointed arch, many centuries before any kind of arches was invented. His distant landscape does not at all resemble what we naturally conceive of the neighbourhood of a metropolis of such remote antiquity as Memphis, nor his river the magnificence of the Nile. But we must do Mr. Drummond the justice to add, that these faults are in part ascribable to the defects of our national establishment for the cultivation of Arts, where we have no Professor of Costume; where the students receive no kind of instruction on the subject; and where it has been but too much the fashion to consider the human figure as the exclusive object of the historical painter's attention. Hence probably we so frequently see in England, the back grounds of historical pictures, idly, or absurdly, filled up with mere palliations of ignorance.

A common defect in Mr. Drummond's colouring of flesh, is, that it partakes of chalkiness in some places, and of clayeyness in others. In the language of painters, his carnation tints want truth. In the picture which we are just dismissing, the reader may see a pregnant instance of this; and it is also, though perhaps not in an equally reprehensible degree, the case in that of—

The GOOD SAMARITAN, (No. 95.) We say, not in the same degree, because, while the complexion of the good Samaritan himself is too much an unassimilated mixture of the colour of clay and roses, the complexion of him who has fallen among thieves, as well as the expression of his countenance and attitude, is that of a bruised, wounded, and suffering individual.

The good Samaritan, as we have formerly seen him, is recruiting with cordials the fainting spirits of the sufferer, having previously bound up his wounds; but, as we have *not* formerly seen, the Samaritan has partially covered his patient with his own mantle; and thus Mr. Drummond has created an opportunity of contrasting the naked body of a healthy, with that of an apparently dying, man; while he forcibly expresses in the language of his art, the sentiment of commiseration.

As an Academical composition, this picture is also entitled to some praise, and the landscape is here somewhat better painted than in other of this artist's pictures: the weeds on the foreground especially, are painted with some care, yet they are English weeds—chiefly the wild turnep, if we are right in our recollection—not the wild vegetation of the mountains of Asia.

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HIS SECOND COMING OF THE MESSIAH (No. 128) did not make that striking and powerful impression on our minds which we expected from the representation of so stupendous and awful an event: but we profess not to have looked at this picture with the repeated attention which we intended, and which criticism requires: we remarked in it however that some passages, particularly the figure of the Messiah, somewhat resembled West in style of design, but in respect of the dabby indecision with which they are pencilled, did not at all resemble him, being as opposite as East is to West.



We recollect also being affected as by a mysterious jumble of good, bad, and indifferent, which he who would analyse, must expect to exercise his patience. It seemed more as if "Chaos, was come again," than the Messiah, at whose presence all eyes were to be opened; and while the old man on the foreground would not have discredited those

————— who in the days of yore  
The crown of Art with greatest honour wore,

the ground on which he is kneeling, the distant mountain, and even some of the figures, appear rather like the abortive smearings from a nearly-exhausted palette and worn-out pencils, than like *painting*.

Mr. DRUMMOND has also painted a sort of fete of our favourite players in their stage dresses, and has wittily entitled it, "DRAMATIS PERSONÆ." It is marked in the Catalogue No. 40, and consists of a numerous group, brought together with elegance and art, and painted with a much neater and firmer touch than Mr. Drummond usually employs. The various dresses, with their materials, are well discriminated, and the likenesses for the most part are excellent. The whole displays much of the art of Watteau turned to English account: and Lord Egremont has purchased in this performance, a most pleasing cabinet picture, which will, in every view, go down to posterity with an increase of value; for when the *persons represented* shall have strutted their

————— hour upon the stage,  
And then are seen no more;—

this picture shall live, a valuable record both of the features and figures of the actors, and the abilities of the painter. We remember "the Apotheosis of Garrick" being painted and engraved, with this ostensible purpose in view, but the

Apotheosis of Garrick was in every respect mere nonsense to the picture now under review.

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HIS *INSIDE OF A MILK-HOUSE* (No. 84) contains a very interesting group, and calls forth some of the best of our domestic affections. It moreover shews, as well as his "*Dramatis Personæ*," that Mr. Drummond *can* pencil neatly, and please highly by his penciling, for the dishes, tubs, pots, pans, &c. which he has introduced, are touched with great delicacy and dexterity.

The subject of this picture naturally reminds us of the interiors of Ostade and others of the Flemish school; and our recollection of these, makes us think that Mr. Drummond's browns want richness. The general effect of the whole is forcible and pleasing, but a little more richness, and clearness in the nearer shadows, would have made it still more so.

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We congratulate the public and Mr. WOODFORDE on the very considerable progress which he has lately made in his art. Men of less noble minds have ceased to strive, and their energies have abated, when they arrived at honourable distinctions: Mr. Woodforde's strength has increased since he has attained the honours of the Royal Academy, and he has proceeded in his career with accelerated pace.

We are led to say this as well from what he now exhibits in the Great Room at Somerset-House, as from his pictures in the present Exhibition, the first of which is *REBECCA at the Well*, receiving the bracelets from *ABRAHAM'S STEWARD*, (No. 48).

Mr. Woodforde has here produced an elegant composition of much originality, the figures and draperies of which are carefully drawn and well coloured. The figure of Rebecca is more especially graceful, and her face, neck, and hands

have much of the tone which we have been accustomed to admire in the nudities of Guido, with considerable transparency in the shadows and reflexes. We have seldom seen green drapery so harmoniously introduced as in the dress of Abraham's Steward.

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The ITALIAN PASTORAL, by S. WOODFORDE, R. A. (No. 83,) professedly taken from the 17th Ode of Horace, is painted with more energy than the generality of this artist's former works, and combines good colouring with a certain degree of graceful composition. The listening female is beautiful, and her whole figure fills its station in the picture with becoming grace; but the expression of countenance of the piping shepherd we think less appropriate, and too much like a portrait.

The distant Italian landscape, with part of Horace's villa, (as we suppose) comes in well, but from reading the lines which Mr. Woodforde has quoted \* from that poet, we expected to have seen more shepherds and more of landscape: at the least, we expected to have seen the Ustica winding through the vale; and the rocks which, as we read, echoed the music. Horace gives us an extended and delightful idea of the Italian pastoral of his day, of which Mr. Woodforde presents us only a single episode.

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Mr. B. BARKER'S LANDSCAPES, (Nos. 427, and 438,) are both pictures of very considerable merit. The former, in particular, unites much of the general hue of Nature under such a sky as Mr. Barker has here painted, with an expression of space in the middle ground, which has rarely been exceeded.

\* "Soft rural lays through ev'ry valley sound:

By low Ustica's purling spring,

The shepherds pipe and sing,

Whilst from the even rocks the tunes rebound."

The water in both is remarkably transparent, and, especially in 438, the painter has been eminently successful in conveying the idea of its being in motion. With a large portion of the taste and facility of handling of Hobbima, or rather, we think, of that very scarce and unaffected master Simon Rombouts, Mr. Barker unites something of the tones of Rysdael in his lighter and more aerial pictures, yet without being a copyist of either. He shews that he has studied them profoundly, but he shews that he has also studied Nature.

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EVENING, by R. HAVELL, (No. 244,) is a placid river scene with trees on its banks, well understood, and painted with a masterly pencil. A charming tone, such as Wilson sometimes delighted in, of greenish grey, warmed and harmonized by the light of a mild summer's evening, is diffused through the picture.

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EVENING. TINTERN ABBEY, by W. S. REYNOLDS, (No. 443,) is a rough, but well-painted landscape. Why the painter has chosen to call it Tintern Abbey, we are at some loss to conjecture, as that venerable ruin is so far from being the subject of the picture, that it is scarcely to be found in it. With much hunting and circumspection, we at length dimly discovered something like Tintern Abbey seated in an obscure dell; but the proper subject of the picture is the border of a wood, where, with great knowledge of composition, the artist has introduced a flock of sheep passing a gate, and with equal knowledge of chiaroscuro, the effect of a dull evening at rather a late hour. His trees are bold and massy, and a good landscape tone of warm grey, tempered with green, and something like Havell's which we have just noticed with so much pleasure, pervades the whole.

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No. 460 represents WAGGON HORSES FRIGHTENED BY LIGHTNING, by J. WARD, A. R. A. who has here produced an effect which though it flashes upon the spectator's attention, and arrests his eye with the sudden power of lightning itself, is deficient in the obscurity and indefiniteness of a night storm, (which the artist has intended to paint.) The objects are too much made out: and yet we are well persuaded that the dragging continuity of Mr. Ward's full pencil, when he imitates the landscape-painting of Rubens, has great generalising powers, and might be successfully employed in painting the effects of lightning during a night storm.

Mr. Ward has well expressed the extreme confusion and imminent danger of the waggoner and his team; the horses are thoroughly understood and firmly painted; and though the chiaroscuro presents us with more than can be seen by the light of the moon, and whilst lightning is flashing, it is nevertheless (as we have already remarked) striking, and painted with a masterly hand. We do not wish that Mr. Ward's hand had been less masterly whilst employed on this picture, but we think there is room to wish that his mind had been more so:

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THE JUDGMENT OF SOLOMON, (No. 14,) by W. HILTON, when considered as the work of a junior artist, must be regarded as a picture of great promise, if not as an extraordinary performance; for, with something of youthful excess, and a reasonable portion of youthful enthusiasm, it combines much of mature thinking and painting.

In the cardinal point of telling his story well, the painter has, in our opinion, been eminently successful; the general arrangement of his chiaroscuro is good, and as an academical composition his picture is entitled to a large share of approbation; though it is far from being entitled to unqualified approbation, for reasons to which we shall presently advert.

The expression of the two mothers is powerful and appro-

priate, both in countenance and action, and the wicked triumph of the deceitful harlot, who is represented as quite a low-minded, crafty, common woman, is finely contrasted with the pathetic appeal of her, who is the real mother of the living child, whose "bowels yearned upon her son," and who seems to say to Solomon, "O my Lord! give *her* the living child, and in nowise slay it:" while in the action of Solomon himself, the painter has not sunk the easy unaffected majesty of the monarch, in the sudden impulse of the man.

But the figure of the executioner is Herculean and overcharged, and he brandishes his weapon with far too much of the theatrical swagger which we have so often heard condemned in Goltzius, Spranger, and their followers.

His back-ground figures, too, have not sufficient meaning, or connexion with the rest of his picture, and are too much what a master of celebrity has called figures "to let," and his architecture is of dubious character. He should not however, have introduced arches, which are of Roman origin, and were unknown in the days of Solomon.

Though Mr. Hilton has told his story in such a way as comes home to our sympathies, art, it seems, has prescribed to itself certain rules: and if a huddled-up figure with numerous fore-shortenings (or such a figure as the wicked harlot) appears in the same picture with others where considerable length of line prevails, the composition, we are told, will not appear homogeneous, or in character with itself; and will rather seem a compilation from several, than the offspring of a single mind. The flourishing undulations, and frequent foreshortenings of Rubens, would not at all accord with the dry simplicity, and unbroken length of line of Nicolas Poussin. Hence it has to our knowledge been surmised, that Mr. Hilton did not invent this composition; but until it shall be expressly pointed out, where the parts are severally to be found, we shall give him credit for the whole.

The Judgment of Solomon, is a very fine subject for displaying the concentrative power of imitative art. Historical painting, can with strict propriety represent in one picture but a single instant of time. Hence the matured science which Mr. Hilton has shewn in selecting that instant, and which has empowered him to combine co-operative circumstances and concentrate his subject. While the sword of the executioner is raised, and the mother is yet pleading, the king interposes; and interposes with the mild dignity of a wise monarch administering justice, not like an inferior man, eager to justify an individual, or save the life of a child.

How *comparatively* prolix and tedious must even poetry have been, in combining and bringing these intellectual rays to a focus!

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ACHILLES MOURNING OVER THE DEAD BODY OF PATROCLUS, (No. 75,) by J. HARRISON.

Mr. Harrison has very much improved this performance, since he painted it for the gold medal at the Royal Academy. As a composition it was always entitled to some praise: it is now a very carefully painted picture, and in this respect also does credit to its author, and likewise to its purchaser, *as an encourager of youthful merit.*

But Mr. Harrison's colouring is in this instance, too gaudy for the pathetic grandeur of his subject, and reminds us rather of Pope's Homer, than of Homer's Iliad. If the painter, or any other person, should doubt this, let him look at Achilles mourning, as the day-light dies away, and he will see how much this picture would gain in sentiment, if the colours were more grave and subdued.

The display of various ornaments too, excites more of the spectator's attention, than he ought to spare, or than Homer requires him to spare, from his afflicted hero.

Again, if the artist should happen not to be critically correct in his knowledge of costume, his elaborate painting will

appear like taking pains to shew what is not true. Now, a carpet—a great rarity at that early period—is not mentioned as forming part of the furniture of the tent of Achilles, though the tent itself\*, with its lofty covering of thatch, and pillars of pine, as well as the utensils within, are particularly described by the poet; and Mr. Harrison should have reflected that a carpet is no very fit accompaniment for a camp of brave and hardy warriors, nor particularly necessary in a warm climate. He should, beside, have taken into consideration that when Homer mentions carpets, it is among those costly rarities which were selected by Priam to win the favour of Achilles and ransom the body of Hector, and which were previously kept within the royal treasury, in boxes with sculptured lids†.

When the expression “the majesty of the people,” was first used in the British House of Commons, it excited a smile: it was repeated with emphasis, and commanded respect; and a distinguished foreigner has since said that it is sufficient of itself to consecrate a language. The majesty of Art is but beginning to be felt, and is not yet understood among us as a people: Among some who rank themselves with the great it still but excites a smile; and even some of our historical painters have yet to perceive that an upholsterer or house painter would excel them, if bright, vivid, colours might be received as grandeur; and that an undertaker might outvie them, if the grandeur of ornament;

\* ——— they reach'd the tent for Peleus' son  
 Rais'd by the Myrmidons: with trunks of pine  
 They built it, lopping smooth the boughs away,  
 Then spread with shaggy mowings of the mead  
 Its lofty roof;————

† ——— he open'd wide the sculptur'd lids  
 Of various chests, whence mantles twelve he took  
 Of texture beautiful; twelve single cloaks;  
 As many carpets,————



might be substituted for the grandeur of grief. To assimilate shewy ornament and vivid colour with pathos, calls for the eye, the hand, and the judgment of a Rubens; and it requires more power over the passions than Mr. Harrison has yet manifested, to make us forget his finery. Perhaps when he may treat epic subjects in future, he would do well to consider his art somewhat less as means of imitating natural and artificial objects, and somewhat more—as much more as he can—as an art of imparting elevated thought.

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## ON THE ART OF GARDENING.

BY THOMAS HOPE, ESQ.

It has been much the fashion, of late years, in this country, to commend no feature in that production of human industry, a garden, which should not appear as if still remaining the mere spontaneous work of unassisted Nature. It is become a very general custom, indiscriminately to condemn, in the laying out of grounds, every marked trace of the hands of man—and above all, every modification of intentional and professed symmetry.

Perhaps a more methodical enquiry than has hitherto been made, into the purposes for which a garden is destined, and into the character which, in conformity with these purposes, it ought to display, might have prevented its form and embellishments from being subjected to rules so confined and so narrow.

What was, in the earliest times, the origin of the garden? the wish that certain esculent plants and fruits, which in the waste field and the wide forest are scattered at great distances, in small quantities, intermixed with useless vegetables and fruits, precarious in their appearance and stunted

in their growth, difficult to collect and scarce worth the gathering, might in a nearer, a smaller, and a more accessible spot, be better secured, more abundantly produced, kept clearer of the noxious herbs and weeds which destroy their nutriment and impede their growth, and, through a greater attention to their aspect, their culture, and their developement, be made to bear a foliage more juicy and more tender, or fruits more rich and more mellow.

This was, in its origin, the sole object of the entire garden; this, to the present hour, continues to be the principal purpose of that essential portion of the garden, devoted to the uses of the kitchen and the table.

In these parts of the garden then, which are destined immediately for the gratification not of the eye, but merely of the palate, it is only in proportion as we more fully deviate from the desultory and confused dispositions of simple Nature, firstly, by separating the different species of esculent plants, not only from their useless neighbours, but from each other; and, secondly, by confining the vegetables thus classed in those symmetric and measured compartments, which enable us with greater ease to discern, to approach, and to improve each different species in the precise way, most congenial to its peculiar requisites, that we more fully attain that first of *intellectual* beauties, which, in every production, whether of nature or of art, resides in the exact correspondence between the end we purpose, and the means we employ.

Nay; if it be true that contrast and variety of colours and of forms are among the most essential ingredients of visible beauty, we may say that even this species of *sensible* charm is greatly increased, in the aspect of a country, by the opposition to the more widely diffused but more vague shades and outlines of the unsymmetrised surrounding landscape, offered by the more vivid hues and more distinct forms of the gay mosaïc work of nicely classed

and symmetrised vegetables, which clothe these select spots.

Even where the general unadorned scenery is as bold and majestic as in *Swisserland*, or as rich and luxuriant as in *Sicily*, the eye with rapture beholds the variety, and enjoys the relief from the vaster and sublimer features of rude Nature, offered by the professed art of a neat little patch of ground, whether field, orchard, or garden, symmetrically distributed. It looks like a small but rich gem; a topaze, an emerald, or a ruby, sparkling amidst vast heaps of ruder ore—or rather, like a rich carpet, spread out over a corner of the valley.

It appears thus incontrovertible, that in that part at least of the garden which is immediately intended for utility, we incidentally produce not only greater intellectual, but greater visible beauty, by not confining ourselves to the desultory forms of unguided Nature, but by admitting the more symmetric outlines of avowed art: and it therefore only remains to be enquired whether, in that other and different part of the artificial grounds, in later times added to the former, which is directly intended for beauty, and which we therefore call the pleasure grounds, we shall really produce more beauty intellectual or visible, or in other words, more pleasure to the mind or eye, by only employing the powers of art in a covert and unavowed way; in still only preserving the closest resemblance to the indeterminate and irregular forms of mere Nature, or by adhibiting her additional resources in a more open and avowed manner; in contrasting these more indeterminate and desultory features of pure Nature, with some of those more determinate and compassed outlines which, indeed, on a small scale, are already found in many of the spontaneous productions of Nature herself; but which, on a more extended plan, are only displayed in the works of Art.

I say, more pleasure to the mind or eye—for the portion

of the garden here alluded to, no less than the one before mentioned, professes itself to be a piece of ground wrested from Nature's dominion by the hand of man, for purposes to which Nature alone was inadequate ; and thence, contending that there is the least necessity or propriety in rendering this district, appropriated by art, a fac simile of pure Nature, independent of any consideration of superior beauty which this imitation may offer to the eye or mind, and merely because, to form a garden, we use materials supplied by Nature, such as air, water, earth, and vegetables, would be absurd in the extreme. As well might we contend that every house, built of stone, should resemble a cavern, and every coat, made of wool, a sheep-skin. Every production of human industry whatsoever, must, if we trace it to its origin, arise out of one or more definite ingredients of pure Nature ; and unless therefore, by the same rule, every production of human industry whatsoever be obliged everlastingly to continue wearing the less regular forms of those peculiar objects of Nature, out of which it is wrought, we cannot with more justice arraign gardens, in their capacity as aggregates of mere natural substances and productions, for assuming the artificial forms of a terrace or a jet-d'eau, an avenue or a quincunx, than we can condemn opera dancers and figurantes, in their capacity of compounds of natural limbs and features, for exhibiting the artificial movements of the minuet and the gavot, the entrechat and the pas-grave.

If then the strict resemblance to the desultory forms of rude Nature be not indispensably requisite, in the artificial scenery of pleasure-grounds, on account of any invariable reasons of propriety or consistency, inherent in the very essence of such grounds, this resemblance of studious art to wild nature, in the gardens that adorn our habitations, can only be more eligible on account of some superior pleasure which it gives the eye and mind, either in consequence of certain general circumstances connected with the very



nature of all imitation, or only in consequence of certain more restricted effects solely and exclusively produced by this peculiar species of imitation; namely, of natural landscapes through artificial grounds.

Now, with regard to the former of these two considerations, I allow that a faithful imitation, even of a deformed original, is capable of affording great intellectual pleasure to the beholder, provided that imitation, like those displayed in painting and sculpture, be produced through dint of materials or tools, so different from those of which is composed the original imitated, as to evince in the imitator extraordinary ingenuity and powers: but the imitation of a natural landscape, through means of the very ingredients of all natural scenery, namely, air, earth, trees, and water, (and which imitation will in general offer greater truth in proportion as it is attained through greater neglect,) cannot possess that merit which consists in the overcoming of difficulties and the display of genius; unless indeed it be an imitation of such a species of wild scenery as is totally foreign to the genius of the locality in which it is produced—unless it consist in substituting mountains to plains, waterfalls to puddles, and precipices to flats; and in that case, on the contrary, the attempt at imitation will become so arduous as to threaten terminating in a total failure, by only offering, instead of a sublime and improved resemblance, a most paltry and mean caricature.

Since then, in a garden, the imitation of the less symmetric arrangements of rude nature can afford little or no peculiar gratification to the mind, in their sole capacity as imitations, the question becomes restricted within a very narrow compass; and all that remains to be enquired into is, whether, in that garden, the exclusive admission of the mere unsymmetric forms of simple Nature, or their mixture with a certain proportion of the more symmetric forms of

professed art, will give more intense and more varied pleasure to the eye?

And, when thus stated, I should think the question would be nearly answered in the same way by every unprejudiced person. I should think it would be denied by none, that if, on the one hand, the most irregular habitation, still, through the very nature of its construction and purposes, must ever necessarily remain most obviously symmetric and formal, if not in its whole, at least in its various details, of doors, windows, steps, entablatures, &c.; and if, on the other hand, as I take it, all beauty consist in that contrast, that variety, that distinctness of each of the different component parts of a whole, from the remaining parts, which render each individually a relief to the remainder, combined with that harmony, that union of each of these different component parts of that whole with the remaining parts, which renders each a support to the remainder, and enables the eye and mind, to glide over and compass the whole with rapidity and with ease, fewer striking features of beauty will be found in a garden, where, from the very threshold of the still ever symmetric mansion, one is launched, in the most abrupt manner, into a scene wholly composed of the most unsymmetric and desultory forms of mere nature, totally out of character with those of that mansion; and where the same species of irregular and indeterminate forms, already prevailing at the very centre, extend, without break or relief, to the utmost boundaries of the grounds—than will be presented in another garden, where the cluster of highly adorned and sheltered apartments that form the mansion, in the first instance, shoot out as it were into certain more or less extended ramifications of arcades, porticoes, terraces, parterres, treillages, avenues, and other such still splendid embellishments of art, calculated by their architectural and measured forms, at once to offer a

striking and varied contrast with, and a dignified and comfortable transition to, the more undulating and rural features of the more extended, more distant, and more exposed boundaries; before, in the second instance, through a still further link, a still further continuance of this same graduation of hues and forms, these limits of the private domain are again made in their turn, by means of their less artificial and more desultory appearance, to blend equally harmoniously, on the other side, with the still ruder outlines of the property of the public at large.

No doubt that, among the very wildest scenes of unappropriated Nature, there are some so grand, so magnificent, that no art can vie with, or can enhance their effect. Of this description are the towering rock, the tremendous precipice, the roaring cataract, even the dark, gloomy, impenetrable forest. Of such, if we be fortunate enough to possess any specimens in the more distant parts of our domain, let us take great care not to destroy or to diminish the grandeur by paltry conceits or contrivances of art. But even these are such features as, from certain conditions unavoidably attendant on them, we would not wish to have permanently under our eyes, and windows—or even, if we wished it, could not transport within the narrow precincts which immediately surround the mansion. A gentleman's country residence, situated in the way it ought to be, for health, for convenience, and for cheerfulness, can only have room, in its immediate vicinity, for the more concentrated beauties of art. In this narrow circle, if we wish for variety, for contrast, and for brokenness of levels, we can only seek it in arcades and in terraces, in steps, balustrades, regular slopes, parapets, and such like; we cannot find space for the rock and the precipice. Here, if we admire the fleeting motion, the brilliant transparency, the soothing murmur, the delightful coolness of the chrystal stream, we must force it up in an erect jet-d'eau, or hurl it

down in an abrupt cascade—we cannot admit so near us the winding torrent, dashed at wide intervals from rock to rock. Here, if we desire to collect the elegant forms, vivid colours, and varied fragrance of the choicest shrubs and plants, whether exotics, or only mere natives—oranges, magnolias, and rhododendrons, or mere roses and lilies and hyacinths—we still must confine them in the boxes, the pots, or the beds of some sort of *parterre*; we cannot give them the appearance of spontaneously growing from amongst weeds and briars. Here, in fine, if we have a mind to secure the cool shade and the convenient shelter of lofty trees, we can only plant an avenue, we cannot form a forest.

And for what reason, since we admire, even to an excess, symmetry of lines and disposition in that production of art called a house, we should abhor these attributes in the same excess in that other avowed production of art, the immediate appendage of the former, and consequently the sharer in its purposes and character, namely, the garden, I do not understand.

There is between the various divisions of the house and those of the grounds, this difference, that the first are more intended for repose, and the latter for exercise; that the first are under cover, and the latter exposed. This difference should make a corresponding difference in the nature of the materials, and in the size and delicacy of the forms; but why it should occasion, on the one side, an unqualified admission, and on the other, as unqualified an exclusion of those attributes of symmetry and correspondence of parts, which may be equally produced in coarser as in finer materials, on a vaster as on a smaller scale, I cannot conceive. The outside of the house is exposed to the elements as well as the grounds; and why, while columns are thought invariably to look well at regular distances, trees should be thought invariably to look ill, in regular rows, is what I cannot comprehend.



Assuredly the difference is as great between the eruptions of Etna or of any other volcano, and artificial fire-works, as it is between the falls of Niagara or of any other river, and artificial waterworks. Why then, while we gaze with admiration on a rocket, should we behold with disgust a jet-d'eau? and why, while we are delighted with a rain of fiery sparks, should we be displeased with a shower of liquid diamonds, issuing from a beautiful vase, and again collected in as exquisite a bason?

If the place be appropriate, if the hues be vivid, if the outlines be elegant, if the objects be varied and contrasted, in the name of wonder, how should out of all these partial elements of positive, unmixed beauty, arise a whole positively ugly?

No, there can only arise a whole as beautiful as the parts; and so, those travellers who have not allowed any narrow and exclusive theories to check or destroy their spontaneous feelings, must own they have thought many of the suspended gardens within Genoa, and of the splendid villas about Rome; so they have thought those striking oppositions of the rarest marbles to the richest verdure—those mixtures of statues and vases, and balustrades, with cypresses, and pinasters and bays, those distant hills seen through the converging lines of lengthened colonades, those ranges of aloes and cactuses growing out of vases of granite and of porphyry, scarce more symmetric by art than these plants are by nature; and finally, all those other endless contrasts of regular and of irregular forms, every where each individually increasing its own charms, through their contrast with those of the other, exhibited in the countries, which we consider as the earliest schools, where beauty became an object of sedulous study.

But the truth is that, in our remoter climes, we carry every theory into the extreme. Once, that very symmetry and correspondence of parts, of which a certain proportion

ever has, to all refined ages and nations, ancient and modern, appeared a requisite feature of the more dressy and finished parts of the pleasure garden, prevailed in our English villas with so little selection, and at the same time in such indiscreet profusion, as not only rendered the different parts insipid and monotonous with respect to each other, but the whole mass a most formal, unharmonious blotch with regard to the surrounding country. Surfeited at last with symmetry carried to excess, we have suddenly leaped into the other extreme. Dreading the faintest trace of the ancient regularity of outline as much as we dread the phantoms of those we once most loved, we have made our country residences look dropped from the clouds, in spots most unfitted to receive them; and at the expense not only of all beauty, but of all comfort, we have made the grounds appear as much out of harmony, viewed in one direction, with the mansion, as they formerly were, viewed in the opposite direction with the country at large. Through the total exclusion of all the variety, the relief, the sharpness, which straight, or spherical, or angular, or other determinate lines and forms might have given to unsymmetric and serpentine forms and surfaces, we have, without at all diminishing the appearance of art, (which in a garden can never totally be eradicated,) only succeeded in rendering that art of the most tame and monotonous description—like that languid and formal blank verse which is equally divested of the force of poetry and the facility of prose.

Nature who, in her larger productions, is content with exhibiting the more vague beauties that derive from mere variety and play of hues and forms—Nature herself, in her smaller and more elaborate, and if I may so call them, choicer bits of every different reign, superadds those features of regular symmetry of colours and shapes, which not only form a more striking contrast with the more desultory modifications of her huger masses, but intrinsically, in a smaller space,

produce a greater effect than the former can display. Examine the radii of the snow spangle, the facettes of the chrystal, the petals of the flower, the capsules of the seed, the wings, the antennae, the rings, the stigmata of the insect and the butterfly, nay, even in man and beast, the features of the face, and the configuration of the eye, and we shall find in all these more minute, more finished, and more central productions of the mineral, the vegetable, and the animal kingdoms, reigns the nicest symmetry of outline and correspondence of parts. And if art, which can only be founded upon, only spring out of, nature—if art, I say, should ever only be considered as the further developement of Nature's own principles, the complement of Nature's own designs, assuredly we best obey the views of Nature, and best understand the purposes of art, when, leaving total irregularity to the more extended, more distant, and more neglected recesses of the park, we give some degree of symmetry to the smaller and nearer, and more studied divisions of the pleasure-ground.

This principle of proportioning the regularity of the objects to their extent, the Greeks well understood. While in the Medici Venus the attitude of the body only displays the unsymmetric elegance of simple Nature, the hair presents all the symmetry of arrangement of the most studious art; and unless this principle also become familiar among us, there is great danger that, unable to make the grounds harmonise with the mansion, we attempt to harmonise the mansion with the grounds, by converting that mansion itself into a den or a quarry.

Economy no doubt may sometimes be alledged as an unanswerable reason for leaving even the most important and dignified of our country mansions entirely destitute of the accompaniment of covered walks, terraces, balustrades, parterres, berceaux, and such like works of art and nature combined; but that taste should be made the pretence for wholly dis-

earding those numerous additional means of encreasing the splendor and the variety of the scene, is an abuse of terms as egregious as it seems inconceivable.

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CAMEO PORTRAITS of the RIGHT HONOURABLE CHARLES JAMES FOX and WILLIAM WILBERFORCE, ESQ. M. P. modelled in Wax by P. ROUW of Upper Titchfield-Street. Price Six Guineas and a Half each. 1808.

Mr. Rouw's portraits in wax far exceed all others which we have seen modelled in that material, not only in accuracy of resemblance, but yet more in a certain appearance of being sculptured in some hard and durable substance; and we think the models now under review, are better than some, and probably not inferior to any, of Mr. Rouw's former productions.

In his former productions he has in many instances bestowed more time and minutely careful attention on button-holes, locks of hair, frills, and other inferior parts of fashionable dress, than sound taste, which will not allow subordination to be destroyed, is disposed to spare from the more important parts; but the models of Fox and Wilberforce are in a style more simply grand.

In both, the likenesses are so strictly true to nature, that recollection does not enable us to point out a single defect in either. That of Fox, we believe, is copied from his bust by Nollekens, the character of whose sculpture is broad, decided, undisturbed by littlenesses, and in full accordance with the character of Fox.

In thinking and saying that Mr. Rouw transcends all other English modellers of small portraits, we do not forget the well-earned fame of Mountstephen and Joachim Smith: for though the performances of these, display considerable



taste and ability, yet compared with Mr. Rouw's they appear *buttery* in the *touch*, and keep us in fear that a hot day will melt down their sharpnesses. We suspect that they really are formed of wax much softer than the latter artist employs.

Whatever wax he has employed on Fox, we have some pleasure even in fruitlessly wishing that we possessed the power of changing wax to sardonyx or adamant, that the reputation of the sculptor and the likeness of the patriot might co-exist with the fame of the illustrious original.

The publication and requisite multiplication of these portraits, we understand, is effected partly by casting and partly by modelling: *i. e.* the artist having formed a mould from his first model, begins by casting, and afterwards finishes his cameos for sale with his modelling tools. Of those of Mr. Fox which we have seen—speaking of this model merely as an object of taste—we prefer that in the Exhibition of the Royal Academy, where the neck is shortened in the manner of the obverse of a medal, to those in the possession of the Prince of Wales and General Fox, where the breast is added; though we are forward to allow that there are ideas associated with the manly breast of Charles Fox, of high patriotic value, and which ought to be dear to the Prince and the General.

Though aware that in Exhibition Rooms, where there are so few good lights as in the lower rooms of the Royal Academy, many works of art must be ill hung, we are yet constrained to wish that better situations had been sought (we think they might have been found without prejudice to any of the *meritorious* works in these rooms) for these models of Fox and Wilberforce.

PRINTS to PINKERTON'S COLLECTION OF VOYAGES and TRAVELS, to be illustrated and adorned with numerous ENGRAVINGS. Printed for Longman, Hurst, Rees, and Orme, Paternoster-Row, and Cadell and Davies, Strand. 1808.

A good collection of voyages and travels must always be in its nature an acceptable kind of book, and more particularly so to the *British* public; and Mr. Pilkington's extensive reading, and geographical science in particular, must render him peculiarly qualified to be the editor of such a publication.

It is our province, however, to speak only of the engravings which accompany the work; respecting which the publishers say "that they will spare no expense in printing and embellishing this proposed publication, so as to render it *at least* not unworthy of the *first commercial country in the world*, and the *unrivalled superiority of British artists*. *The Prints will be select and well engraved.*"—See their Prospectus, page 2, wherein they also inform us that "it becomes more and more worthy of this great commercial country, *whose discoveries are boundless! and whose power encircles the globe*, as she gave the first pattern of a reputable work of this nature, to afford the example of *proportional superiority in a new publication*, in which a *truly scientific plan* [pray, Messrs. Editors, can you inform the public of any thing scientific that is not truly so?] shall be combined with a *merit of execution* conformable to the literary taste and *SPLENDOUR of the present age!*"—This is very fine, but all is not gold that glisters, and these shining words have been so frequently exposed among gross vapours, that they are much faded. The public have been by much too often imposed upon by this kind of bookselling and book-making quackery; and, notwithstanding that the tide at present may seem so much against the progress of our hopes, we shall continue to hope ere long to see the day when the tide will

turn, and when a conscientious publisher of engravings—  
“ animated by the hope of liberal encouragement from a  
*discerning and enlightened* public [see also the second page  
of this ingenuous and “ *truly*” promising Prospectus] shall  
rather pride himself upon performing more than he pro-  
mises, than please, flatter, or enrich himself, by promising  
more than he performs.

The mode which we have adopted of comparing Prospectus  
promises, with the publications which they announce, can-  
not in reason be objected to, and must operate either to  
check the empiricism of publishers, or the credulity of the  
public, or both.

In the present case—to proceed to the Engravings—MR.  
WILLIAM COOKE has produced his “DEATH OF SIR HUGH  
WILLOUGHBY” after CORBOULD, in a very tradesman-like  
manner. He has not done his best; far from it: but has  
adopted, we presume, his easiest and quickest mode of ma-  
nufacturing an historical engraving:—so, we suppose, the  
proprietors or conductors will call it.

MR. GEORGE COOKE’S *INSIDE OF A HUT*, and *DRESSES*  
of the *LAPLANDERS*, and his *NORWEGIAN KILLING A*  
*BEAR*, discover more talent in the engraver. The dresses  
are finished with sufficient care, and proper attention to  
their substances; and the Norwegian and Bear, though in  
a slighter style than the former, is evidently intended to be  
so, and does not therefore offend us by any false pretensions,  
*as an engraving*.

But the inside of the Lapland hut, which ought to have  
been engraven on the largest scale, is the smallest object  
with which we are so far presented; besides which, here  
is nothing to shew us that it is the *inside* of a hut; it looks  
rather like an out-of-doors scene.

In Part 2, *The SAMOIDES*, by WILLIAM COOKE, is per-  
formed upon the same trading principles as his former print:

mechanical, ill-drawn, unfinished, and entirely without tone.

The *LADY OF ICELAND*, by *GEORGE COOKE*, is in all these respects much better, and nearly as good as his *Lapland dresses*, in Part 1.

The *SCENE IN LAPLAND*, and the *DORE-HOLM* of the Shetland Islands, (both in Part 3,) carry us back again to the common-place of the art. That of Lapland, besides being ill managed in respect of light and shadow, is particularly defective in the relative proportions of the objects represented; and Mr. Pinkerton, or whoever attends to this department of the work, should have known that (though the skins *may* be torn away from the lower part of a hovel so as to expose its inhabitants to our view, while it also exposes them to the inclemency of that intensely cold region) the fir-trees of a Lapland forest are at least twice the height of a man. Now the firs in this Lapland Scene—as it is called—are little larger than those which city ladies keep in tubs before their back-room windows, that they may always have the pleasure of beholding “something green.”

Engravings like this, are so far from being what they are pretended to be, namely, works of *fine art*, that they ought rather to take the name, having the aspect and character, of *labour* performed by contract, such as is generally done, through the medium of a *middle man* with a capital. Such engravings would be beneath our critical attention, if part of our artillery had not been purposely planted against the quackery of Prospectus promises.

For reasons already given, and for another which is yet to come, we feel not the least hesitation or repugnance in using the words quackery of Prospectus promises, in this place; for if engravings of an inferior kind, are palmed upon the public instead of such as they have a right to expect in a work for which they are to pay at least twenty guineas,



it is proper they should know it; and if, on the other hand, the publishers have carried the obligation by which they have bound themselves, into effect *to the best of their judgment*, and really have spared “no expense in printing\* and embellishing this purposed publication, so as to render it at least not unworthy of the first commercial country in the world, and *the unrivalled superiority of British artists*”—in this case it is desirable that the said publishers should know that their money has not been well laid out.

In Part 3, Mr. Pinkerton (we suppose) has introduced a chart of the Azores, which he gives us on the authority of Tofino and Fleurieu, and which we therefore receive with the respect due to distinguished names: but in Part 2, *somebody* has introduced a very poorly engraved plate of views of the headlands and distant appearances of the Azores, which is given without any name at all, either of draughtsman or engraver: a thing which we can by no means pass over or tolerate, for the proper use of such plates as these is to direct seamen in steering their courses; and the complaints from navigators who have been led into dangerous errors by maps and views of headlands, which have either been published upon bad authorities, or like the present, upon no authority at all, have been loud and numerous—beside the complaints, which we should feel, though we cannot hear, from those unfortunate persons who, from relying on false information thus communicated, have been shipwrecked and lost.

Not only the plate of headlands, but all the other engravings, with the single exception of Tofino and Fleurieu's map, are also entirely without painter or draughtsman's name, or any other authority whatever. They are therefore either done from mere verbal description, or from

\* The public will judge for themselves whether the work be printed with the promised “new type.” We can only say that it is but clumsily printed.

the designs of some person or persons, unfit, as it should seem, to be named—persons who have not seen the views and objects which they have presumed to attempt to represent, or who, having seen them, have acquired no credit for the fidelity of their delineations : in either of which cases they are so much engraving paid for to no rational purpose—at least to no purpose connected with the genuine object which editors and publishers of voyages and travels ought to have in view—for each reader had better have been left to form his own ideas of Lapland huts and modes of travelling, Iceland ladies, Norwegian bear-killing, &c. &c. from verbal description, than be taught to suppose that the fancies of another mind, are the unsophisticated truths of Nature.—There is the name of Corbould affixed as the painter of the Death of Sir Hugh Willoughby, a subject which from its nature, is known to have been invented at home, or in other words, drawn or painted from historical records, but to such subjects as exhibit, or should exhibit, the manners, customs, and portraits of the Laplanders, Samoides, and Norwegians—in short, of the nations which the voyager or traveller has visited and professes to describe and depict—and which we only value as facts which the draughtsman attests on his honour, and the credit which we are willing to allow to his name and abilities—there are no names at all.

The sagacious reader should compare this anonymous practice, with the following passage in the Prospectus of this work of voyages and travels ; and the publishers and editors of the work should read the passage again before they proceed further.

“ The booksellers of Paris induced La Harpe to give a more popular abridgment, [of Astley’s Collection of Voyages, &c.] but as he rather lent his name than his talents, *had never studied the subject*, and FORGETS TO QUOTE THE ORIGINAL AUTHORITIES, *his-book has fallen into neglect.*”

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As the GALLERY of J. W. M. TURNER, R.A. in Queen Ann-Street West, is now open to the public, (gratis), we shall naturally be expected to communicate our remarks on the principal works which he this year exposes to view.

In the Exhibition which Mr. Turner thus liberally throws open to the eye of the public, the genuine lover of Art, and the faithful observer of Nature in her broader purposes, will find himself very highly gratified. The shew of landscape is rich and various, and appears to flow from a mind clear and copious as that noble river on whose banks the artist resides, and whose various beauties he has so frequently been delighted to display.

To exalt Mr. Turner, it is not at all necessary to depreciate others: such an idea must be ever remote from impartial reviewers of art; and Turner is a diamond that needs no foil. Yet the good and evil of fine art, are comparative terms, and we need not fear nor forbear to remark, how much less Mr. Turner appears to depend than most other exhibitors, on those dazzling and extrinsic qualities which address themselves to the external sense, and how much more on the manifestation of mind. He seems to feel with Akenside, that—

—————Mind!—mind alone!

The living fountain in itself contains

Of beauteous and sublime:—

and from this source the science which regulates his various art, appears to flow with spontaneous freedom and in an ample stream.

His effects are always well studied, and in most instances striking. Where they are otherwise, they are still well studied; and he who thinks most, and who knows and feels most of art, will be best satisfied that they are what, in those cases and under those circumstances which the painter

has prescribed to himself, they ought to be. Where other artists have thought it necessary to exaggerate in order to obtain credit for superior truth, Turner begets a temperance, and steadily relies on the taste and knowledge of his observers to credit the veracity of his pencil.

The brightness of his lights is less effected by the contrast of darkness than that of any other painter whatever, and even in his darkest and broadest breadths of shade, there is—either produced by some few darker touches, or by some occult magic of his peculiar art—a sufficiency of natural clearness. Like those few musicians of transcendent skill, who while they expose much less than others, the extremes of the compass of their instruments, produce superior melody.

His colouring is chaste and unobtrusive, yet always sufficiently brilliant; and in the pictures of the present season, he has been peculiarly successful in seeming to mingle light itself with his colours. Perhaps no landscape-painter has ever before so successfully caught the living lustre of Nature herself, under all her varying aspects and phenomena, of seasons, storms, calms, and time of day. The verdant and chearful hues of spring, the rich mellowness of autumn, and the gleams and gloom of equinoxial storms, are to him alike familiar; and he dips his pencil with equal certainty and with equal success in the grey tints of early dawn, the fervid glow of the sun's meridian ray, and the dun twilight of evening.

Yet colouring however brilliant, and chiaroscuro however forceful, appear in him to disclaim all other than intellectual value, and always to be subservient to some grand presiding mental purpose.

The greater number of the pictures at present exhibited are views on the Thames, whose course Mr. Turner has now studiously followed, with the eye and hand at once of a



painter and a poet, almost from its source\*, to where it mingles its waters with those of the German ocean.

In the order of our Review we shall descend with the current of the river.

In the UNION OF THE THAMES AND ISIS, the sun gilds with his mildest radiance, a scene of Claude-like serenity, which is much to be admired for its exquisite colouring, picturesque groups of cattle, and the delicate management of the air tint which intervenes between the several distances.

The negative grey by means of which this beautiful sweetness of gradation is accomplished, is with great art insensibly blended with, and in parts contrasted to, the positive and even rich colouring of the cows, and with which the painter has touched the plumage of the ducks and other objects on the foreground; where grow some well-painted dock-leaves, and where also some old fishing baskets, lying in the water, are introduced with that peculiar charm which can only proceed from fine feeling in the artist.

That continuity of line which so often contributes to the *grandeur* of Mr. Turner's pictures, is here, in the wooden bridge, and in the ridge of distant hill, made subservient to a milder sentiment, and more gently contrasts the other forms which prevail in the composition; and the tasteful observer will here see an instance of the great art with which (as we have noticed in our prefatory remarks on this Exhibition) Mr. Turner gives perspicuity to his shadows, and almost deceptive clearness to water. The reflection of the cows in the river (which at this distance from the metropolis has no visible current) is literally as true to nature as a mirror.

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\* Including the pictures of Thames scenery which Mr. Turner has formerly exhibited.

His **ETON COLLEGE** is also a placid *River* scene, on a smaller canvas, but of more stately dignity than the former. The College itself,

Where grateful Science still adores  
Her Henry's holy shade—

forms an elegant distant object; some stately and well-painted elms grow on the right hand bank of the Thames, between which, and over some park paling, which serves to keep up an artful play of light in this part of the picture, the village of Eton is partially seen; and this prevailing character of calm stateliness is kept up by a group of swans, which the painter has introduced with much art, and which contributes at once to the effect of his chiaroscuro and the sentiment of his picture.

You here cannot fail to call to mind Gray's inimitable Ode on the same subject, (from which we have quoted above,) for you here behold Eton College under the tranquil circumstances which the poet contemplated from a station somewhat more remote, and you here

The grove, the lawn, the mead, survey,  
Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among  
Wanders the hoary Thames along  
His silver-winding way.

We conceive that Mr. Turner will not find it easy to assign to some of the pictures which he this year exhibits, decided places under the new classification of landscape scenery, which he has recently ushered forth in the Prospectus to his "*Liber Studiorum*." His Union of the Thames and Isis, may without impropriety be called "pastoral," but in his Eton College, the building is too far off for him to call it an "architectural" landscape, neither is it "mountainous," "pastoral," nor "marine," (at least we cannot suppose that two figures angling from a boat, will

bring it with propriety under this class,) neither is it, what Mr. Turner would call "historical" landscape.

We shall doubtless be glad to see what an artist of Mr. Turner's mind, may have to say on the subject of classifying "the various styles of landscape;" but if he has specified all those styles \* in his Prospectus, we conceive that he will find it expedient (if not necessary) to encrease or diminish the number.

He has doubtless remarked that a just classification of landscape scenery, if it met with general concurrence, would be a great help to memory. It certainly would; and moreover (beside other facilities) a great step towards rendering the mysteries of refined art more conducive, than at present they are, to the pleasures of colloquial intercourse, and colloquial intercourse in its turn, by being rendered more critical, more conducive than at present to the advancement of art; but should such a classification be attempted, without being arranged on such perennial principles as can only be found in the lasting features of Nature, it will rather tend to embarrass and confound, than to elucidate.

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We are next presented with a view of POPE'S VILLA at TWICKENHAM, during its dilapidation, and as seen from the Middlesex bank of the river, or perhaps, (as we conjecture,) from one of the Twickenham ayts: probably that which lies off the grounds of Strawberry Hill. We think the channel in this part, on the right hand side of the picture, is else too narrow for the whole breadth of the bed of the Thames.

\* See "Proposals for publishing one hundred Landscapes, to be designed and etched by J. M. W. Turner, R. A. and engraved in Mezzotinto," in which Mr. Turner says, "It is intended in this publication to attempt a classification of the various styles of landscape, viz. the historic, mountainous, pastoral, marine, and architectural."

The artist has here painted not merely a portrait of this very interesting reach of the Thames, but all that a poet would think and feel on beholding the favourite retreat of so great a poet as Pope, sinking under the hand of modern improvement.

Mr. Turner will perhaps call it a pastoral landscape, in reference to the occasional Muse of Pope, to the calm character of the scene, and to the group of figures and sheep which he has introduced, but we are tempted to think that as Sterne brought up the rear of *his* classification of travellers, with "the sentimental," so Mr. Turner should allow this to be called a *sentimental* landscape.

With consummate judgment, or inspired by that practical feeling of the possible energies of art, and demands of his subject, which outruns judgment, and serves genius in its stead—which empowers it to call up, and enables it to assimilate, all that is homogeneous and germane to a given occasion, whether heretofore known or not—the painter has chosen to represent, and has represented with unprecedented success, the poetic hour of pensive feeling on a tranquil autumnal evening. It is not a late hour: the sun still gilds the landscape with his mildest radiance; and while the Thames glides gently on, with just no more motion on its surface, than that gentlest halcyon ripple which lengthens the reflections from the objects on its banks without destroying their forms, two fishermen are silently passing in their boat. About the fore-ground, which is decorated with waterdocks, fishing baskets, and a picturesque spout for draining off water, lie groups of sheep; and here the principal group of figures, consisting of peasants and two of those country labourers who may be supposed to have been employed during the day on the work of destruction, have stopped to rest or to converse, and are sitting on and standing about, the trunk of a tree which has lost its leafy honours, and is now prostrate on the ground.



These figures act the same part in Mr. Turner's picture that the "hoary-headed swain" and poet do in Gray's *Elegy*; and if the Muse of Gray, or of Pope himself, had guided the pencil of the painter, they could not have been more appropriately introduced. The country workmen, by the simplest association of ideas, may be supposed to be returning home in the evening from their task of dilapidation. One of them displays the capital of a pilaster, while the other of *more* taste, or more covetousness, is resting his *load* of such ornamental frame-work and fragments of cornices (the supposed relics of Pope's house) as were the height of the fashion about the time of our poet: an old peasant is conversing with these with seeming interest; and a country lass leans with much of rustic simplicity on the shoulder of her shepherd, listening to what is said.

Between, and partially mingled with the mild grey of the trees in Pope's grounds, appear a few lights catching on the Twickenham buildings; but the principal light is kept on the half-destroyed mansion, and (being partly led off to the Surry bank of the Thames) is conducted along its lengthened and gradually-fading reflection in the river, and is thus connected with the subordinate lights on the sheep and other fore-ground objects.

Much of the prevailing sentiment of the picture must be ascribed to the perfect accordance and assimilation of its parts. The whole is serenely pensive: "far from all resort of mirth," yet still farther from gloom. On the banks of a tranquil stream, the mansion of a favourite poet which has fallen into decay, is under the final stroke which shall obliterate it for ever: a ruined tree lies athwart the foreground: the time represented is the decline of day, and the season of the year is also declining.

In fact, we scarcely remember any picture that more powerfully imparts its prevailing tone of tranquillity—that tone, which gives birth to pensive thought—to the mind of

the beholder, than this ; or which more plainly shews that its author has developed the mysteries of the arcana of affinities between art and moral sentiment. The tranquil state of the human intellect, like that of a river, is the time when it is most susceptible of reflection. At such a time the mind, willingly enthralled by a certain feeling of melancholy pleasure, is instinctively led to compare the permanency of Nature herself with the fluctuations of fashion and the vicissitudes of taste ; and in the scene before us, the Thames flows on as it has ever flowed, with silent majesty, while the mutable and multifarious works which human hands have erected on its banks, have mournfully succeeded each other ; and not even the taste, and the genius, and the reputation of Pope, could retard the operations of Time, the irksomeness of satiety, and the consequent desire of change.

At the sight of this picture who but will be induced to pause, and reflect on the celebrity and the superlative merits of POPE ? Who but will recollect that the landscape which has caught the eye and called forth the talents of Turner, has resounded to *his* lyre ? The claims of so great a poet on posterity, and the respect due to the favourite haunts of one so highly favoured by the Muses, will likewise occur to the reflective mind ; and the beholder of this endeared scene, will conceive in the thoughts, if he do not exclaim in the words of Goldsmith,

————— could not all,  
 Reprieve the tott'ring mansion from its fall ?

He will rejoice, however, that he cannot with equal truth add the succeeding couplet—

Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart  
 An hour's importance to the feeling heart.

At least it should mitigate our regret, that the pencil of

Turner has rescued the Villa of Pope from the oblivion in which other mansions which have from time to time adorned the borders of the Thames, have been suffered to sink.

It is the common lot of extraordinary and felicitous exertions in art, that even the best Reviews must fall short of conveying adequate ideas of their merits. We cannot, like literary reviewers, quote an admired passage, verbatim; and while it is comparatively easy to point out faults, it is difficult to describe perfections.

To lament these incompetencies, must be the common lot of conscientious reviewers of art.

No pen can alone do justice to the merits of Turner's picture of the dilapidation of Pope's Villa. To be enjoyed and judged of by the public, it should either be seen, or the powers of the most accomplished landscape-engraver, should aid and lighten the task of the reviewer.

In adding this picture to his collection, Sir John Leicester has added much to his former reputation as a tasteful collector of modern art.

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His view of RICHMOND HILL and BRIDGE is taken from the Surry bank, looking up the Thames, and is that beautiful river scene, ornamented with the villas of the noble and the opulent embowered in wood, which is celebrated throughout Europe, and called by the Italians the *Frescati* of England.

Nature has here poured forth her bounties of hill and dale, wood and water, with an unsparing hand; and cultivation under various tastes, has, in some sort, blended her wilder charms with the elegancies of art.

The most conspicuous feature in the picture is Richmond Bridge, of which, the sun being low in the horizon, the Surry end is faintly overshadowed. By obscuring the detail of Richmond itself in the mistiness of the morning; by

introducing some sheep, and the simple incident of women bathing a child near the fore-ground—an incident which we deem worthy of the pastoral Muse of painting, and which, had it been met with in the morning pastorals of Theocritus, would have called forth general admiration—Mr. Turner has given a pastoral character to a scene of polished and princely retirement.

We are not sure that this is right, but no man will regret to throw the reins upon the neck of a generous courser who conducts him to such pleasing haunts as this picture exposes to view.

Obedient to this impulse, we feel delighted with the effects which we here behold “of incense-breathing morn.” The indistinct distance of mingled groves and edifices with which Mr. Turner here presents us, leaves the imagination to wander over Richmond, and finish the picture from the suggestions of the painter, where another artist would have exhausted his subject, and perhaps the patience of his observers, by the attention which he would have required to the minute accuracy of his distant detail.

We have expressed our doubts above—not of the propriety of this morning mistiness, but of giving a pastoral character to a scene, part of the beauty of which resides in its architectural elegance. The indistinctness of the morning effect we admire; and we admire also the morning incident of women bathing a child in the river.

When we compare British art with British literature, and consider the former as, not less than the latter, intimately connected with the progress of civilization and patriotic virtue, we cannot but feel much disposed to regret that the same means of diffusing taste and classical information among the public, which has assisted the growth of our national taste for poetry, has been withheld from the arts of imitation.



Dr. Beattie, Dr. Blair, Dr. Drake \*, and fifty other university professors and well-informed critics in poetry, will tell us how much Virgil excels Ovid in the delicate taste which he discovers in the arts of poetical indication, or suggestion, but who has yet stepped forward to say how much Mr. Turner, (or any other artist,) by eloquently addressing the fancy and the passions, excels those painters who are exhausting their subjects, and their means of art, and annihilating the pleasures of the spectator's imagination? or how much Mr. Turner, in his pictures from Ovid, excels Ovid himself in this respect? Yet what is admired in poetry, if it be really admirable on principle, should be admirable also in painting:

The great object of our endeavours, in a world of trouble and inquietude of which many complain, is, by awakening those perceptions and those tastes upon which the enjoyment of every kind of merit in art depends, to open new avenues of pleasure; firmly persuaded that if every man possessed that fine feeling for the charms of landscape, which we trace in the writings of Mr. Uvedale Price, the sum of human happiness would be greatly increased.

\* In commenting on two lines of Virgil which have been much and justly celebrated—

(For see yon lofty hill the shade extends,  
And curling smoke from cottages ascends;)

the latter author has the following tasteful observations:

“The village smoke at evening, brings forward the idea of the weary peasant returning to a cheerful fire and hearty meal, and meeting the affectionate embraces of his wife and children; while the lengthening shades from lofty hills, suggest a picture of the setting sun and of the soft and pensive scenery characteristic of the close of a fine day. Had Ovid sat down to draw a similar landscape, he would probably have occupied fifty lines in delineating every particular his fervid imagination could body forth; and when the elaborate picture was complete, the two lines of Virgil would be preferred by every man of taste.”—*Literary Hours*, Vol. II. No. XXXVI

The remaining THAMES subjects, are views below London bridge, where the river assumes a distinct character, and are such as Mr. Turner may very properly term *marine* landscapes.

As those who have sailed down the Thames will probably remember "PURFLEET and the ESSEX Shore, as seen from LONG REACH;" SHEERNESS as seen from the NORE;" and the line of Kentish coast which appears beyond "the CONFLUENCE OF THE THAMES AND MEDWAY," are little more than mere threads of distance : yet in Mr. Turner's pictures of these subjects, they answer important purposes. They serve, by identifying the several spots represented, to give names to the pictures, and connect them with a series ; their horizontal lines impart a certain degree of steadiness which the painter values in his composition ; they contrast the upright lines of his masts and rigging, and the undulating forms of his wide-weltering waves, and they serve as a foundation for the rolling clouds of his gathering tempests, or the raving zizaggery of those which the tempest has broken over the landscape.

In calms, *horizontal lines* are lines at once of calmness and of the most simple grandeur ; and in storms, it is probably a source of secret pleasure that we trace a line of firm inflexibility, where all else is yielding to the fury of the elements.

In treating such objects as agitated seas, the motion and conduct of Mr. Turner's pencil, eludes observation : your eye cannot travel along the scooped edges of his waves, as it can in the works of other marine painters. You do not know that it is a pencil which he uses : as in the works of Nature herself, you cannot tell nor trace the instrument with which the work is produced. A tempestuous sea with all its characteristic features and ever-varying forms, of foam, spray, and pellucid wave, is presented to your eye, but no man shall positively say this is the work of a *pencil*,

or any other known instrument. You see only the presiding mind. The hand is concealed.

We know that people of precise tastes abjure this indefinity, and love to trace in art the necessary connexion between means and end. We are not fastidious: let them enjoy this pleasure: but, let them reflect whether the well-defined forms of his ships, boats, and rigging (and figures we would add, if Mr. Turner would define his figures a little more carefully) do not reciprocally acquire importance from, and confer value on, this indefinity, by their mutual contrast? and whether the *ever-varying* shapes of a tempestuous sea, ought to be penciled with the same sedulous and precise attention to the detail, as the forms of those other objects which are unvarying, or ever the same? We will then trust them to determine whether Mr. Turner falls short of what the rules of art require, or "rises to faults true critics dare not mend."

Gloomy, deep-toned shadows, sweep across the Purfleet picture, and that of the Union of the Thames and Medway, with impressive effect, and with so much the truth of Nature as awakens kindred recollections, and causes the spectator to imagine he hears the attendant gusts of wind; and it may be remarked of the former picture, that Long Reach is so known to be exposed to every wind of the compass, that rough water is a marked characteristic of the scene.

In the latter, the ships in ordinary, or which are taking on board their heavy stores and rigging, display considerable technical knowledge of marine affairs, and are painted with great care, as is also the machinery for swinging in the masts and guns, and the small vessel, laden (we suppose) with hay. This *knowledge* is always traceable in Mr. Turner's pictures, and we wish we could more frequently say the same of his *care*.

The hoy which crosses and partly hides the ships of war in the composition, and which is bearing up within a few

points of the wind, apparently to enter the Thames, has also much of marine truth as well as picturesque propriety: its dark hull is of great value in the clearness which it spreads around, as is also the buoy over which the waves break in the nearer part of the picture, and which is marked with a vigorous hand.

This picture is altogether much more carefully painted than that of Sheerness from the Nore, and makes the latter seem \* almost every where to want finishing; and its prevailing freshness, and cool and silvery tone, form an agreeable contrast with the rich, golden-toned VIEW in the FOREST OF BERE, which hangs alongside.

The forest of Bere, glows with a warmer sun than any other picture in the room: yet it is not tropical heat that Mr. Turner has here painted, but the milder radiance of a warm English summer's evening.

The subject is one of those scenes on the skirts of a wood which forty-nine persons out of fifty would pass without notice, unless they happened to see there the magical effects of light and shade and colour, which Mr. Turner has introduced. Though it is nothing as a subject, it is everything as a picture.

A few trees somewhat scanty of foliage, and not remarkable for the grandeur or beauty of their forms; two figures splitting hoops, two cows, and a young white forest horse, with a pond of water of almost deceptive transparency, form the whole subject matter of the picture: but the picture consists in the rich and harmonious union of its parts: in the truth and vigour with which objects that have often been seen, are again presented to view: in the justness with which the artist has represented the effects of a glowing sun, whose radiance gleams among sylvan scenery, and

\* Unless its representing a sun-rise should be thought sufficiently to account for this unfinished appearance, which in our estimation it does not.



as seen beyond a broad mass of shade. The orb of the sun is concealed behind the bole of a fore-ground tree, and the warmth and vigour of his beams, as they diverge, are gradually taught to die into milder and cooler tints, whose importance the artist asserts and maintains with great ability, and so as to keep up a due balance of chiaroscuro and colouring, by the purity and clearness of its tints, and his contrasts of dark with light objects. His white horse relieves from a dark cow; and the faintly-gilded foliage of an old tree, whose top is "bald with dry antiquity," relieves from a darker tree in the wood. Refined taste and feeling are displayed in the branching of this old tree, as well as in the painting of two crows which are here introduced, and of a fox-glove on the fore-ground; which objects, comparatively trifling as they may seem, contribute not a little to the gratification of pictureque feeling.

Cuyp has long enjoyed a well-deserved celebrity, for making a few cattle and a setting sun, the subject of an admirable picture. The pride of Cuyp (or that of the possessors\* of his works of this description) would be humbled, we conceive, by a too near approach to this picture of Turner.

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We had not imagined that any VIEW of MARGATE, under any circumstances, would have made a picture of so much importance as that which Mr. Turner has painted of this subject: but, by introducing a rising sun and a rough sea; by keeping the town of Margate itself in a morning mist from which the pier is emerging; and by treating the cliffs as a bold promontory in shade, he has produced a grand picture; and (while he contrasts the prevailing horizontal

\* We rather mean here the pride of those who exclusively collect the works of the old masters: nor should we, as unprejudiced persons, yet lovers of British Art, repine to see this humiliation thus honourably effected.

forms of the composition by the lines of upright masts and rigging) has given a peculiar interest to his fore-ground by introducing the local incident of Margate wherries hailing and stopping a Hastings boat, on her way to the London market, to purchase fish.

For remarking and introducing these characteristic localities, we give Mr. Turner great credit, as a master of the *philosophy* of his art. To this we are much indebted for the perfect unities of time and place, and the consequent totality of impressive truth, with which his works generally affect the mind.

The detail of the town and cliffs, being lost at the early hour which is represented, in the mistiness of the morning, and only the bolder forms being discernible, Margate acquires a grandeur we should in vain look for at any other time and under any other circumstances. The mill and brewery on the summit of the cliff behind which the sun is rising, from their general forms alone being visible, become objects of great interest in the landscape—appearing like magnificent temples.

As we have before had occasion to observe, Mr. Turner delights to paint to the imagination: and sometimes he even apparently paints with a view to calling up distant, but still associated, trains of ideas. The classic scholar who shall contemplate this picture, forgetting modern Margate, will probably be led to think of the temple of Minerva on the promontory of Sunium, which no Grecian mariner presumed to pass without an offering or a prayer.

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Of an unfinished picture which hangs at the upper end of the room, the subject of which is taken from the Runic superstitions, and where the artist has conjured up mysterious spectres and chimeras dire, we forbear to speak at present.

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At the lower end of the room is a larger picture of two of the DANISH SHIPS which were seized at COPENHAGEN, entering Portsmouth Harbour, where Mr. Turner again displays with his powers as a painter, his great and various knowledge, and talent for marine composition.

Whether his ships ride in calm and stately dignity, or are tossed high on the stormy wave, they are always so well placed in the water, and so technically true, that the mariner is satisfied, and so picturesque that the painter is satisfied also. The packet with soldiers on board, and the two boats toward the left hand corner of the picture, one of which is heaving or letting go an anchor, contribute much, by contrasting the grandeur of the lofty Danes\*, to the picturesque grace of the composition. The white sails of the latter relieve with excellent effect from a broad and darkish cloud.

This picture also wants finishing.

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HIS GARDEN OF THE HESPERIDES, which once shone among the brightest ornaments of the Exhibition at the British Institution, is now placed in the lower room at Mr. Turner's Gallery. We wish it were hung in a situation where the spectators could see it from a greater distance.

We have nowhere seen more loftiness of thought displayed in landscape painting than in the middle ground and distant mountains of this picture. Its rocks and rolling clouds, and dreadful precipices, and romantic cataract; and the dragon which guards the pass, are all conceived and executed in a style which may justly entitle it to be called sublime: and its grey obscurity and golden light, are in full harmony with the general wild aspect of the scene, and with the terror which its towering rocks and ever-watchful dragon inspires.

\* The Danish ships ride much higher out of the water than the English.

The idea of the situation of this dragon appears to have been suggested by that of the Polyphemus of Nicolas Poussin. Like Polyphemus, he is looking out in such a way as leads imagination far beyond the limits of the picture, and like him, the form and colour of the dragon, are but indistinctly traceable, being melted with those of the mountain.

But, though we trace that Mr. Turner has seen the Polyphemus of Poussin, as we trace in the *Paradise Lost* that Milton had read Ariosto and Virgil and their great predecessors, yet the dragon and its sublime accompaniments are his own; and there is a spirit of enterprise and loftiness of enthusiasm in this part of the picture which may justify the connoisseur, if not the critic, in calling it inspiration. The imagination of the artist, whether painter or poet, when thus raised, or—in the language of poets—exalted by the Muse, looks down upon Nature and the nether world, revolves its creative energies, and accomplishes its lofty purposes with a power of volition which conquerors might envy and angels might admire.

But the vale below, notwithstanding that it has many very beautiful parts, conveys, on the whole, more the idea of being the approach to the garden of the Hesperides, than the garden itself.

Perhaps no landscape that can be presented to the eye, or suggested to the imagination of man, should possess us more with the ideas of romantic solitude and inaccessible seclusion, than the garden of the Hesperides. It was the heathen paradise. A region of delight situated at the extreme limit of the world, where (according to Ovid) Atlas

The golden fruit had loftily immur'd,  
And a fierce dragon the straight pass secur'd.

We could have been content to have supposed the garden itself above, or beyond the rocky precipice on which its



dreadful sentinel is planted: to have persuaded us that we see it below, Mr. Turner should have represented it as a *solitude*, or as inhabited at the most by the three daughters of Hesperus; whereas, adopting the mistake of Diodorus, he has peopled it also—unless we are out in our reckoning—with at least the seven daughters of Atlas, (the Atlantides) beside water-nymphs\*.

It is however a highly poetical scene, and its terrible acclivities, its lofty trees, its crystal fountains, and its golden fruits, cannot fail to delight those minds which Mr. Turner here means to address.

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PORTRAIT of the RIGHT HONOURABLE THE MARQUIS WELLESLEY, late Governor General of Bengal, &c. &c. &c. Engraved by JAMES HEATH, A. R. A. Historical Engraver to his Majesty, from a Picture by — HOME, and published by T. Daniell, Howland-Street, London.

When an engraving becomes scarce from the demand for impressions being greater than ordinary means will supply, and when that extraordinary demand has arisen from the intrinsic merit of the performance, or popularity of the subject, or from these causes combined; and when the print acquires, in consequence, an high nominal value, as in the case of the proofs of the Death of General Wolfe, and many other justly-celebrated engravings—'tis well: we may regret, but cannot disapprove of, such rarity. But when artifice is employed to produce rarity, and a piece of fine art that is worthy of being universally seen, is the sacrifice, we must in

\* The action of one of these nymphs, who at the sight of Ate receiving the golden apple, withdraws her hand from the vase on which it had rested, in dreadful apprehension of the consequences, is highly expressive and appropriate.

the most direct terms condemn a practice so fraught with mischief and folly.

✓ We hear that Hoppner's very fine portrait of Dr. Markham, the late revered Archbishop of York, is now in the hands of Mr. Heath, from which, when he has finished the engraving, only fifteen impressions are to be struck off, and the plate is then to be destroyed.

We shall consider this treatment of the Archbishop and of the artists concerned, as sacrilege: and we prefer saying so now, to saying so when the engraving shall pass in review before us, at the risque of being thought unseasonable, and as we hope for the salvation of the plate.

Let those who projected this scheme of rarity—who they are we profess not to know—reflect what would be thought of a proposal for making Homer, or Shakespear or the Bible, or any other highly estimable work of art, science, religion, or morality, scarce, by destroying all the copies extant but fifteen, and then let them say, if they can, what Mr. Hoppner, or Mr. Heath, have done, to deserve to have their powers of spreading pleasure and knowledge frustrated? or what Dr. Markham has done, that the means of diffusing and perpetuating the resemblance of his person, should be employed to no better purpose than to rarify it into non-entity?

If they will thus reflect, we are more than half persuaded that they will leave such tricks of trade to the ignorant dealers in art, with whom they originated, and who may perhaps be pardoned if they know of no other than pecuniary value in art; or that they will wisely contrive to apply them only to such miserable pieces of imbecility—such paltry abortions of painting and engraving, as is the portrait of Marquis Wellesley by Home and Heath, which is the subject of our present animadversions.

This portrait is not at all like the Marquis. It is not like any man: and we are as much surprised that Mr. Heath

should undertake to engrave from such an original [we have seen Mr. Home's picture,] as we are that the Marquis Wellesley should sit—if he did sit—to so wretched an imitator of the worst of "Nature's journeymen," as Mr. Home has here shewn himself to be. It was throwing "a cruel sunshine" on a miserable dauber, whose work is almost too bad to be the subject of detailed comment.—Who could have supposed that money would have tempted Mr. Heath, who might employ his time and talent so much more worthily, to betray a *master* into publicity? or that he would ever have dipped his fingers into such a dish?

We heartily wish it were possible for Mr. Heath to substitute the plate of Home's Marquis Wellesley, for Hoppner's Dr. Markham, and let the former be destroyed, and the latter be published; or that we could influence the Marquis himself, whose influence is known to be great, to a purpose, which we presume to say would be greatly to his interest.—But it is time to look again at the engraving.

Mr. Heath has certainly bestowed some pains on this plate—at least on the drapery, hat, and silk stockings: his *tooling* in those passages, is the result of considerable care, and of that dexterity of hand, for which he has long been famous. The *drawing*—we *must* suppose he did not choose to mend; nor to set the church steeple upright; nor to alter the absurd *chiaroscuro*.

*Absurd chiaroscuro?* (Mr. Home may perhaps say)—Yes, absurd.—You have brought the light in from the left on the church and soldiers in the back-ground, whilst the noble Marquis himself is illumined from the right hand side of the picture. You know that the English are a credulous people, and you appear to think that as they must have heard of the great heat which prevails in the East Indies, they will readily believe that two suns are employed in producing it.

All the little ornamental fopperies of sword-knot, star of

nobility, epaulette, orders of St. Patrick, &c. &c. which the painter has been as solicitous to display, as if my Lord Wellesley himself were nothing more than a lay-figure to hang them on, Mr. Heath has rendered with most scrupulous and unfeeling fidelity : not a ribbon nor a wrinkle but is precise : not a line of his *burin* but is cut with almost mathematical accuracy, and with at least sufficient attention to the texture and characteristic surface of the object to be expressed.—We speak of Lord Wellesley's dress, for of his face we can only say that it is engraved with a most rigid inflexibility of line, his hands worse, his hair worse still ; and that the silly review of troops, fluted half column, and Britannia, in the back-ground, are beneath all criticism :—the engraving here is quite on a par with the painting.

We must now draw our remarks toward a close, being fearful of incurring for ourselves, the censure which we think fairly due to Mr. Heath for this misemployment of his time and talent, of which we may almost say, in the memorable words of Dr. Young, that it

Resembles Ocean into tempest tost,  
To waft a feather, or to drown a fly.

It is lamentable to see any of our nobility so completely ignorant of art, as this portrait would evince my Lord Wellesley to be, if he really employed Mr. Home to paint it. He could not else have endured to sit (or stand) thus for his picture : he could not else have fixed on so imbecile a painter : he could not else have allowed Mr. Heath's powers as an engraver to be so miserably misemployed.

We have really seen much better decoy-ducks hung out in the public streets of London, and labelled "*Portraits done in this manner for seven shillings each—The likeness warranted.*"—



PORTRAIT of H. FUSELI, Esq. R. A. engraved by —  
EVANS from a Picture by MOSES HAUGHTON, and published by M. Haughton, Royal Academy, Somerset House. March 1808. Price 10s. 6d.

We have seen better engravings by Mr. Evans than this, in respect of manual dexterity of execution, and variety of granulation, but the likeness is excellent: it is what we would term a mental portrait of Mr. Fuseli, both in character and attitude, and does great credit to its author as a physiognomical portrait painter. Mr. Haughton has here done for his friend Fuseli, what Fuseli has himself done for Milton, in that picture where he has represented him dictating to his daughters, and painted the mind of the poet teeming with elevated thought.

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#### The BOND-STREET EXHIBITION of PICTURES in WATER COLOURS.

Owing to the admission of light being very ill contrived in those rooms of the Royal Academy which are appropriated—or rather destined—to the exhibition of drawings or pictures in water-colours: owing to such performances being, by a lamentable necessity, injudiciously mingled in that exhibition with large and powerful pictures in oil: but probably still more owing to the inadequacy of that Academy in other respects, and the vague terms in which its laws are expressed—a considerable number of artists, some of them of very decided talents, and possessed of discernment to perceive the eligibility of foregoing the *advantages* of that institution upon its present establishment, have formed an independent society, and an independent annual exhibition of pictures in water colours.

Of this little republic of art, the public has now seen and rewarded the meritorious exertions, for four successive

seasons, with increased pleasure, for their exhibitions have regularly increased in merit and importance.

At length we behold another Society, stimulated by the success and following the example of the former: but though we have seen their exhibition [in Brook-Street] with a degree of pleasure which we shall not be backward to acknowledge, we cannot approve of their assumption of the title of "*The Associated Artists in Water Colours.*"

If the second society discover themselves to be more politic in their title, the first have evinced themselves more wise. The appellation of a\* "*Society of Painters in Water Colours,*" is more strictly appropriate, while it is perfectly unassuming and unobjectionable. This society have shewn themselves modest in their manner, and firm in their purpose; they have been the first to evince a noble reliance on the taste and discernment of the public; they are the first in merit, and are entitled to be the first in our impartial notice.

It may perhaps be esteemed among the agreeable vacillations of *unprofessional* taste in landscape-painting, that when landscapes are seen like those of Titian and Gaspar Poussin, or such as some of those which Mr. Havell and Mr. Varley have this year exhibited—composed upon high abstract principles of beauty and grandeur, the spectator is much inclined to think that he beholds the true style, and to exclaim, this is what landscape ought to be! Here the contrasts are few and simple, and our attention is engrossed by grandeur and breadth. This is perfectly natural, and yet superior to nature.

On the other hand, when he views such performances as

\* Thus they have always denominated themselves until now, and we can perceive no good reason why they should now follow the example of the Brook-Street Society, and term themselves "*The Society,*" &c. though they have certainly a better right so to term themselves than the former.

Teniers or Decker were accustomed to paint; or as Mr. Heaphy or Mr. Hills exhibit, with all their accurate details of the minutiae of Nature, he feels, and deeply too, a distinct species of interest, and is half inclined to think of the former, that when the principles on which they are composed—the grandeur of line, breadth of chiaroscuro, and studied contrast of forms—are once developed and promulgated, the wonder, and in great part the pleasure which he enjoys in contemplating them, will cease: and fancying himself, for the moment, the genuine votary of nature, he perhaps exclaims with too much of triumph, in its turn, Here I can revel delighted and unsated: the charms and the joys which unsophisticated Nature, brings, are ever new, and custom cannot “stale her infinite variety.”

Various other styles of landscape there are, which we also regard with pleasure; Reinagle jun. Glover, and W. Turner, for example, severally steer middle courses, and aim at combining all that is essential in a natural scene, with whatever of homogeneous and characteristic graces, artful composition, or their own fertile imaginations, can add or supply.

These feelings, which have their foundation in the nature of the faculties of man, and his various susceptibilities of enjoyment, teach us to think it may not be improper to state here, that we are far from approving of that bigotted taste, or that fastidious mode of criticism which confines its approbation exclusively to a particular style of art. In general those who possess a taste for English poetry are not exclusively devoted to either Shakespear or Milton, or Dryden or Pope, but can feel sufficient cause and find sufficient room for admiration in all their writings; and we do not see why it should not be the same in English painting.

We know it is not uncommon to hear men whose imaginations are feeble, when compared with the strength of their judgments and soundness of their organs, reason immediately from sensation. Some excellent mathematicians



and very good clergymen we have known of this cast, who having prevailed with their opponents to grant a *right*, argue that all else is *wrong*; but the logic of geometry and the schools, is not always applicable to objects of taste or to styles of art. Art often dallies (as we have seen in Mr. Turner's pictures) with the delighted imagination, warms or electrifies the heart, and is then most happy, when it transcends all previously-settled system or rule, *flashing* conviction, and leaving the scrutinizing taper of legal criticism to follow, and find, and shew, cause.

Hence we think it no more necessary to hate the art of David, or Du Bost, or Wilkie, or Heaphy, because we love that of Sir Joshua Reynolds, or Gainsborough, or Turner, or Girtin, than it is thought necessary to hate the poetry of Pope or Darwin, because we love that of Shakespear or Dryden, or Drummond of Hawthornden. Yet we do not deny to the artists themselves, a free licence both to love and hate *professionally* with all reasonable fervour.—Why do we not deny this licence? Because exclusive preferences may for aught we know be an ingredient necessary to practical energy and decision of style.

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In his subjects from Grecian History, Mr. J. A. ATKINSON has disappointed us.—His "ATHENIAN PEASANT requesting ARISTIDES (whom he did not know) to vote for his own banishment, by inscribing his name on the shell," (No. 6,) does not equal the expectation which we had formed from what we have formerly seen of classic subjects from the pencil of Mr. Atkinson, in the Exhibition of the Royal Academy. His Chariot-race, and Battle, were there ill hung, but such was their inherent light, that they attracted notice even in the dark: here, the tell-tale daylight exposes the coarseness of his style, and time whispers of the retrogradation of his habits of thinking, and mode of conceiving a classical story.



The countryman is almost the caricature of ignorance and clumsiness : yet compared with Aristides, the peasant might pass. The head of Aristides, notwithstanding that it has somewhat of firmness, wants philosophical dignity : it presents rather the firmness of insensibility, than that of a high sense of justice and patriotic integrity. Though the peasant did not perceive that Aristides was before him, the spectator should : yet we tried in vain to convince ourselves of this fact.

His lean and ill-drawn hand with the stylus, does not at all accord with the shortness of his figure, or with a pair of legs which are sturdy enough to carry a much heavier man into banishment, without inconvenience. Beside which palpable faults, the picture has nothing of attic purity about it ; on the contrary, its general appearance is that of a coarse and vulgar performance.

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HIS DYING SOLDIER announcing to the ATHENIANS the VICTORY at MARATHON, is better. The soldier himself is here an affecting figure, and his wounded and pallid appearance could not have failed to excite the interest which it is intended to excite, in the breast of the spectator, if his auditory possessed more of Greek character and expression, and of Athenian elegance ; which elegance we should have been glad to have seen extended to the architecture. No round tower should have been introduced, but the rock with the citadel of Athens on its summit, should have formed the back-ground.

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Neither has Mr. Atkinson succeeded better in *Comedy* than in *Tragedy*. His SANCHO CONDOLING WITH DON QUIXOTE after the adventure of the muleteers, we cannot at all relish after what we have seen of Don Quixote and Sancho from the masterly pencils of Stothard and Smirke. The knight's countenance is woful indeed—but it is vul-

garly woful. It would be impossible to suppose such a man as this could ever be susceptible of that romantic spirit of chivalry which is the soul of the hero of Cervantes. Neither do Sancho or Rosinante meet our ideas. The lights too are painted down to so low a tone, that the performance has a very poor effect.

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In matters of fact, such as he has seen and studied from nature, Mr. Atkinson seems to be more at home. His *COS-SACKS ON A MARCH* is by far the best performance from his pencil to be seen in these rooms. It is well composed, has a good chiaroscuro, is better coloured than his other pictures, and discovers throughout more of a painter's feeling.

We regret to see this artist get more and more coarse in his execution. This coarseness does not at all belong to drawings, or pictures which are no larger than that of his *PADDINGTON CANAL*, or those which have just passed in review. It is even worse than that which is the ordinary result of neglect and accident; and taking pains to be coarse, is to the full as objectionable as taking pains to be very fine: we wish moreover that the boys which are bathing in the Paddington Canal had been better drawn. We know that Mr. Atkinson *can* draw—much better.

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*MERCURY, ARGUS, AND IO*, (No. 13,) by J. GLOVER. In an Arcadian landscape, where the artist has aimed, though with no great success, at elevating beauty into grandeur, Mr. Glover has introduced the story of Mercury charming Argus to sleep with his music, whilst Io, in the form of a heifer, is standing near. The picture is hung so high that no more of the figures can be seen than their general arrangement and forms, which may rank them—not much above mediocrity, and which (judging by the figures in other landscapes

by this artist) is probably all that would solicit attention, if the picture were placed in a lower situation. But Mercury should not have had wings on his cap and heels, for Ovid expressly says otherwise. Argus could not else have been deceived, and have imagined him only a goatherd.

The spectator must not expect to be affected by this picture, as by the classic miracles of Poussin. Indeed to tell this legendary tale of antiquity, in a corresponding landscape, after Claude, Salvator Rosa, and the other great painters who have treated it—to surprise us with apposite novelty which they have omitted, or enrapture us with appropriate beauty or sublimity of which they have not thought, calls for no common powers.

Though we have noticed with pleasure that Mr. Glover has improved in *composition* since he exhibited his works in London, we think it is not *yet* his forte. Painters and poets know that in composition nothing should be redundant or superfluous, and that every whole should be equal to *no less* than all its parts taken together; to which geometri-  
cians, in their *own reasonings*, are very welcome to add—  
*nor no more.*

Though the present landscape has some excellent parts, particularly the stem of a noble fore-ground tree, and some distant edifices and rocks of a grand character; it is deficient, or redundant, as a whole: at least in our opinion it would have amounted to more, if the tree, which is immediately above and impending over the transformed Io, had been omitted: the wooded promontory would thus, if we are not mistaken, have acquired a grandeur which would have imparted itself to the whole of a more united and homogeneous composition.

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MONTGOMERY CASTLE, which hangs immediately beneath, is, in our estimation, a very superior performance. The golden catching lights, and cool obscurity

of an English morning, in the production of which Mr. Glover so much excels; the rustic and appropriate procession of figures and cattle; and the general effect of sunrise, are all well introduced. The drawing and colouring of the trees is also excellent. The young ash at the extremity of the clump which forms the left hand screen, and which tenderly relieves from the distance, we thought particularly pleasing—and we should have thought that the expanse of distant country, as well as some other passages of the same kind, in other of Mr. Glover's pictures, appeared too much like a cloud, and wanted a little more depth of tone, if we had not so great reliance upon Mr. Glover's judgment in this part of his art.

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With WINDSOR CASTLE (No. 275) Mr. Glover has taken great—we do not say unwarrantable—liberties, of this the reader shall be left to judge; and in endeavouring to make it like a composition of Wilson, has made it very unlike the banks of the Thames. The sky is composed in a grand style. Those clouds which are illumined, and in motion, above the Winchester tower and the queen's apartments, contrast, with impressive effect, the steady and extended line of this overshadowed part of the edifice: the radiance too, is well introduced, and the castle altogether (its whole length being shewn) has an air of great magnificence.

But Mr. Glover has represented the Thames as much too broad; and, as every one knows, here are no such rocky banks as the painter has introduced. He may indeed plead in extenuation, that poets deal in fiction, and that when an artist, whether poet or painter, with the obvious purpose of dilating the mind which he addresses, with a grand idea, tells a falsehood which every one knows to be such, no person is deceived. The accomplishment of the high purpose.



of the painter, is here his justification, and may be thought sufficient to sanction a deceit of this agreeable nature.

If we should admit this general reasoning, we must still be allowed to think of the magnificence of Windsor Castle *as it is*, that it fills and satisfies the mind—more especially when seen under such a sky as Mr. Glover has here introduced—without the aid of borrowed ornament.

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HIS DEVIL'S BRIDGE (No. 271) is a warm and rich mountain scene of towering grandeur, with an interesting and powerful chiaroscuro, of which the harmony is complete, unless it may be thought to be in a trifling degree disturbed by a small tree (which rises from the fore-ground rocks, and covers part of the distant mountain) being somewhat too dark—but even this may admit of doubt.

It presents us with a view which cannot be beheld without exciting some degree of apprehension, of the dark chasm over which extends the double arch of the Devil's Bridge, in North Wales. The tangled roots which hang from the trees over a rocky fore-ground, contribute their full share to the wildness of the scene.

The pervading richness and truth of Mr. Glover's sunshine in this picture, is admirable. No water-colour painter knows better than he, how to cool or warm the greys which prevail in his middle tints and shadows to the degrees which are requisite to give the general effect of nature to his lights. If any part might in this respect be particularised in a picture where all is excellent, our eyes dwelt with peculiar pleasure on the rocks and trees which are nearest the bridge, and on the bridge itself.—We think that the sky would probably have been better without the upper cloud.

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THE COAST OF SUSSEX, with SEAMEN PUSHING OFF A BOAT TO A VESSEL IN DISTRESS, (No. 58,) by J. CRIS-

60-122

TALL, is a picture of transcendent merit, both in respect to the choice and treatment of the subject. It is like poetry written to the heart: or rather, to all—perhaps to more than all—that poetry could communicate or accomplish, it adds that instantaneous rapidity of sentiment with which only real occurrences and imitative art have power to penetrate the soul.

The principal sailor is a figure of unsophisticated sympathy, sustained by the conscious dignity of true greatness. In his countenance you trace his past experience, as well as his present feeling and business. In short, we have never before seen a look that so transported the mind to its object, as that with which he regards the ship which is firing signals of distress. He seems to know and feel all that is passing on board her, and to intend all that is honourable to the human race. The sailor in the blue jacket is no otherwise inferior to this, than the principle of subordination indispensibly requires; and those who are embarked in, and are urging off the boat\*, are animated by the same fearless energy and genuine humanity.

We mean it as no faint praise, that this picture had power to bring tears into the eyes of that cold-blooded mortal, a critic. But he that powerfully depicts or impresses a sentiment which calls forth our national pride as well as compassion, and what is more, does honour to human nature, will ensure the spontaneous approbation of all those to whom he addresses himself; and on turning round we had the pleasure to observe on every countenance some traces of the sympathy which it excited †.

\* These figures, as well as the boat, appear somewhat too small in proportion to the three figures which are nearer.

† With the exception of those few sensualists in art, who were attracted by the smell of Mr. Pugin's "Kitchen," (No. 55,) which hangs by its side. Mr. Pugin offers to stir our fancies with a kitchen poker, and gratify our tastes with roast and boiled.

The picture tells its own story completely, and shews how entirely voluntary is the dependence of painting, on poetry or history. While it perfectly impresses us with the generous boldness of British seamen—or of *men* with whom we are at once compelled and proud to sympathise, it also silently suggests the roaring of the surges, the screams of the sea-gulls, and the distant thunder of the signal guns. Possessing all those higher requisites of art in which Morland (whose works have been so much looked at and sought after) was deficient, it sets all his sea-shore scenes at an immense distance, and at once makes them appear tame and prosaic. From no picture have we turned away with more respect for the capabilities of this province of art in promoting moral sentiment.

The spirit of Cristall's art, as displayed in this picture, is manly. Where others are satisfied to tickle with their sprightlinesses the fancies of the superficial, and paint things to sell, he is all heart and soul, and fails not to improve, when they seem only to hope to entertain.

When these sentiments have been felt, the connoisseur may discover that the lines of the composition are long, and not more broken or interrupted by littlenesses than was necessary to veil the art which is employed, with a certain degree of concealment; that the contrasts are bold and simple; and the colouring mild and unobtrusive, yet sufficiently rich and suited to the intrinsic grandeur of the sentiment of the picture, and that the chiaroscuro is conducted through the whole with great judgment.

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His No. 37 is an excellent representation of the morning effect and general bustle of the FISH-MARKET at HASTINGS, and is replete with those local incidents which shew the accuracy of Mr. Cristall's observation of Nature at this place; but we wish he had finished it at least as much as

his No. 58, (such a subject as this should be finished more, rather than less,) before it was exhibited.

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Of his COTTAGE DOOR, his BIRD-CATCHERS, and his FISHERMEN at their various marine occupations, if they were somewhat more finished, we should say, that they remind us of those rural mountain ballads in which Wordsworth reveals so much fine feeling and intimate converse with Nature. They seem executed in those happy moments of passive feeling, when the author is under no anxiety to display his own powers, when his eyes and his heart are open, and he simply registers what he sees and feels.

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FISHERMEN'S HOUSES NEAR SORRENTO, with Cape de Paolo and Caprea in the distance, (No. 30,) by R. R. REINAGLE, is a simple and highly-pleasing marine landscape. The distant cape and the island of Caprea; the sea which is curled by the mid-day breeze setting into the bay, and the fore-ground, are admirably coloured; especially the latter; and here a groupe of children at play and some lazzaroni are well introduced.

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No. 41, is LOUGHRIGG MOUNTAIN and the RIVER BRATHY near AMBLESIDE, with an effect of sun-set, also by Mr. R. R. REINAGLE.

This is a fine mellow-toned picture, with all the rich copiousness of colour, and depth of chiaroscuro of oil painting. The genial glow of the sun is sufficiently contrasted, yet insensibly mingled, with the cooler tints of the water.

It is a *View*, yet we have seldom seen compositions, even by the greatest masters, of more mingled grace and grandeur. The figures in the ferry-boat, as well as the boat itself, have great value in the composition; and the boy and dog waiting on the strand, is a simple incident, introduced with the utmost propriety.



No painter of them all displays his colours with more well-tempered energy than Reinagle, nor keeps his vigorous tones in juster harmony, nor better entitles himself to the praise of richness without ostentation.

Of this, his distant view of GRASSMERE and LOUGH-RIGG MOUNTAIN, which is taken from the road leading to Rydal, and where the Westmorland bridge forms a bold feature of the fore-ground, may serve as an example. It has all the genial glow, undisturbed by the thorny little-nesses, of an Evening of Both. Here the setting sun beautifully illumines the summits of the distant mountains, while a single ray breaks between the nearer trees, and catches on the cattle and bridge with excellent effect; and the rich clearness of the bridge and fore-ground is delightful.

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MECÆNAS'S VILLA, the TEMPLE OF LA TOSSA, and the VILLA D'ESTE, AT TIVOLI, (No. 231,) by the same master, is one of the noblest scenes in Italy, or perhaps in the world! uniting the rugged grandeur of broken ground, trees, rocks and waterfalls, with the elegancies of architectural forms, and the majesty of distant mountains. A subject of such superlative claims, required a landscape-painter of consummate powers; nor has Mr. Reinagle shrunk from the important occasion, or shewn himself inadequate to the demands of his subject.

In treating it, his feelings appears to have led him to conceal his art, further than as it enabled him to leave the landscape to depend on its inherent charms, and to give a simple transcript of this celebrated scene as it appears under the effect of a mild Italian morning.

Accordingly his colouring in this instance is so perfectly modest and unobtrusive, that it does not solicit the least attention from the native beauties of Tivoli, though it well deserves, and will receive, the greatest, from him who has an eye and judgment to distinguish between the little more or

little less, which preserves the harmony and just balance of finished art.

With respect to light and shade, the management of the air-tint with which his several distances are gradated, is so charming, that though colour is scarcely perceived to lend its aid, more does not appear to be wanting; and the pleasure of the tasteful spectator, in contemplating the effect, or the impression, which this picture makes on his mind as a whole, arises quite as much from the melody of chiaroscuro, as from the harmony of colours.

Tivoli, the pride of Italy, has been the school of most of the greatest landscape painters of Europe, and is indeed a scene of wonder and delight; and Mr. Reinagle has here shewn that he has studied in the same school as Claude, and Poussin, and Wilson, with honour to himself and advantage to the public, and without the drawback on his fame, of being esteemed an implicit imitator of either.

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We now and then, but by no means often enough, see a comic picture from the pencil of Smirke, of which the humour is exquisite, and the execution not less so: excepting these, Mr. HEAPHY has all at once shone forth as THE painter of *Comedy*.

Aristotle says of Comedy, that it imitates what is ridiculous among mankind; from which the Abbe du Bos argues, that "the scene of comedy ought to be fixed in the very places and times in which it is represented; and that the subjects thereof ought to be taken from ordinary events. Its design being, by making us laugh at the expence of ridiculous persons, to purge us of those faults which it exposes, that we may become fitter for society, Comedy cannot render the ridiculousness of its personages too visible to the spectators."

"Now we cannot distinguish Nature so easily when she appears in strange customs, manners and apparel, as when she is clad as it were after our own fashion: Wherefore, the personages of comedy ought to be cut out, as it were, after

Heaphy

the fashion of that country for which the comedy is written.”  
—The high finish and particularity of Mr. Heaphy’s painting, receive from these considerations, a peculiar propriety of application; it being not less in painting than in stage performances, the office and business of Comedy to hold the mirror up to nature *as it is*, in order to its becoming what it *ought to be*.

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No. 255, is entitled CREDULITY. It represents a young servant maid, sufficiently handsome for the sentiment of the picture, whose countenance is lit up with a degree of wild delight, occasioned by a letter which she has just received from her lover, and which, in her whisking round to attend to a gipsy who appears at the kitchen window, has fallen to the ground, but has fallen so, that by lucky accident the spectator may read it. In this letter may here and there be traced words of amorous promise and endearment; such as “sweet angel,” “love,” “bride,” “pigs,” “harvest,” “happy,” &c. and through the window may be seen the spire of a country church at no great distance. Either by chance or prescience, a gipsy, at this auspicious moment of credulity, offers her oracular services: she has an infant at her back, which is so well conceived and executed, that the spectator may fancy he here discovers the archness of the future gipsy; neither are the features and physiognomy of the gipsy mother less true to nature and the fraternity.

The attention of the girl being thus attracted by the appearance of the fortune-teller, while her head and heart are bewildered with the contents of her lover’s epistle, she is as heedless of the surrounding mischief, as she is unconscious of the lurking danger; a dish of mutton-chops falls unperceived from her lap; the cat steals a fish and knocks down the crockery unobserved; and the cuckow bawls unheard from the clock, that the hour of twelve is arrived; while a thief, who may be supposed to be a confederate of the gipsy, and who has stolen in at the kitchen door, is handing something from the cupboard. Meanwhile the observer



sees, that, though the scene is laid in the country, no preparations are yet made for dinner, and all the morning business of a servant is yet to do; the rabbit is not skinned, the pigeon is yet to pluck, and the potatoes and cabbage lie untouched; in short, the whole performance fully answers to the couplet which Mr. Heaphy has inserted in the catalogue.

When Love's epistle its sweet tale explains,  
Time flies untold, and wild confusion reigns.

It is not easy to speak of Mr. Heaphy's performances in such a way as to do justice to their merits, or to excite in the minds of those who have not seen them, any idea of his powers of execution. Notwithstanding the exquisite finish which is displayed in the picture before us, the chiaroscuro is broad, and well conducted through the whole. The various culinary utensils of copper, brass, and earthen ware; the wooden pail, basket, &c. which are introduced, are rendered, without labour, yet with all the fidelity of the best masters of the Dutch school, to which may be added the higher praise of their being kept in more artful subserviency to the principal parts.

Most of the pictures which Mr. Heaphy this year exhibits, as we have already intimated, are exquisite comic scenes; but he sometimes tends a little too much toward farce, and in the broadness of his mirth, loses its morality.

If he continues to paint the crafty and mischievous tricks of evil disposed boys, he should paint them so as to excite our decided displeasure. He should not make us laugh at a successful piece of roguery, and laugh *with* the rogues, or *at* the distress of an innocent girl.

Mr. Heaphy's performances, would form an Exhibition and fill a Review of themselves. We are sorry we have not room to enter into the detail of his "DISAPPOINTMENT, or THE LEASE REFUSED" (No. 26.) Here he shews "the very age and body of the times, its form and *pressure*." Here



he teems with moral lesson and sentiment, and is perfectly what a painter of his surprising powers, ought to be.

But his POACHER ALARMED (No. 100,) is a piece of fine art, and exquisite comic ridicule, which we can *not* pass, without a small tribute of detailed applause.

The poacher has retired into a lonely nook, and in order to view and enjoy his dishonest success, has emptied his bag of game on the ground. Suddenly he hears—or thinks he hears—a noise, and while he looks around with all the trepidation of conscious guilt, is about to hurry back his prey. His dread is perfectly ludicrous; but his suspicion imparts itself to the spectator, who also looks around to see if the face of gamekeeper or bailiff appear between the bushes, but looks in vain—discovering only that “the trembling of a leaf had alarmed a guilty mind”—and his attention soon reverts to the real subject of the picture.

Here it is abundantly employed and amply gratified in marking the heedless negligence, hurried action, and fearful expression of the poacher. The dread which is powerfully depicted in his countenance imparts itself to his extended hand, which is truly a hand detected in an act of dishonesty.

The game, of which there is almost every sort, is grouped with much art, and coloured and finished with exquisite taste and precision. It is saying a great deal, but we conceive that if the game of Gerard Douw were placed beside it, his hares and wild ducks would appear mere efforts of patient labour, compared to Mr. Heaphy's, who has more of the tasteful and creative touch of Fyt in miniature, or as it would appear through a concave glass.

Nor is the earthy bank, with its dock-weed, and roots and boles of trees, less skilfully painted, though kept in harmonious subordination to the superior parts. In short, the eye, the hand, and the mind, of an artist of extraordinary talent in his department, pervades the whole.

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Mr. HAVELL'S STORMY TWILIGHT (No. 114) is made up of grand materials, and might almost vie with the St. Peter Martyr of Titian (to which it bears some resemblance) for loftiness of conception. On the borders of a gloomy forest is a majestic group of trees, among which we distinguish the arbele, somewhat shattered, and bending under the storm: beyond the wood appears a massy ruined castle; and beyond the castle, a mountain of a noble form. The foreground consists of a waterfall and rocks of romantic shapes, and a rugged road winding into the gloom of the forest, along which two figures on horseback are riding hard for shelter.

The whole is a scene of great magnificence and of some terror. The bright gleam of evening light which is seen beneath the swollen clouds, and behind the castle and wood, has a great effect, and contributes its full share to the general sublimity of the landscape: its length, and its horizontal form, contrast the broken forms of the rocks and trees, and the general raving of the tempest, and even the rain which rushes along the rocky channels in the road, has its value, both in a picturesque view, and as aiding the general sentiment.

The prevailing tones of this picture, are solid and rich, without heaviness: the trees and rocks are massy, and the whole resembles one of Handel's grand chorusses.

It should be looked at from such a distance as may enable the eye to take in the whole, that the mind may enjoy the full result of its gloomy magnificence and its gleams of hope.

Contrasted to this is Mr. Havell's beautiful "Scene on the Banks of KESWICK LAKE," with LOWDORE WATERFALL, as seen beyond a little bay, which is a placid pastoral landscape, with a bright sky, and a general effect of cheerfulness. If the storm be composed to astonish, nature and art have here conspired to please and delight, the spectator. The lake is calm, perfectly pellucid, and only dis-

turbed by a cottage girl laving water near the fore-ground. All the rugged features of the Cumberland mountains, are here softened by distance, and a charming, mild, temperate, yet rich, noon-day tone of colour, prevails. Of execution, the trees, water, and fore-ground have just enough to shew how much the artist is master of his pencil, and how little he values this mastery.

But we cannot bestow unqualified praise on Mr. Havell, though we think that great praise is his due : and where is the genius that is free from faults ?—A species of picturesque intemperance, which is perhaps owing to the redundancy of his enthusiasm for his art, appears occasionally to seize and engross his mind : while under its influence, he appears to endeavour to make his portraits of places, look like the pictures of Gaspar Poussin and his favourite old masters ; and we think that since the Exhibition of the last season, he has gone away from some merits that were more his own ; and if not greater than those of the painters to whom he is partial, yet more according with English taste, and perhaps with English landscape ; and the propensity which we are here regretting, has on some occasions carried him quite to the borders, if not into the dominions, of crudity and extravagance.

In general, the larger the scale of his objects, the more conspicuous do these excesses appear ; of which the reader may see an example by comparing his “*SHEPHERDS DESTROYING A SNAKE*” with the view of Lowdore which we have just noticed with so much pleasure.

Something too of this fault may be seen in the fore-ground foliage of his “*View of CLAPPERSGATE*,” (No. 233,) which, however, is altogether a noble landscape. Here the spectator looks down upon a romantic vale, through which flows a river (whose banks are enriched with cattle) which is soon lost behind a grove in the middle ground. On the right hand side of the picture, a winding road conducts the eye and the attention upward to the village, we



suppose of Clappersgate, which occupies an interesting situation high in the landscape, and is embowered in wood, beyond which appear some of the Westmorland mountains. The principle of the light and shade which unites these beautiful and noble parts into an harmonious whole, is conceived in Havell's grandest style, and the sky fully accounts for it.

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No. 253, is a View of the BECK near AMBLESIDE, by the same artist. Beck is a Cumberland word for a mountain torrent, such as rushes through the landscape before us. This is an example of the Poussin-like view which Mr. Havell sometimes takes of his subject. Besides the deep, rich tones, bordering on heaviness, of that master, here are two such figures as we have often seen in the pictures of Gaspar Poussin.—On the other hand, and which may seem to confer a propriety on this mode of viewing and treating such a subject, we must recollect that it is a mountain torrent *overshadowed with wood*: a scene of sylvan seclusion such as Shakespeare may be supposed to have had in his mind, when he wrote of the forest of Arden: a scene where a poet might dream, with him or with Milton, “of things more than mortal.”——

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#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Our Birmingham correspondent should know that it is impracticable to review the medal which he recommends to our notice, before it is published. At least we must first see the medal itself. But from what he has transmitted, we doubt whether it will prove worthy of the public favour, or even of critical reprehension.

A Subscriber to Boydell's Shakespear will find his request attended to in our next.

We presume to think that Speck will see by our two Numbers, that our Review coincides with his “earnest wishes.” His occasional “short and independent essays” we shall be glad to see, and happy to insert—if they fall within the scope of our design of improving the public taste in the fine arts.

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Mr. JOHN VARLEY's subjects in the present Exhibition, are of almost every species that a landscape painter can produce, or the various lovers of landscape can value, from the most humble to the most exalted. From hovels and cottage porches, proceeding through lake and mountain scenery, he follows Gaspar Poussin in his loftiest flights, oftentimes bordering, and sometimes trenching, on literal improbabilities.

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HIS PORCH OF A COTTAGE at BOLTON, (No. 10,) is perfectly simple in light, shade, colour, and general treatment. Here is no figure—a figure would have appeared so large that it would have been no longer the picture of a cottage porch; the artist has therefore lain an axe against the side of the porch as a scale by which the spectator may measure its dimensions.

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A grave, sober tone, such as we often see in the mountain scenery of Havell, prevails over his View of SNOWDON from NEAR HARLECH, (No. 2.) Though professedly a view, it has much of the grace and grandeur of a well-arranged composition. On the other hand, his OLD HOUSES, (No. 4,) with a good effect of light and shade, has greatly the appearance of a view, though professedly a composition.

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No. 31 is a small picture with the effect of a mild summer's EVENING. It is a grand composition of trees, rocks, and distant buildings, with a stony road which is excellently well broken and coloured, winding into the landscape.

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But his principal picture is a composition which he calls the "SUBURBS OF AN ANCIENT CITY," (No. 163.) Here he displays his talent for *Composition*, which when analysed, appears to consist principally in the address with which he varies the shapes of the objects which he introduces, and

contrasts his masses of light and shade, his colours, and the prevailing lines of his picture: in doing which he is governed by a principle of *simplicity*. \* He does not seek to multiply his contrasts, but on the contrary contrives that they shall be few and striking; and having satisfied himself as to the soundness of certain abstract principles, he appears in such ideal subjects as the present, to work entirely from those principles, regarding nature but as a poet does the alphabet.

In the picture before us, he has opposed warm to cool colours, and breadths of light to masses of dark, by rules which are known and recognised, and which he only varies in their application: his art of contrasting round to square, stable to towering, and regular to irregular, forms, may be more peculiar, and less understood, and may here be traced through the whole of the performance, perhaps with too little attempt on the part of the artist to veil or disguise them.

If this picture has faults, they arise out of the redundancy of its merits, or rather we should say, proceed from the excess of those principles which have guided the artist in its production. The solidity of the shadows is perhaps carried to an extreme that may border on heaviness; and the long horizontal lines which prevail in the lower part, and form a firm basis for Mr. Varley's towers and mountains, may be rather too obviously opposed to forms which are broken, pyramidal, upright, or irregular.

The science, however, of producing *few and simple contrasts*, is of high value in landscape-painting, and probably is of not less importance in other arts. Analogy, as it assists us to discover, so it helps to confirm, truth. In Mr. Thomas Hope's publication, we see the value of simplicity of contrast as applied to works of art of a more ornamental character, in the opposition of plainness to enrichment, and it appears to be on a principle analogous to this, that in

heroic poetry of the highest character, we find here and there some calmer episode, or some length of legendary tale, on which the mind reposes, intervening between, and contrasted to, the impetuous agitations of battle, and the revolutions of empires. Even the tempest and torrent of the *Iliad*, have pauses of quiet, over which attention refreshes itself, and the spirits are recruited for the succeeding fight.

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In the *LANDSCAPE*, (No. 187,) the faults are but too manifest, of the faint existence of which, in the "*Suburbs of an ancient city*," we have spoken with some hesitation and doubt. The figures here appear preposterously large and clumsy, and the trees not of Nature's growth, but as if distorted by design, and for the sake of certain lines of real or imaginary value in the composition. Mr. Varley should beware of making his studied compositions appear too obviously studied, for art, which unblushingly reveals itself, is in danger of becoming meretricious; and criticism would be justly alarmed at landscape chimeras.

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*CADER IDRIS*, on the approach from *MACKYNLETH*, (No. 173,) by *CORNELIUS VARLEY*, is a performance of much original merit. A road winds upward, through a country where wild desolation predominates, and where only a few trees of scanty foliage and uncouth forms are seen. The purple grey tone which prevails is true to nature, and the sky remarkable for its grandeur and adaptation to the scene.

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Mr. J. SMITH does not add to his former high reputation. Indeed, amid so much surrounding excellence in landscape-painting it is well if he maintains it: yet there is a species of praise of which no rivalry or comparison with others can deprive him—He is the father of the system of colouring

*Admirable*



(on paper) which at present prevails almost universally: as far, therefore, as respects harmony of colour, we may almost say that the whole Bond-Street concert is performed by his offspring.

We have heard, and indeed there are among us who know, that Mr. John Smith first discovered, and taught the junior artists the rationale, of tempering their positive colours with the neutral grey formed by a mixture of red, blue, and yellow: that this grey, constituted of all the primary colours, would harmonize with any, and form a common bond of concord for all; and that, tempered with a little more or little less of warm or cool colour, as time, climate, or season might require, it became the air tint, or negative colour of the atmosphere which intervened between the eye and the several objects in a landscape. Others may have been the first to teach the minor arts of touching a tree, or granulating a rock or an old wall, but these things, however estimable, are very inferior things to the discovery and liberal promulgation of PRINCIPLE. Others may have taught the existence of aerial perspective, Smith shewed on what principles it depended, and to how simple a mode of practice these principles were reducible; and be it remembered, that this practice of Mr. Smith, which we have in few words endeavoured to describe, is not a thing of fashion which another novelty shall set aside, but is really a scientific developement of fundamental principle, such as both the Royal Society and Royal Academy should honour him for.

It appears somewhat odd, that in an age not backward to compliment itself on its knowledge and refinements, and in a metropolis where there exist more societies than one, whose ostensible object is the cultivation of arts and sciences—rewards should be frequently bestowed on petty exertions, while the promulgation of radical principle, or developement of the science of art, which is of such superior importance, should pass unnoticed and unrewarded.



HIS REMAINS OF THE CLAUDIAN AQUEDUCT in the CAMPANIA OF ROME (No. 272) is a golden-toned picture of cattle and ruins, with a fore-ground of uncommon force.

Yet we think Mr. Smith's largest pictures are not his best works, and that VICO VARRO, near TIVOLI, in the Apennines, which is painted on a smaller scale, is in more perfect harmony than the former. The genial glow of an Italian summer pervades the whole.

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HIS CONVENT at VIETRI, near SALERNO, (No. 190,) is remarkable for the force and clearness of its effect, and for colour at once mild and rich. We know not where to see another white building which looks so well in a picture as this convent. To effect which, the painter has warmed the light of his sky, and melted it into the landscape with consummate art.

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We are sorry to remark that Mr. WELLS does not improve in his colouring, notwithstanding the advantages of comparison which the Exhibitions of this Society have for three years afforded him. Some of his drawings are even more garish, and have more of the taught prattle of landscape painting, than formerly. His View near LLANWER, (No. 5,) and his View near QUIEN, (in Norway,) may serve as instances. They want repose, and the fore-ground and sky of the latter are quite common-place. His "COTTAGES at KNOCKHOLT" (No. 20,) has the same defects, though not in the same degree. But if the harassed eye seeks in vain for repose as it wanders over the coloured scenery of Mr. Wells, it is otherwise with his drawings in bistre or cepia. Though his effects are seldom striking, or his accessories of skies, figures, and cattle introduced with much art, his tones here are mild and melodious. His "COMPOSITION," (No. 1,) and his "ELSEINEUR, with the Fortress of CRONENBOURG," which are both without colour, are drawings of merit. The former

Wells

shews that he has looked at both Claude and Gaspar Poussin with some advantage, and inclines us to wish that for his own reputation he would in future be content to leave his landscapes in chiaroscuro, and not attempt to colour any more.

The SUMMIT of CADER IDRIS, (No. 237,) by F. NICHOLSON, is taken from a station a little to the left of Wilson's, of which there is an engraving by the elder Rooker.

We are no otherwise acquainted with this place than from Rooker's print, yet having been on the summit of other mountains, we are able to say that the artist has very successfully painted that sentiment of loftiness and quiet feeling, of which we well recollect the enjoyment. There is a purity and mildness in the air in these elevated situations which seem to transport us so much nearer Heaven, as we are exalted above the jarring discords of the lower world, and which conspires with solitude and silence to suggest the idea of a present Deity.

This sentiment of lofty serenity, which every one who ascends to the summit of Cader Idris hopes to enjoy, Mr. Nicholson has faithfully rendered. The admirers of that beautiful verse of Shakespear—"How sweet the moonlight sleeps," &c. will be highly gratified with this picture of Mr. Nicholson, for here daylight reposes.

We have seldom seen so much green so well tempered and so well employed in a picture as in this. The sky which Mr. Nicholson has introduced, is singular and well painted: it is composed so as to contrast, at once, the forms of the mountains and the line of the far distant horizon; and while a thin passing cloud faintly overshadows part of the fore-ground, the deepest shade, or emphasis of the picture, is very judiciously placed in what was once the crater of a volcano, and is now the source of a river: and is thoroughly accounted for both by the situation of the sun, and the dark colour of the volcanic substance of which the crater consists.

Mr. Nicholson generally chooses to paint romantic rocks and waterfalls, and lake scenery, of which there are several pictures in the present Exhibition: and in our opinion his generalised style is far better suited to such subjects, than to subjects where (as in Gothic architecture) portraiture in detail, is more imperiously required.

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Mr. HILLS, on the contrary, is all sensibility to the truth and beauty of parts, when severally considered. His mind does not appear, like Nicholson's, to expand over the whole of the work before him. Though he paints with the hand of an artist, he regards the cattle, which are the proper subjects of his pictures, with the eye of a naturalist—yet not of a learned naturalist, who would be satisfied with the articulations of the joints and muscles, and discriminative traits of the particular breed represented. Not less than the whole truth in detail will satisfy Mr. Hills, and hence every little tuft of ruffled hair, every minute defect and excrescence, is delineated with the same precision as the more important and essential parts.

In "HARROWING," (No. 8,) and "PLOUGHING," (No. 24,) the cattle and harnesses are executed with all the attention to the minutiae that the Agricultural Society could require, if they wished to record or transmit the local practice of a particular district. But though the component forms are not ill brought together in the former, and the sky is not ill composed in the latter, they are both deficient as pictures.

No. 96 is a comical drawing, composed something in the manner of Londonio, of two cows contemplating a sleeping boy and dog, and like the Houyhnhms of Swift, in seeming conversation. The boy is but very so so, especially about the breeches; but the heads of the cows are excellent.—Here is a bit of broken earthy bank, which is evidently done from nature: but here, as in most of his other works, Mr. Hills's discordant greens and reds want toning.



LEGBERTHWAITE, near KESWICK, (No. 92,) by F. S. MUNN, is a pleasing picture with much sweetness of tone, and free from all fashionable extravagancies; but wanting perhaps a little more solidity in the right hand mountain.

The ENTRANCE TO PELLO WOOD, OLD DURHAM, by the same artist, (No. 176,) is a mild, mellow-toned landscape, consisting of an ascending winding-road and wooden bridge, with trees, and a boy angling: it is treated with a simplicity properly belonging to such a subject, and is sufficiently forcible without being overcharged.

His STUDY NEAR BENEFIELD, NORTHAMPTON, (No. 176,) has the same well-tempered richness and harmony of light and shade and colour. It is not much as a subject, but as a bit of simple nature judiciously treated, might be looked at with advantage by all those members of the Society, and by all others, who paint merely for effect. Mr. Munn does not sacrifice breadth to high finish, nor high finish to breadth, but is one of the few painters who continue to unite the two considerations, and will not be led away from this legitimate practice, by the coarseness and slightness which is so much the order of the day that by some it is even affected.

MR. SHELLEY's productions are of various kinds, and he maintains the reputation which he has long since acquired on ivory for delicacy of execution and fullness of tone.—As we turned into the second room, we were sorry to see him descending from his ivory pedestal, and standing on common coarse paper. We could only repeat with feeling *half* of the verse with which he has inscribed his Bard—we will not, cannot, say Gray's—

“Visions of glory—spare my aching sight!”

We hope he will take this hint, for it would be a loss to the public if, by repeating such *things* as this, he should deter them from looking at his miniatures and drawings in bistre, which are so much superior.

[Our remarks on the Brook-Street Exhibition are unavoidably postponed.]



# REVIEW

OF

## PUBLICATIONS OF ART.

### No. III.

THE BRITISH GALLERY OF PICTURES, *under the Superintendence of* H. TRESHAM, R.A. W. YOUNG OTTLEY, F. S. A. and P. W. TOMKINS. *In Two Series. No. I. of the First Series, containing*

Subjects.	Painters.	Draughtsmen.	Engravers.
Baptism	N. Poussin	W.M. Craig	P. W. Tomkins and J. H. Wright
Confirmation			
Landscape	G. Poussin		
Landscape			
Distant View of Tivoli	Claude		
Apullus metamorphosed			
God appearing to Moses			
Sunset			
Jacob watering his Flock	Sal. Rosa		
St. John preaching	F. Mola		

#### No. I. of the Second Series containing

The Woman taken in Adultery,	Rubens	T. Uwins	A. Cardon
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On the errors and flattery of the flourishing prelude which undulates through the two first paragraphs of the introduction; and the mistakes to which they may give rise among such of the British nobility and gentry as appear to be heartily engaged in endeavouring to benefit modern arts and artists, we shall

forbear to remark at present, and shall proceed directly to the plan of the work, as we find it unfolded in the Prospectus; which prospectus we stand engaged to bring to the same focus with what is now published of the work itself, and which constitutes the terms of the engagement between the editors and proprietors of "the British Gallery of Pictures," on the one part, and the public at large on the other.

"The publication will consist of two parts. I. *A Description* of the Cabinets and Galleries of pictures in the united kingdoms. This portion of the work will comprise, on a *smaller* scale, engravings of *all the best and most interesting* paintings in the different collections, and each collection of magnitude will be distinctly illustrated by a concise history of its formation, and a *description* of its contents."—

"The engravings intended to illustrate this first series, will unite truth of delineation with a strict attention to character and effect: although the immense number of pictures comprised [*to be comprised*] in this part of the work will render it necessary that the labour of high finishing should in some degree be *sacrificed* to punctuality and due dispatch, in a design of such extent. It is the ambition of the proprietors to bring to a completion their engagements with the public, before that lassitude shall supervene, which is the never-failing attendant on long-protracted expectation."

The latter part of this paragraph turns upon a principle which admits, and seems to approve, the ascendancy which it proclaims, of the aims of that system of commerce which looks not beyond self, and which scruples not to sacrifice grander to meaner purposes, and the future to the present, over the nobler aims of Art: and while it does this, it seems half ashamed, and weakly seeks for a pretext in the rapid gratification of the most superficial and childish of our af-

fections. We condemn it therefore in the aggregate. But we will notwithstanding, and for the reader's better satisfaction, attend to it in detail, and compare its parts with each other, and with the specimens produced in the only two plates with which we are presented in No. I.

In charity to Messrs. Tresham and Ottley we must suppose that when they penned, or gave their united sanction to, the large promises which are now before us—and which, we must add, are far more parading than we could possibly have expected *from them*,—they were not informed of the little insufficient things which Messrs. Tomkins and Wright were engraving to accompany them; and, in charity to Mr. Tomkins we must also suppose that when he projected the little things in question, he was not apprised of the dimensions of the promises which Messrs. Tresham and Ottley were holding forth, or did not reflect on the expectations that would naturally be formed when men of their rank and character in art, engaged to “unite truth of delineation, with a *strict attention* to character and effect.”—It is true, we are immediately afterwards taught that the authors of this prospectus did not here expect the strict attention of their readers, or they would hardly have allowed in the same sentence, that punctuality and dispatch were paramount considerations: but lest they should fancy that a sophism will help them in this dilemma, and should say that “high finishing” is what they purpose to sacrifice to dispatch, &c. and that high finishing is *not* “truth of delineation, with strict attention to character and effect,” we shall not stop to ask what then is it? but shall say, give us but these, and sacrifice what else you will to time and profit—“the rest is all but leather and prunella.”

They certainly are not *high-finished* engravings which are here produced, but neither are they chaste *outlines*, nor *painters etchings*. They are things of no distinct charac-

ter. They have neither the fidelity of correct and simple outlines, nor the spirit of painters etchings, nor the harmonious result of high finishing—which, if we had been desired to explain in other terms, we should have been very likely to have said consisted in the union of “*truth of delineation*, with *strict attention to character and effect*.”

The Marquis of Stafford has liberally opened his magnificent gallery to the public eye. The reader may therefore compare (and if he be a subscriber, should certainly do himself and the editors the *justice* to compare) the engraved contents of this first Number, consisting of a page of little landscapes engraved by J. H. WRIGHT and P. W. TOMKINS engraver to HER MAJESTY, and the two POUSSINS, which are somewhat larger and also engraven by P. W. TOMKINS, with their great originals:

In so doing he will not fail to observe that the principal erect female figure in the sacrament of “CONFIRMATION,” is a tall figure in the picture—a figure of about nine heads high. Either the copyist \* or the engraver has thought this *too* tall, or else his eye has sadly deceived him, for in the print, we see a figure substituted, with a much larger head, and a hand, clumsily drawn and in size equally out of proportion to the original: Now, an inch in a man’s nose, is known to be no trifle; but what will the observer think of a beautiful woman at least a head shorter than (according to Poussin) she ought in this place to be?

Of the young man with the olive branch who is sprinkling holy water, the hands in the engraving are strangely mismatched; the nearest, beside being ill-drawn, being much too small for the other: and in the middle ground of the picture the figure of Tartar-like character and complexion,

\* We have, since the above was written, had occasion to know, (having been credibly informed,) that Mr. Craig’s drawing has not the defects which we are here pointing out.



who kneels beyond the senator, by introducing which the painter has mingled the idea of the conversion of remote people to the religion of Christ, with the sacrament of confirmation, has quite lost his foreign look in the engraving.

Such is the "*truth of delineation*" in this print, and such the "*strict attention to character.*" Nor will a strict comparison with the original at all improve its credit in point of "*effect.*" Why Mr. Tomkins should think it proper to cut up his draperies in this print, with markings so hard and obtrusive as entirely destroy the keeping, or why he should flourish over his pavement with such an ostentation of marbling, when Poussin has wisely kept *his* pavement in due subservience to his figures, we are at some loss to discover. We say nothing of the insipidity and palpable misapplication of lines in the back ground, having said enough to let the observing reader see that the subordination of parts which is essential to the unity of a whole, and makes a work of art worthy of being so called, will here be sought for in vain.

The sacrament of "BAPTISM" is better both with regard to the draperies and nudities, than that of "Confirmation;" but the farthest figure to the right, who beholds with wonder the descending dove, has here a most preposterous and ill-drawn hand and arm, and the characters of several of the heads are not those of Poussin. We request the reader will compare this left hand and arm, not only with the original picture, but also with the left hand and lower arm of the laurel-crowned figure at the other extremity of the composition.

Nor is the folio page of little landscapes which follows, and of which we recollect the great originals with wonder and delight, a whit more entitled to our commendation. Messrs. Tomkins and Wright have here attempted, what, if it be possible it is next to impossible to perform on this miniature scale, and utterly so to accomplish with that attention to dispatch which, lest *lassitude should supervene*, is

here made a primary object. Julio Clovio is cited in the next page of the prospectus, as an object of emulation, to whom alone the present editors hope to prove inferior, but Julio bestowed the labour of years upon a single performance.

Another way however of obviating the supervention of lassitude, has been discovered and is here put in practice; and the subscriber who cannot wait for adequate and high-finished engravings from the works of Poussin, Claude, and Salvator Rosa, may so relax the nerves of his expectation by comparing the miniature sheet of Messrs. Tomkins and Wright, with the admirable originals in the Marquis of Stafford's gallery, that—no lassitude shall supervene.

In truth, we did not expect to find Mr. Tomkins so much at home in the Landscapes, as in the Sacraments, our disappointment, therefore, in comparing them with the originals, though not our disapprobation, is less than in the former case.—Good God!—but to recollect Gaspar Poussin's magnificent upright picture of Tivoli; or the bold rocks, and wild and majestic mountain chesnuts of Salvator Rosa, and then to look down on these lumps of sugar and pudding, and pigmy sprigs of “counterfeit presentment”—Who that has the smallest feeling of regard for this department of art, but must rise in resentment, or turn away in sorrow?

In reviewing the war about opening the Scheldt, it may be remembered that Mr. Burke (comparing together the real and the professed object, and the mighty preparations that were made) emphatically called it a war about a chamber-pot! With his sensibility to the charms and the claims of art, what would he have said on such an occasion as the present? an occasion where, after high claims on our patriotism have been set forth, and much trumpeting about a NATIONAL *British Gallery of PICTURES* has been heard—lo! the savage ruggedness of Salvator Rosa is to be softened down and polished; and the sublime daring of Michael Angelo, and the exquisite grace and beauty of Raphael and

Corregio, are to be alike dotted into littleness and insipidity :—an occasion where, Macbeth is to be performed by misses and masters, and the Young Roscius is to personate King Lear :—an occasion where, if such boasting might be listened to for a moment, British artists of the highest fame, are presumed to unite their efforts—that the altar-piece of a cathedral, or the pride of a palace, may be converted to the top of a snuff-box, the ornament of a watch-paper, the toy of a modern library, or the decoration of a lady's work-basket.

Surely if Messrs. Tresham and Ottley had previously seen the productions of Messrs. Tomkins and Wright which are now under our notice, they would not have made so much ado about a trifle, nor have allowed the following paragraph to appear in their prospectus.

“ That the interest already excited by the plan of this work, may be fully maintained and even augmented in its progress, *the various qualifications requisite in those who are entrusted with its execution have been maturely considered and strictly regarded.*”

Thus much we have felt it necessary to lay before our readers respecting the engravings contained in No. I. of the first series. To the proposed arrangement of the literature which these are to accompany; to the classification of the schools which Mr. Ottley has thought proper to adopt; and to the chronological order of his catalogue, (all of which are clearly laid down and explained in a subsequent advertisement, given with the first number) we see nothing to object. We know not that the plan of a catalogue of pictures whose places are liable to be changed, could possibly be better, or that the execution of this part of the work could be confided to better hands than those of Mr. Ottley.

We shall now proceed to review what is proposed to be done in the *second* part of the British Gallery, when the only



engraving of this series which has yet made its appearance, will pass under our notice—and shall reserve until afterwards, our remarks upon the *colouring* of both series.

Part II. will consist of “a general history of Painting and its professors, from its revival at the commencement of the thirteenth century, down to our own times. This division of the work will be embellished with highly-finished specimens of the performances of the most eminent masters of different ages, carefully selected from the finest examples in Great Britain. With the plates will be given descriptive elucidations of the peculiar excellencies of each painting, together with historical anecdotes, forming, as it were, the pedigree of the picture.”

Hence it appears that the subjects of the first part or series, are to include “*all the best and most interesting*,” while those of the second part or series, are to be “*carefully selected*,” from the several British collections. Here certainly appears a sort of tautological confusion, which seems to proclaim, either that the whole plan is not the offspring of a single mind, or that that mind has not entertained clear views of its purposes. We paused at reading this developement of Part II, being led to doubt whether in fact the first series was intended to be anything more than the precursor of the second, and whether we were not to be favoured with other, larger and more finished, engravings than were before us, of works so justly celebrated as the Sacraments of Poussin; and as this hope was started, our elders incontinently took out their spectacles, to see if peradventure the following text had not escaped us, and might not be found sufficiently near the Baptist of Nicolas Poussin or the St. John of Francisco Mola, to serve at once as a motto to the piece, and reflect light on the prospectus: “He that cometh after me is mightier than I,” &c. &c. We sought, however, in vain, and were obliged to recol-



lect, and endeavour to apply, the story of Plato's modesty\*.

—But to proceed—

This general history of painting and its professors will be accompanied moreover (as we are informed in another part of the prospectus) by some “very choice and valuable specimens in the possession of Mr. Ottley, of the frescoes of the ancient masters whose works form no part of British collections,” but are to be introduced into the British Gallery because they are “calculated to complete the chronological series,” and we suppose to display, *as it were*, the root of the genealogical tree from which will be deduced, as it were, the *pedigrees* of the several pictures.

If this second part shall continue to be supplied with engravings as good as that which Mr. Cardon has executed after Rubens's celebrated picture of the Woman taken in Adultery for No. I, we have no doubt of its turning out to be by much the most valuable part of the work—or rather, the most valuable work, for though announced as one, it is in fact (as far as we can understand the prospectus and conditions) two distinct works which are here offered to the public: an upper gallery and an under one. Though really, this prospectus with its annexed conditions and their subdivisions, and its details of different sizes, prices, directions, &c. &c. and its pompous procession of atlas, columbia, and elephant papers, is almost as intricate and perplexing, and difficult of subscription, as that annual prospectus of the property-tax to which many a genuine son of John Bull will rather contribute his money, while he may do so in any moderate sum, than go through the fatigue of attention, and bestow the time, necessary to comprehend its various requisitions and provisions.

\* The unaffected simplicity of Plato's manners was so exemplary, that when certain strangers requested him to introduce them to his great namesake, his modest answer was, “I am the person for whom you enquire.”

Yet notwithstanding this intricacy and duplicity of plan, we think it may be termed in the aggregate, a plan for sacrificing the simplicity of greatness and the lofty purposes of superior art, to littleness and delusory refinement.

MR. CARDON'S print is engraved from an excellent copy by T. UWINS of the splendid RUBENS in the possession of HENRY HOPE, Esq.

By an inscription beneath, we are made acquainted that it is "engraved *with permission* by *A. Cardon*," which unusual words in such a place, we suppose must be intended to shew that it might have been engraven without permission; as it certainly might, after Mr. Uwins had once been permitted to make the copy. We beg leave to remind the conductors that by some unaccountable neglect, this latter permission has been forgotten to be mentioned. Of this they will doubtless be glad to be informed, as, though they would never lay themselves open to the suspicion of servility, they would not be backward to evince their gratitude or respect upon every *proper* occasion.

This engraving, though not large, is an excellent epitome of the various merits of its original. It is not a stippled plate, critically speaking, but the effect is produced by a mixture of stippling, (or what is commonly termed the chalk manner,) with lines, which elements the artist has occasionally mingled, and occasionally kept distinct, as his judgment directed, and his practical powers (which are known to be considerable) enabled him to accomplish, and so as to render the flesh, hair, back-ground edifice, and the various textures of the dresses, with much of the vigour and richness of the pencil of Rubens. The heads of the principal accuser and of that pharisee which is said to be the portrait of Luther, we esteem among the best parts of this engraving, and Mr. Cardon has here displayed great art in varying his means of representing the faces and beards of these remarkable personages, and in contrasting them with

the ermine, tissue, velvet, and other materials of their dresses; due subordination of parts is preserved, and the whole is performed with strict reference to the purposes of Rubens: the finishing touches with which he has heightened his lights, and made the whole performance sparkle, being preserved with quite the necessary degree of sharpness and decision.

It has been publicly remarked of this engraving, "that the lights in some parts are a little too much rounded and softened, producing rather a metallic effect." But this is manifestly untrue, because contradictory; for if a metallic effect be produced, it cannot be from the lights being rounded, the lights on metals being remarkable for their sharpness.

Mr. Tresham's account of this masterly work of Rubens is interesting, elegant, and penned with artist-like feeling. We subjoin the most material part of it, having no doubt that the critical and historical information which it conveys, will prove acceptable to our readers, especially to such of them as may have enjoyed the pleasure of visiting Mr. Henry Hope's collection.

"The scene is at the entrance of the temple, where Jesus was teaching the people, when the scribes and pharisees brought to him a woman taken in adultery. They arraign the woman not for the ends of justice, but for the purpose of tempting our Saviour: hence Rubens has introduced more of cunning than virtue in the face of the principal accuser, who, with a splenetic archness of expression, exhibits the charge; nor are his hands less eloquent than his features in denouncing the abashed culprit. The companion pharisee in crimson attire with a specious display of calmness watches the benevolent feelings operating on the mild countenance of the LORD. The accused female is placed in the centre of the group: her right hand raised, sustains a dark veil, casting a shadow over a lovely face, moistened by the tear of contrition: the clear-

complexioned old man whose hand presses on the arm of the accused, seems already to have lost some of his asperity; while in the figure of CHRIST we discover the gentle and divine spirit that commiserates the conduct of the misguided. The secondary agents in the composition are actuated merely by juvenile curiosity, yet are not without their use in advancing the general effect: a youth, and his companion, in an elevated situation, leaning on the plinth of a column, break the monotony produced by a continuity of heads on the same line; a circumstance scarcely to be avoided in the grouping of half-length figures.

“Rubens painted this picture for the family of Knuyf of Antwerp; it devolved by inheritance to that celebrated collector the Canon Knuyf, and at the sale of his effects was purchased by the present possessor. From tradition we learn that the three accusers are portraits: the most prominent, with a dark beard and yellow drapery, his forehead decorated with a phylactery, is CALVIN; the second, without a beard, his head covered with a crimson quoif, is LUTHER; and the third, with bright carnations and gray hair, represents VAN OORT, the early master of RUBENS: the young man bending over the woman’s shoulder was painted from VANDYKE; and in the delineation of CHRIST, the artist borrowed from his own profile.”

From this specimen of Mr. Tresham’s powers of descriptive elucidation, the reader will perceive with how much ability this department of the work is likely to be administered.

We return, without pleasure, from the charms of art and literature to the errors of vulgar taste, and to those specious sophisms to which even the best advocates must resort—when they undertake an unsound cause.

Messrs. Tresham and Ottley (for the proprietors) have thought proper to parade their forces and display their colours before they proceeded on their enterprise; and have



done this, in our opinion, with as much of an air of triumph as if they had returned from conquest.

After the paragraph which we have already cited, ending with the following evidence of the zeal, and assertion of the perspicacity, of the conductors, namely, “the various qualifications requisite in those who *are entrusted* with the execution (of this work) *have been* maturely considered and strictly regarded,” they proceed—

“In the engraver *will be* [*was*] required a full display of talent: to a knowledge of drawing united with a mechanical dexterity of his art, *must be* [*is*] superadded a feeling for colouring and the ability to conduct the entire process to the attainment of the desired object, which is, or ought to be, a *finished*, faithful *representation* of the picture, under all the combinations of style in drawing, composition, light and shadow, and colouring.”—

All this would be well, and extremely to the purpose, if by the word “finished” they really meant *finished*, and if by *representation*, the authors meant such a representation in imitative art, as in literature, a translation is, of a work written in another language: but from what follows, it is obvious that they do not.

“In Rome, that emporium of taste, and long the revered and acknowledged school of the fine arts, successful efforts have been made to give a more adequate idea than had hitherto been produced of the paintings in the Farnese Gallery, the Loggio of Raphael, the Stanzas by the same master, and of other celebrated works. The means resorted to, gave rise to a series of highly-finished coloured engravings, warmly approved of by the admirers of graphic excellence, and purchased at a considerable expense. By consulting the impressions to be found in England, the connoisseur will comprehend what may be achieved by well-directed exertions”—

To which we will venture to add that if the said con-

noisseur has eyes in his head, and has not an interest in believing otherwise, he will also *apprehend* what may *not* be achieved: for, gentle reader, be it known that these Roman, successful, essays, are no other than *line* engravings where the careful hatchings of Volpato and other Italian engravers are obscured with opaque pigments, and consequently where the skill and care of the engraver, are hidden from the eye of the observer, and rendered nearly useless to the colourist: a mode of mutual destruction\* in art, which has been justly exploded in England. To what purpose, we would ask, need the engraver possess, or why should he exhibit in his performance, “A FEELING FOR COLOURING,” and the ability to conduct the *entire* process to the attainment of the desired object, which is or ought to be a FINISHED, faithful representation of the picture,” if real colours are afterward to hide, or outrage, his feelings, and unfinish, or more than finish, his finishing?—To these alternatives the authors of the prospectus are welcome.

We have heard certain ignorant pretenders to taste—certain sensualists in art, declare with the assumed rapture of affected feeling, that Schiavonetti's Paris, which we had the pleasure of reviewing in our first Number, wanted nothing but colour to be a perfect *picture*! This was ridiculous. We have also heard from the same class of connoisseurs, that Mr. Flaxman's monumental statue of Lord Mansfield wanted nothing but red robes, glass eyes, and a powdered wig, to be perfectly *alive*! This excited but a smile. But to witness a learned professor and a distinguished amateur, joining their efforts with those of the mistaken sons of commerce, to break down the natural barriers between one art and another, and obliterate the delicate lines of demarcation which the finger of Science has traced upon the orb of the intellectual world, is a misfortune from which

\* The addition of colour destroys the beauty of the engraving—which in its turn mars that of the colours.

we were far from expecting to be called upon to shield the arts of our country. Nevertheless, if we must enter the field, we shall not fear for the final issue of the encounter; though we may regret to find that there are heroes in arts as well as arms, resolved on rendering impossibilities possible; determined on removing land-marks which have subsisted for ages; intent on disturbing the settled order of things, and whose courage rises with the difficulties which they undertake to surmount.

Though we could not agree with the reverend conductor of the British Gallery of Engravings, that "nothing can be so fallacious as the idea that a coloured print is capable of conveying even the slightest impression of the colouring of the original picture," we are equally at issue with the triumvirate of conductors of the British Gallery of Pictures. We put Mr. Forster aside, we will not affect to say in charity to him, but because we saw him essaying to wield arms that were not his own with an unskilful hand, and more likely to prejudice, than advance, the cause he had undertaken; we would not bear unnecessarily hard upon this gentleman, yet we cannot resist observing to our readers, that Messrs. Tresham, Ottley, and Tomkins have refuted this favourite assertion of his, in two ways. First, they have shewn that a coloured print is capable of conveying *the slightest impression* of the colouring of the original picture; and next, they have made it appear that *one* thing is at least *equally fallacious* with the fallacy which he assumes, and that is—the idea that engravings should be coloured.

According to an ancient fable which has an excellent moral, the blustering music of Pan did for a while seem successfully to silence the chaste harmony of Apollo; and as the senses of the vulgar, we know, are powerfully assailed by red, blue, and yellow, however "idly spread," it may yet be some time before the multitude are sufficiently informed, entirely to discard coloured engrav-

ings; but as even the tea-gardens have at length shut out coloured statues, we cannot despair. Though the coloured bubble may float awhile in the dense atmosphere which surrounds and chills the sphere of British engraving, it will sooner or later burst; and though some few—perhaps more than a few—shallow and inaccurate observers, may for a time be pleased to their cost, all mechanical modes of picture-making will finally sink into contempt, and art alone will triumph.

The reader will here pardon rather a long extract, which we esteem much to the present purpose, from a book which is not common, and which lays down with an authority to which we do not pretend, though not with more truth than we lay claim to, the general principles which govern the present occasion; after which we will return, from theoretical reasonings of what may or may not be done, to practical observation of what is presented to us in No. I. of the *British Gallery of Pictures*.

“As we frequently hear the uninformed talk as if they conceived the highest effort of painting was merely to *copy* nature as nature appears to them, so it is very common to hear unreflecting people speak of engraving, as if it were no other than an art of copying that of painting: which though a great mistake, is yet a very pardonable mistake on the part of those who have been led into it, when we consider the state in which the art of engraving has hitherto existed, and the difficulties and the degradation under which, in this country, it has hitherto laboured.

“Now, engraving is no more an art of *copying* painting, than the English language is *an art of copying* Greek or Latin. Engraving is a distinct language of art: and though it may bear such resemblance to painting in the construction of its grammar, as grammars of languages bear to each other, yet its alphabet and idiom, or mode of expression, are totally different. If English be made the vehicle of the



same thoughts which have previously been conveyed to us in Greek ; or if engraving be made the vehicle of the same thoughts which have previously been imparted to us by painting, it affords the means of affecting our minds in the same manner : this similar affection of the mind has led to the mistake, and I have little doubt but that English would have been inconsiderately called an art of copying Greek, if we had never read any other English than *translations from the Greek*.

“ The pretensions of engraving, as of all the arts denominated Fine, are simple, chaste, unsophisticated. Art ever disdains artifice, attempts no imposition, but honestly claims attention as being what it is. A statue is to be looked at as being a statue—not a real figure ; a picture, not as a portion of actual nature ; a print, *not as a copy of painting*.

“ An engraving therefore—that of the Death of General Wolfe, for example, is no more a copy of Mr. West’s picture, than the same composition, if sculptured or modelled in low relief, would be a copy. In both cases they would be, not copies, but *translations* from one language of Art, into another language of art. How far Woollett’s may be esteemed a correct translation, we shall enquire upon some future occasion—at present let those to whom the distinction is not rendered sufficiently obvious, recollect, that neither in the case of the basso-relievo nor the engraving, is local colour employed, which forms so indispensable a part of a picture, and is consequently so essential to the production of the resemblance of a picture, that it would have been among the first considerations that would have engaged the attention of him who should conceive he was exercising an art of copying that of painting.

“ But absurdity blossoms luxuriantly when engrafted on an original stock of error ; and this vulgar and erroneous notion, that an engraving is a copy of a painting, has been

assiduously cultivated by the avarice or ignorance of the dealers in prints, who always follow and pamper the taste of the mob, be it ever so depraved, provided it be profitable. That grass was green, and that soldiers' coats were red, was known to the most ignorant of the gaping multitude, and gave wings to credulity, and currency to empiricism. Whether ignorance, or the unprincipled love of gain, were the predominating cause, I do not presume to determine—neither is it of the smallest importance, since the effect has been equally fatal to the improvement of the public taste: it is error sufficient to call for animadversion here, if the printsellers, possessing, or possessed by, this mistaken notion, and with the view of making the copy, in their own vulgar estimation, approach nearer to its original, have caused colours to be literally and barbarously added to engraving: now, to colour a legitimate engraving, (one of Sir Robert Strange's or Woollett's for instance,) is not less palpably absurd to an eye of tasteful discernment, than it would be to colour a diamond, which, as is well known, would but obscure the native brilliancy and beauty of the stone.

“ Had the statuary's art been unfortunately placed under the same auspices with that of the engraver, who can doubt that the monuments lately erected to the memory of our brave defenders, would have been mere gew-gaws for children—would have been ordered to stop in Fleet-Street, on their way to St. Paul's, for the additions of colour and glass eyes—in short, for the fair author of royal wax-work—to finish?

“ If a good engraving must thus suffer by being coloured, so neither can bad ones be thus converted to good pictures: at the utmost, nothing better than a sort of mule production can thus be generated—though with much more of the ass than the horse in its constitution.

“ I may possibly be told here, that the mode of engrav-

ing, or endotting, which I have already described, held forth the means of obviating these objections, by its susceptibility of being *printed* in colours; and hence one cause of the avidity with which the majority of print-dealers pursued it. But even were the printer an artist, and even were the colours employed true to nature or the original picture from which any coloured plate has been engraven, the very nature of the process of printing in colours; would throw back these elements into chaotic confusion: the colours are unavoidably so blurred and confounded, in what, in the language of printing, is called filling in the plate, and afterward wiping and clearing off the superfluous colour or ink, that such prints, as they come from the press, have a very crude, confused, and discordant appearance.

“To substitute order and harmony, to discord and confusion, seems to call for no common powers: yet, who are the persons employed to execute this delicate and difficult task? They are in general the most ignorant of all the ignorant pretenders to art: those who can scarcely hold a pencil, are the cheap drudges appointed by the dealers, to perform *a task which requires the practised hand, the cultivated eye, and the consummate judgment of a master.* The eye, the hand, and the judgment of a painter, can alone confer value on a coloured work of art—call it picture, print, or whatever you please: nothing else can entitle it to the denomination of a *work of art.* Unless, therefore, the incidental smearings and errors of the printer in colours, be rectified by the author of the original picture from which any stippled plate has been engraven, or *some person of equal and similar powers, and capable of entering into his views; such performances must ever remain unworthy the attention of those who possess the smallest pretensions to taste.*

From what has been said, I believe it will have appeared that the production of good coloured prints, would be incompatible with the views, or at least with the practical ex-

ertion of the talents, of a genuine painter, who (even were he to be well paid for it) could never submit to stifle his inventive powers in the drudgery of copying his own works, while by multiplying them, he lessened the nominal value of each ; and would also be incompatible with the views of those who deal in these coloured commodities from motives of mere pecuniary profit,—disregarding the profit of the mind.”

Thus far Mr. Landseer\*, with whose general principles on this head we perfectly coincide. We shall next proceed to shew how far the utmost efforts which have yet been made to subvert them, serve to confirm their truth, for which purpose we return to the British Gallery of Pictures, and the prospectus of Messrs. Tresham, Ottley, and Tomkins.

[*To be continued.*]

PORTRAIT OF DR. JOHNSON, engraved (on a Folio Plate)  
by ANKER SMITH, A. R. A. from a Picture by the late  
JAMES BARRY, R. A. and published by J. Manson, No.  
10, Gerrard-Street, Soho. March 1808. Price 10s. 6d.

This is a very interesting portrait, being an excellent likeness of one of the most distinguished characters of his age, painted and engraved in a very masterly manner. We lament that Barry did not finish the picture, or at least complete the bust ; but there is so much merit in what is done, that we are glad to receive it even as it is. Those who knew Dr. Johnson, or are judges of engraving, will probably be grateful for so much : for though it is without any back-ground, though the unfinished shoulder appears at a

\* See pp. 17, &c. of Lectures on the Art of Engraving delivered at the Royal Institution by John Landseer, Engraver to the King, and published by Longman and Co. 1807.



little distance, a sort of awkward flap, and though the extremities of the wig want softening off, the face is *finished*, and finished with so much ability that it is not only one of Mr. Smith's best performances, but may be ranked among the best faces that ever were engraved,—which those connoisseurs in engraving who can call to mind the best portraits by Sharp and Drevet and others of the English and French schools, of high celebrity, will not fail to observe, is saying a great deal.

We deem the following circumstance highly creditable to the good sense of Mr. Manson, (the publisher,) and not less so to the liberality of Mr. Sharp, and have therefore some pleasure in reporting it.

Mr. Manson, in his proposal for publishing this portrait, says that having purchased it at the sale of the late Mr. Barry's pictures, he "was solicitous that an engraving equally worthy of the original and of the painter, should be taken from it. With this view he applied to Mr. Sharp. That gentleman however declaring himself to be then entirely [pre]-occupied by his [other] professional engagements, declined the undertaking; but at the same time voluntarily and strenuously recommended for the task Mr. Anker Smith, an artist whom he was induced, not by the partiality of private friendship, for he was scarcely known to him, but singly by the judgment he had formed of Mr. Smith's performances, to name as an engraver of the highest rank."

The result has been fully answerable to the expectations which might naturally be formed when advice thus ingenuously given by one who was best able to judge on the subject, is thus implicitly followed. The present will be acknowledged by those who knew the original, to be a *speaking* likeness, and by much the best portrait of Dr. Johnson which has yet been set before the public: it makes all others, notwithstanding that those after Reynolds and Opie

are among the number, look sottish, blinking, or imbecile\*. This presents Johnson as he really was, and as we well remember to have seen him, (at a somewhat earlier period of life than he was painted by Sir Joshua,) when age had only begun to dim the lustre of his eye, through which still peered an intellect of so vigorous a character as almost forbade his companions to think that time and tea-drinking had at all relaxed the firmness of his muscles.

The Doctor's physiognomy is here somewhat forbidding, but yet more powerful than repulsive: it brings to our recollection what Johnson himself has been more than once heard to say of Lord Thurlow—"Thurlow (said he) is a man of such vigour of mind that I never knew I was to meet him but—I was going to say, I was afraid, but that would not be true, for I never was afraid of any man; but I never knew that I was to meet Thurlow, but I knew I had something to encounter." Every one who contemplates this head of Johnson must be sensible that here is something to encounter, and which will not easily be compelled to recede.

The style of engraving which Mr. Smith has here adopted, is something between those of Sharp and Sir Robert Strange. Without implicitly following either, he has looked at both, and with much of eclectic refinement (if philosophers and scholars will allow to the art of the portrait engraver so much dignity as this expression may be supposed to confer) has mingled their merits. His combination of lines and long dots (as they are termed by engravers) is perfectly fleshy, and they are beautifully turned and varied, as they pass over the broader or narrower parts of the face, and as it is more or less in light or in shade. The principal line is

\* To one of Sir Joshua's heads of Johnson, if it be not misrepresented by the engravers, we may almost apply the following line of Shakespeare—

"What's here?—the portrait of a blinking ideot."

so judiciously and tastefully tempered with interwork, that it is neither more nor less prevalent than it ought to be. Where it is necessarily delicate, it is so without rottenness; where it was required to be forcible, it is so without the least harshness or obtrusion: it is everywhere sufficiently firm, and is conducted over the muscles severally and collectively with artist-like feeling and skill.

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*An Historical Account of CORSHAM HOUSE in Wiltshire, the Seat of PAUL COBB METHUEN, Esq. with a Catalogue of his celebrated Collection of Pictures, dedicated to the Patrons [the Author seems to mean the Proprietors] of the British Institution, and embracing a concise Historical Essay on the Fine Arts, with a brief Account of the different Schools, and a View of the progressive State of the Arts in England; also Biographical Sketches of the Artists whose Works constitute this Collection. By JOHN BRITTON. 8vo. Printed for the Author, and Joseph Barrett, Bath; and sold by Longman, Miller, and Taylor, London.*

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For a small volume of one hundred and eight pages this title is somewhat diffuse. The author's account of Corsham House fills only seven of these pages: seven more are filled with a dedication, and nineteen with an introduction, both of which are too adulatory for our taste, and we should suspect, too adulatory also for the taste of those to whom it is addressed: thirty-one consist of catalogue, and the rest of the volume, of biographical sketches. The frontispiece is a neatly-executed view of the north front of Corsham House, engraved by J. C. Smith, and a ground plan of the whole by J. Roffe.

The catalogue and the engraving, we esteem the most

useful and best executed parts of the book. We think that a simple catalogue, accompanied by such a plate as Mr. Britton has given, with explanatory notes, a better thing for the public and for the deserved reputation of the great masters in painting, than the catalogues attended by little coloured prints, such as are now publishing by Messrs. Longman and Co.

The ambition, which we fear is increasing, of having whole collections engraved in little, is to our apprehension an illegitimate ambition, and a growing evil; it is much more honourable to the taste and discernment of the possessors of galleries of valuable pictures to have even but a few, selected and engraved on an adequate scale, and by such artists as Sir Robert Strange, or Sharpe, or Woollett, or Bartolozzi, or Schiavonetti, or Heath, than to have a whole collection, the worst along with the best, engraved and coloured on the diminutive scale of those which have just passed in review from the collection of the Marquis of Stafford.

Many of the explanatory notes to Mr. Britton's catalogue are also to the purpose, [informing the visitor of Corsham House of facts which he will be glad to know,] and on the whole, this part of his work is calculated to answer the purposes for which a catalogue is intended: *i. e.* it may form a very useful companion to those who may visit Mr. Methuen's noble collection of pictures, without making a miniature raree-show of it afterward.

But while Mr. Britton flatters the powerful and the wealthy, and those whose seeming "zeal" for art, is but the thin veil of real vanity, he should beware that he does not in such essays as his history of Corsham House and his biographical sketches of the old masters, incur the censure of adding *arrogance* to *ingratitude* toward the learned. To Dugdale, to Leland, and to Camden, he is probably chiefly indebted for what he knows, be it little or much, of English



antiquities: for the writings of such men he might find some better and more appropriate epithets than "loose and vague phraseology of our ancient historians and topographers" (see p. 101) or "indefinite, meagre, and unconnected notices" (p. 102). Such men as these, have an undoubted right to more respect than is here shewn, from such men as Mr. Britton; and the respect which Blackstone, and Gough, and Lysons, and all our best antiquaries and lawyers have shewn for these authorities, must be maintained. Neither, in our estimation is the phraseology of these learned antiquaries, even in the passages which he has cited, more loose or vague than his own, *though* he has the honour and advantage of living at a period of so much refinement as he proclaims the present to be.

The passages which Mr. Britton has cited in support of his assertions that our ancient historians are loose and vague in their phraseology, are these. "Leland speaking of Corsham, says that there are ruins of an old manor place, and thereby a park, wont to be dower to the queens of England. Mr. Baynton, in queen Anne's days, pulled down, by licence, a pece of this house somewhat to help his buildings at Bromham. Camden describes Corsham as a small village, anciently a royall vill of king Ethelred, and famous for the retirement of the earls of Cornwall, and whence is seen the ancient castle of Castlecombe."

Now really, and in common candour, we cannot perceive that this phraseology is more *loose*, or *vague*, or *indefinite* (we leave Mr. Britton to distinguish between the respective meanings of these terms, so as not to be thought tautological) than his own. The idiom of our language is somewhat changed since the times when these authors wrote, it is true, and every one knows that Camden *could not* write like Mr. Britton: but let the reader compare these which Mr. Britton terms "unprecise notices which tend rather to perplex than gratify our curiosity," with the precise, perspi-

cuous, luminous history of Corsham House—of which we will *favour* him with the first few lines from the pen of Mr. Britton himself.

“Corsham House and its connecting domain”—how—what!—“*its connecting domain*—have passed through *different* possessors”—Aye! have the house and domain *passed through* the possessors? This is pretty well for one who complains of *looseness*. But enough of this—we will let the reader see how Mr. Britton has treated Camden, in one other instance, after which we will leave him to pursue \*, if he pleases, the comparison which this author has provoked between his own style and those of Dugdale, Leland, and Camden.

The passage in Camden on which Mr. Britton appears to have relied most to bear him out in the assertions which we have thought savoured too much of presumption, is as follows. In the *Magna Britannia* we are informed that “Corsham is a little village over against Chipnam, at a little distance from the river now but anciently a place of note, being

\* The reader who shall choose to follow Mr. Britton will soon arrive at a silly architectural note, wherein the author sets forth his pretensions to taste in that art, and informs his readers that “the temperate” (qu. *temporising*) LOGICIAN—as if the appeals of architectural taste were appeals to the tribunal of logic—*always* recommends the *happy medium*, and this Mr. Britton is persuaded, will be found the grand desideratum after all the warm and ironical disputations of writers who have descanted on the picturesque, the beautiful, and the sublime; or on the combination of all under the term *taste*. This intellectual embellishment and blessing is universally coveted, but few *persons* have either patience or a mind adapted to acquire it. Many egregiously deceive themselves by fancying it an innate principle, and *impose on their own understanding, and the credit* [*credulity*, we suppose] *of the world by arrogating the possession of it. Thus prepossessed, they boldly arraign*” &c. &c.—Oh, Mr. Britton! well might Shakespear say “the eye sees not itself, but by reflection,” and well might we claim your *unfeigned* thanks for the glass which we here set before yours.

the lordship of Tosti, earl of Northumberland, in Edward the Confessor's days and before having in it the country palace of king Ethelred."—By omitting a parenthesis which we shall take upon ourselves to supply, and distinguishing certain words by italics, which Camden never intended should be so distinguished, Mr. Britton has made this passage appear more loose than it really is. It should be read simply thus, "Corsham is a little village (over against Chippenham, at a little distance from the river) *now*, but *anciently*, a place of note," &c. &c.

We are fully sensible that in warning Mr. Britton to beware in his compilations, of the censure of adding arrogance to ingratitude, he will not accuse *us* of "loose and vague phraseology." If he thought it proper to accuse the editor of the latest edition of Pilkington's Dictionary of perplexing his readers, and of being surprisingly defective with regard to names, dates, &c. he should at least have had the candour to have acknowledged whence he borrowed some of his best "biographical sketches:" but from what we have heard, we are afraid that this is not the first nor only time that Mr. Britton has borrowed the drawings of others, and exhibited them as sketches of his own. We hope however that it is not his customary practice to censure those from whom he thus borrows.—But it is time to proceed to proofs. His account, or sketch, of Michael Angelo, is as follows.

"In painting, in sculpture, and in architecture, this great artist rose above all competition, and has remained unrivalled. In painting, (for which he was most valued,) *sublimity of conception and grandeur of form are the elements of his style. As a painter, as a sculptor, and as an architect, he attempted, and above all other men succeeded in uniting magnificence of plan and endless variety of subordinate parts, with the utmost simplicity and dignity. To give the most perfect ease to the most perplexing difficulty was*

*the exclusive* province of this artist.—See the Life of M. Angelo Buonarotti, by Mr. Duppa.”

Though Mr. Britton has thus referred his readers to the work of Mr. Duppa \*, the learned and critical reader will easily trace here the powerful hand of the last editor of Pilkington—and will observe in some passages, how near in words, yet how distant in energy and that vividness of touch which is the best evidence of feeling in the artist, the sketch is to the original drawing by Fuseli. For the benefit of the unlearned, among whom we are compelled, as far as respects this article, to reckon the author of the catalogue before us, it may be necessary to cite the words of the professor—a fair comparison, and just estimate of our opinion may thus be formed.

“ Sublimity of conception, grandeur of form, and breadth of manner, are the elements of Michael Angelo’s style. *By these principles he selected or rejected the objects of imitation.* As painter, as sculptor, as architect, he attempted, and above any other man succeeded to unite magnificence of plan and endless variety of subordinate parts with the utmost simplicity, and *breadth.* *His line is uniformly grand: character and beauty were admitted only so far as they could be made subservient to grandeur.*—To give the appearance of perfect ease to the most perplexing difficulty was the exclusive power of Michael Angelo.” See Fuseli’s, 2d Lect. p. 61.

In censuring others for their “*affectation, inattention, or idleness,*” (see p. 61,) Mr. Britton should at least have been careful not to expose himself: yet in the same page we find the following sentence.—“ I have carefully endeavoured to obtain a decisive accuracy in the names of artists, and to *identify the place and time of their births and deaths.*”—And in finding fault with the editor of Pilkington on the score of

\* We have not Mr. Duppa’s book at hand: but we dare believe he has not quoted so much from Fuseli without some acknowledgment.



deficiency "in names," and whilst writing the following sentence, in the justness of the principle of which we perfectly agree with him, we are surprised that the propriety of mentioning the name of the "eminent artist" by whom he had been assisted, did not occur to himself.

"A few lines from an impartially intelligent professional man, are of more real importance, than a volume by an unpractised connoisseur. Sensible of this, I have obtained the assistance of an eminent artist to look over the following memorandums, and he kindly furnished me with—some discriminating remarks."

The reader's patience shall not be much longer detained from better things, but we must further quarrel with the historian of Corsham House, for his uncandid behaviour towards Mr. Fuseli, in order to shew yet more clearly, with how little respect he sometimes treats those learned men *from whom he has nothing to hope*, while he seems to think that mere zeal, "active and laudable zeal"—and *laudable*, we must suppose, *because active*—is sufficient ground for praising Mr. Thomas Bernard, whom he denominates "of the Foundling Hospital." He does not *here* flatter this gentleman, who is also of the British Institution, with the possession of discernment or judgment in art, lest those noblemen and gentlemen of taste who are yoked with him in the management of this institution, and who are destined to *drag*, whilst he is *plunging* or *rearing*,—should laugh as they recollect that vexatious verse, that "Praise undeserv'd is satire in disguise;" he forgets that if zeal in behalf of art were of *itself* genuine ground of commendation, (or even a sufficient apology for ignorance or indiscretion,) Mr. Fuseli has shewn at least *as much*—we will not compare more than the respective quantities of their *zeal*—as Mr. Thomas Bernard.

In his biographical sketch of Claude of Lorraine, Mr. Britton says of Mr. Fuseli, "This gentleman, in his lectures

at the Royal Academy, has represented Claude as the mere topographer of landscape, and therefore according to the intended inference, of the *very lowest* \* order of artists.—But *I* cannot help referring Mr. Fuseli † to his own pictures, and reminding him that whilst the former are *justly* [has Mr. Britton never heard of begging the question?] classed among the most fascinating productions of the pencil, and bought at immense prices, the latter are often pronounced to be caricatures of history, and when brought to the hammer, knocked down at very low prices. Witness those sold at the Shakespear Gallery. When professors inculcate such sentiments and exhibit such works, they provoke animadversion.”

Without stopping to imagine or discuss what those gentlemen to whom in his last page Mr. Britton professes obligations—namely Messrs. West and Northcote, whose pictures at the Shakespear Gallery were knocked down at still less than Mr. Fuseli's—must think of this *reasoning* ‡, we have to say to this extraordinary passage from the pen of Mr. Britton, that if he thought it a reproach on Claude to be esteemed the topographer of landscape—if he thought it fair and proper to attack a public professor for an unprinted lecture—for words which are said to have been delivered to stu-

\* Why has Mr. Britton drawn this inference? and from whence does he infer that it is intended?

† Is this reference of *Mr. Fuseli* to his own pictures, meant to shew that the author was so confident of the invincibility of his powers, that he hoped to include Mr. Fuseli himself among his converts?

‡ The “temperate logician who always recommends the happy medium,” has surely himself adopted a most unhappy medium of convincing others. As nearly as we can trace the course of his argument it runs thus: Mr. Fuseli's pictures are bad *because* they have been knocked down at low prices; and *because* they are bad—Claude is not the topographer of landscape. We have talked of arrogance and ingratitude: we request the reader to erase these words, and insert in their place—impotence.

dents in a school of arts—and if he thought that such animadversions as he has set before us, had aught to do with the compilation of a catalogue of the Corsham House collection, he should have defended Claude, as surely he might, without attacking Mr. Fuseli. If however he did feel it necessary or think it indispensable to attack Mr. Fuseli as an artist, for what he may have said as an instructor and a critic, Mr. Britton should at least have been more critical himself, than to refer his readers to the hammer of the auctioneer as a test of the real value of pictures. Such a reference would hardly be thought sufferable even in a *cyder-cellar*. We are not fastidious: but as Mr. Britton has observed, “*when PROFESSORS inculcate such sentiments, and exhibit such works, they PROVOKE animadversion.*”

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Part I. of the second Volume of MAGNA BRITANNIA, being a concise topographical Account of the several Counties of Great Britain, by the Reverend DANIEL LYSONS, A. M. F. R. S. F. A. and L. S. Rector of Rodmaston in Gloucestershire; and SAMUEL LYSONS, Esq. F. R. S. and F. A. S. Keeper of his Majesty's Records in the Tower of London; containing CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

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The work is accompanied by a map, which, if it be, as it is purported to be, the only map of Cambridgeshire that has yet been executed from a trigonometrical survey, must be considered as a present of some value to the public.

The intrinsic value of a map can only be measured by its accuracy. As the opinion which may be entertained of the accuracy of that which is before us, must rest on what is known of the science, and the credit which may be attached to the veracity, of those who have been concerned in its production, we give the Messrs. Lysons' account of the

map which accompanies their present volume, in their own words.

“ No map of Cambridgeshire having been hitherto published which is by any means accurate, either in the general outline, or the positions of the several places, we are peculiarly fortunate in being able to give a more correct one, having been obligingly furnished by Mr. Thomas Fisher, banker, of Cambridge, with the use of a trigonometrical survey of that county made by the late Charles Mason, D. D. Fellow of Trinity College; we are also indebted to Mr. Arrowsmith for a corrected outline, and to Mr. William Custance, of Cambridge, for corrections in the courses of rivers and roads in the southern part of the county.”

Besides the map, here is a plan of the town and university of Cambridge, and thirty-one other plates, slightly shadowed, consisting of specimens of Saxon and Gothic architecture, ancient fonts, painted glass, and old sepulchral monuments, of which some few are etched by Mr. S. Lysons, others by J. Lee, others by J. Warner, and others by F. Nash. Of these plates the authors say, “ We think it necessary here to observe that our plates are intended to convey correct ideas of the forms of curious objects, for the purpose of information, and not to produce a picturesque effect; many of the subjects are therefore expressed by little more than an outline.”—

As this county afforded, in the conventual and cathedral churches at Ely, in King's College chapel at Cambridge, and in various other religious edifices, some of the most ancient and also some of the most beautiful and perfect specimens of our national architecture, Messrs. Lysons have availed themselves of the occasion to exhibit examples of the changes it underwent in its progress from the tenth century to the fifteenth: these they have arranged in centuries, which, as the kings, have not been the architects, of England, and as the commencement of a century, is more easily re-



membered than the date of the accession of a monarch, we deem a more eligible mode of classing them, than has hitherto been generally resorted to.

The history of ancient church architecture, with the plates by which it is illustrated, (though it does not embrace all that is to be wished for on the subject,) will be found a valuable portion of Messrs. Lysons' work, particularly to antiquaries and architects. It is partly supplied by the authors, in easy and unaffected language, and partly extracted from Bentham's Ely and other respectable authorities. It begins with the following paragraph.

“ No country in England produces a richer display of ancient church architecture than Cambridgeshire ; since Ely cathedral alone furnishes a pretty complete series of the styles which prevailed from the eleventh century to the sixteenth. The first examples we shall produce are of that species of architecture, generally known in this country by the name of *Saxon*, which is the same that prevailed throughout Europe after the decline of the Roman empire ; and which is in fact nothing more than *Roman* in a degenerated state, and enriched with a great variety of grotesque and irregular ornaments. Of this mode of building, which with some variations in the magnitudes of the edifices, and and in their decorations, prevailed in England from the seventh century to the twelfth, a very curious example, and unquestionably one of the oldest in the kingdom, occurs in the remains of the conventual church at Ely ; the greatest part of which still exists, though filled up with the prebendal houses. This building is undoubtedly of as early a date as the reign of king Edgar, in the tenth century ; and indeed there is reason to suppose, that at least some parts of it are remains of the original edifice erected by St. Ethelreda, the foundress of the monastery, in the latter part of the seventh century. This church was an oblong building consisting of a nave and choir, both of them with

side aisles, from which they were separated by round and octagonal pillars alternately placed, and circular arches. The east end of the building is supposed to have been originally semicircular; but a chapel appears to have been afterwards added there, which is now converted into a house for one of the prebendaries."

A ground plan, with specimens of the ancient capitals and arches, accompanies this account, but the Messrs. Lysons have omitted to delineate or to notice one arch, with a very singular billeted ornament, where the billet is alternated with circular plates of larger diameter, and which now opens into the Rev. Archdeacon Cambridge's kitchen.

In delineating the architecture of Ely, the authors have very judiciously availed themselves of the professional assistance of Mr. Robert Smirke jun. These delineations, as far as they go, appear to be made with sufficient exactness, and the specimens to be selected with scientific reference to the progressive advancement of architecture; but, since the authors have thought it "necessary to observe that their plates are intended to convey correct ideas of the forms of curious objects for the purpose of information," we are at some loss to know, why, to the plans and elevations, *sections* have not been added, this being the kind of information that is most wanted by those persons for whose use such plates as the present are intended.

The door-way of the twelfth century on the south side of the nave of Ely cathedral, which is drawn by Mr. S. Lysons, is very curiously ornamented, and beautiful in its general forms and proportions. Its ornaments, which consist of human figures, foliage, animals, and scroll-work, strangely intermixed, shew that to mistake whim for genius is not confined to modern times; and some of these are so highly relieved, as to produce a very rich effect. Within the arch (which is semicircular) and immediately over the door (which is a parallelogram) is a rude representation of our Saviour supported by angels. Another of these ancient and

curious door-ways, may be seen on the same south side of Ely minster.

The engraved monumental brasses which are introduced, must also be considered as of some value to the public, not only as commemorating the names and the virtues of departed greatness and goodness, but as presenting us with the best representations which can now be met with, of the dresses of former ages, as well as curious examples of the early state of British engraving. Some of these, contained in the present volume, have been copied from impressions printed off from the originals, and therefore cannot fail to be faithful.

Ancient stained glass is equally to be prized for the light which the history of the sister art of Painting may derive from it, but of this very little (only a single window from the chancel of Trumpington church) appears in the present half volume.

Of ancient fonts the authors say that Cambridgeshire contains but few that are entitled to particular notice. These are enumerated, and a slight etching of two \* on a single plate, by Mr. S. Lysons, is introduced in the work.

Five very interesting pages on the ancient British and Roman roads and stations, have been communicated by the bishop of Cloyne, in which much information is conveyed in very appropriate language, and more than fifty are occupied by an excellent history of the town of Cambridge: yet of Lysons's Cambridgeshire on the whole, we are obliged to say, that though free from the romantic nonsense, fulsome flattery, and affected research which has been seen with regret in other works of this kind, its authors have been too slight and superficial both in their literary notices and engravings, to gratify either our thirst of knowledge or our taste for art. Though brevity be, as Hamlet says, " the

\* Those of Leverington church and St. Peter's, Cambridge.

very soul of wit," it is not so of British antiquity: and though facts are here given, and though it be facts that in such books are wanted, they are wanted more in detail, and with more of local particularity than we are here presented with. The full banquet of British topography, as it might be displayed in a county history, is not here—nor indeed has it been elsewhere—set before us: but room is left for other antiquaries and other artists to follow the Messrs. Lysons through the county of Cambridge, and form a more detailed, ample, and interesting volume of topography; and this the talents and opportunities of these gentlemen, we conceive, should have precluded. A noble example of county history is wanted; and we profess that we had rather have seen all the interesting information, both historical and descriptive, that the Messrs. Lysons might collect and display, (even though it did not extend beyond a single county,) accompanied by all the embellishments that the present state of English art could supply, and on the more adequate scale of Piranesi's Roman Antiquities—than an abbreviation of the whole Britannia.

No complaint, however, of non-performance, will lie in the present case. The authors have faithfully kept their terms with the public: they promised to be concise, and concise they have been.

**BRITANNIA DEPICTA**; a *Series of Views* (with brief descriptions) of the most interesting and picturesque Objects in Great Britain, engraved from Drawings by Messrs. FARINGTON, TURNER, HEARNE, SMITH, ALEXANDER, &c. *Part II. containing Nine Views in CAMBRIDGESHIRE.* London, printed for T. Cadell and W. Davies. 1808.

These nine views in Cambridgeshire are intended to illustrate Part I. of the second volume of **MAGNA BRITAN-**



**RIA**, to which they must be allowed to be an accompaniment of a very proper kind: yet no man need be told that nine views can afford but an inadequate picture of a whole county, more especially of a county abounding in the varieties of church architecture. Though this work be called **BRITANNIA DEPICTA**, it in fact depicts but very few of the multifarious features of Britannia.

The first is a north-east view of the town of **CAMBRIDGE**, engraved by **S. MIDDIMAN** from a drawing by **T. HEARNE**, **F. S. A.**

It is taken from a well-chosen station on the western bank of the river Cam, and comprehends a distant view of King's College chapel, St. Mary's church, the round church of St. Sepulchre, and some other of the principal buildings of Cambridge. The sky is serene, and the general effect of the whole tranquil, and such as is well suited to a seat of learning.

The willow trees which are seen across the river are somewhat harsh, as well as the extremities of that on the fore-ground, which is etched with considerable spirit; and Mr. Middiman, though with less taste both in the character and arrangement of his lines, than we have seen in some of his former works, has caught and reproduced the aerial brightness and broad daylight of Hearne's drawing, with considerable success. The plate is altogether not the *work* of a mechanical engraver, but the performance of an artist.

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*The Inside View of KING'S COLLEGE CHAPEL* is taken from the west end by **F. NASH**, and engraved by **JOHN BYRNE**.

The chapel of King's College is deservedly esteemed the chief ornament of the university of Cambridge, and the most finished example extant, of the church architecture of the fifteenth century. As, to engrave this interior view must have been a work of considerable difficulty, on account of

the multiplicity of its parts, the intricacy of its perspective, and the small scale to which it is reduced, and as it is the performance of a young artist, it should be looked at with some indulgence. It may even, abstractedly from this circumstance, be regarded with some approbation. With the perspective, and delineation of the minute members of its architecture, we have no fault to find—it is neat, and the line employed is perhaps as characteristic as could well be adapted to so small a scale.

But the chiaroscuro is deficient in force, and no such broad unbroken mass of light as is here represented could possibly appear in King's College chapel, unless the mullions and tracery of at least one window, were broken away: and though the engraving be sufficiently neat, it in many parts wants finishing.

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The next plate is a north-west view of the very curious *CHURCH of the HOLY SEPULCHRE*, commonly called the Round Church, in Cambridge; and supposed to be the oldest of those which were executed in England, in imitation of the church of St. Sepulchre at Jerusalem.

It is from the pencil of HEARNE, and engraved by the late Mr. W. BYRNE, F. S. A. It takes in the door, which is richly ornamented with chevron mouldings, one of the lower, and six of the upper, windows, (which are of a date subsequent to the rest of the building,) and forms a noble and picturesque object. Its chiaroscuro is rich, clear, and sufficiently forcible; a grave-stone which is placed against the church, and is of a lighter colour than the edifice itself, comes in happily for the general effect, and Mr. Byrne has very successfully conveyed the idea that it is engraved after a drawing by Hearne.

A tree which stands in the right hand corner might (we think) have been omitted without disadvantage to the whole. To us it appears to subtract much from a certain air of lonely

loftiness in the tower, with which we had been better pleased to have been affected; and a chimney which appears beyond the roof, has either an erroneous light and shade, or is out of perspective.

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The inside view of the same church of ST. SEPULCHRE, is from a drawing by W. ALEXANDER, F. S. A. and engraved by the junior BYRNE.

The laws which regulate the perspective of cylinders and arches are here somewhat violated. The columns do not accord with each other, and some of the arches are represented as if they did not bear upon the centers of the pillars. If the nearest column be correct, (as it is very nearly,) that which stands in the next remove is wrong, and those which are farther removed, are proportionably so, as may be seen by comparing their capitals. A cylindrical object, when seen in perspective, takes a semi-elliptical form, its transverse diameter sloping toward the point of sight. If therefore the diameters of the capital of the nearest column, and those other circles which mark the courses of the stones in the column itself, converge toward this point, those of the second column should converge also, and so of the rest.

The contrivance of the light and shadow is also faulty: the shadows want harmonizing, and the light is garish, and not at all in unison with the sentiment of sacred solemnity which such a subject should inspire, and which Mr. Alexander, by removing the modern pews, (as he has very judiciously done,) in some sort prepares us to expect.

Whether the defective toning of the shadows be the fault of the engraver, we cannot say, but the want of firmness in the lights is evidently so, while the figures—but we will say nothing of the figures——

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ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, engraved by the same artist after

HEARNE, is better: and we are happy in this instance to notice and record Mr. J. BYRNE's improvement. The relative tone of the brick building, as compared with the stone bridge, is much what it ought to be, and the line which Mr. Byrne has employed on this building, is characteristic and free. The water too is clear, and much in the style of Hearne.

Of its faults we have little to say. The trees are somewhat harsh and spotty, and underneath the nearest arch of the bridge, the direction of the line does not agree with that of the perspective.

The view is taken from a well-chosen station on the western bank of the river Granta, (or Cam,) and shews two of the three arches of the bridge which connects the spacious gardens of St. John's with the college itself. Beyond the bridge, is seen the back part of the inner court.

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Of the south-west view of the city of ELY, which is drawn by T. HEARNE, and engraved by J. BYRNE, we cannot say that it is executed with either firmness or feeling. The trees and ground are *muzzy*: the cathedral is rotten: the water is leaden: the sky is not gradated: the figures, not forgetting the *water-woman*, are odd fish; and the fine aerial tones which Mr. Hearne generally spreads over scenes of this kind, will here be sought for in vain. The outlines are everywhere cutting, and the *tout ensemble* affects us with the strange notion of buildings in battle.

The description which accompanies this view, brings us acquainted with a scrap of legendary lore, and with the curious etymology of a word which is now common. A fair which is held at Ely on the festival of St. Ethelreda, "was in ancient times noted for the sale of ribbands of various colours, which were held in veneration as having touched the shrine of St. Ethelreda, and were called *St. Audrey's* ribbands; hence the origin of the word *tawdry*."



The remains of the very ancient and curious CONVENTUAL CHURCH AT ELY, now transformed into prebendal houses, is engraven by the late W. BYRNE, F. S. A. with much of his accustomed clearness in the shadows, and a tolerably characteristic crispness of line in the old stone and stucco walls; but the ground is deficient in the markings necessary to denote that it is either bare earth, or grassy, or paved, or gravelled: it wants freedom, and is treated in a style which bears too near a resemblance to that of the conventual church itself; and a square modern sash window in the middle ground appears too much of a dark spot.

This print is an exceedingly proper accompaniment to the *Magna Britannia* of Messrs. Lysons, being beyond all controversy, one of the oldest specimens remaining of the Saxon style of architecture; and here the pencil of HEARNE, which is so excellent in subjects of this kind, has been very properly employed. The form of the cloud, contrasts those of the pointed gables, the chimneys, and the predominating lines of the composition, with good effect; and the general arrangement of the light and shadow, delicately discovers art, while it nearly resembles nature.

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The next plate presents us with a view of the remains of the two parish churches of ST. MARY and ST. CYRIC, at SWAFFHAM PRIOR, as they appeared in the year 1806, engraved by ELIZ. BYRNE, from a drawing by W. ALEXANDER, F. S. A.

Too many cutting lines prevail in this composition, and the chiaroscuro is somewhat spotty: yet the sky is not ill adapted to the subject, and, apart from these defects, and notwithstanding that finishing is much wanting, Miss Byrne has shewn a moderately good general eye towards that hazy grey, and that mild tone of colour, which Mr. Alexander is sometimes so successful in producing.

But we would recommend to this lady to reflect whether

she has not adopted a false notion, in etching her lights so singularly close in comparison with her shadows, as they appear in the building and certain parts of the ground in this plate. Her style of treating old buildings, but for this (defect, as it appears to us) would be deserving of some commendation; and if she should discover this to be a fault, it is one that in her future engravings it will be easy to remedy.

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A view of THORNEY ABBEY CHURCH, engraved by G. COOKE, from a drawing by W. ALEXANDER, F. S. A. concludes this part of *Britannia Depicta*.

This engraving shews the west end, which is not the most ancient part of the Abbey Church, with the south side much foreshortened. This west end is of beautiful Gothic architecture, having two embattled turrets, richly ornamented with tracery, and between them a row of nine Gothic niches, filled with statues; under which are a window and door of most elegant proportions, and highly enriched with niches surmounted by crocketed pinnacles and other Gothic ornaments, all of which Mr. Alexander has delineated with considerable fidelity.

But here is a want of proper attention to keeping in the shadows, and the existence of reflex light, excepting in the porch, is scarcely acknowledged: the common-place bit of tree which is introduced in the right hand corner, impairs the grandeur of the abbey, and the figure which stands beneath it is somewhat too large—so we judge on comparing her with the table tombs—unless indeed we are here given to understand that the Walloons who were interred here, were a smaller race than now inhabit the fens of Cambridgeshire.

In the engraving: that mechanical coarseness of line which we are sometimes called upon to tolerate in Woollett, is here introduced (we are sure without reference to Mr. Alexander's drawing) on the fore-ground. It has a pre-

pofterous effect, and we recommend to Mr. Cooke to avoid it under similar circumftances in future. The line with which he has covered the front of his building, is free, firm, and of a ftoney character, and the fmall ornaments of his Gothic window and door-way, are detailed with a confiderable portion of care and fkill.

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THE DRAMATIC WORKS OF WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE. In Nine Volumes Folio, ornamented with ninety-five Plates of a proper Size to bind with the Work, 42*l.* and Two Volumes Imperial Folio, confifting of one hundred large Plates, 63*l.* The Whole, including large and fmall plates, 105*l.* Printed by Bulmer, at the Shakspeare Press, for the Meflrs. Boydell and G. Nicol.

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In order to form a judgment of this various and extenfive afsemblage of error and art, it will be neceffary to take a view as well of the auspices under which it was produced, and the circumftances which have attended its progress, as of the production itfelf; and to compare the promifes which were originally held forth, and the confequent expectations which the public had a right to form, with the performance which has refulted from both, and which is now before us.

The proprietors indeed—willing to fpare us the trouble of thefe enquiries and comparisons, have kindly informed us in the brief review which *they* have \* taken of their immortal labours, that it is a “*national and magnificent work* ;” that “the plates which adorn it are engraved by the *VERY* firft *artists*, from pictures painted *on purpofe for it* by Sir Joshua Reynolds, Benjamin Weft, Efq. and Meflrs.”—here follow the names of twenty other painters, with two *et-ceteras*

\* In their catalogue, published in 1803.

at the close of the list; but who the *very first artists* are, the subscribers are not told: it was perhaps not thought necessary to name them, for who is so ignorant as not to know the *very first artists*? What must the painters think who are severally named?—Let them think what they may, this is certainly a compliment of the *very first class*, paid to the engravers of Boydell's Shakespear, of which we hope they are duly sensible.

Mr. Boydell proceeds, “Of this *magnificent* publication, for the honour of our nation it may be *truly* said, that no country nor age has yet produced an edition of any author's works, of such *exquisite taste and beauty*. It surpasses in splendour ALL FORMER PUBLICATIONS, AS FAR as the genius of Shakspeare surpasses that of all other dramatic poets !”

Admirable indeed ! Mr. Boydell; you may defy the whole fraternity of puffers, from the Grub-Street author of the puff-contemptible, to the authors of the puff-sublime in the — Review, to surpass this. But the Shakespear you say is “completed,” and

“The picture seen, why is the painter heard?”

Your book certainly *ought* to “surpass in splendour all former publications, as far as”——a hundred guineas surpasses the price of all former publications of the kind: but *if it does*, is there occasion to tell us so?—or, think you the sun doth need a trumpeter to inform us that he surpasses all the other luminaries in brightness?

Notwithstanding these high-sounding assurances and pretensions, we purpose to examine, first the managers, and afterwards the performers, in this magnificent melo-drame “of exquisite taste and beauty.”—But, before we begin this examination, it will be but fair to report what was the existing state of the theatre.

When the Royal Academy was formed, and England sat



down to art, though we had the advantage of knowing what had previously been done on the continent, we began our national career with an *utter disregard of the respective powers and proper employment of painting and engraving*: we had *no constitution of art*, but sat down to it with the same thoughtless indifference, as to past and present examples and future consequences, that we rebuilt London after the great fire.

We have now the same reason to regret that no superintending mind was employed upon the important occasion:

In the apathy which then prevailed upon the subject, among the higher classes of the community, and in the consequences which have ensued, there is (as the author of the Painter's Remonstrance has well observed) even more to be regretted than is included in the fate of art and artists: "There is something to affect our more general interests—to excite the reflections of the politician, as well as the feelings of the man of taste, and to implicate seriously the reputation of the country."

"Whatever may be the power or prosperity of a state, whatever the accumulations of her wealth or the splendour of her triumphs, to her intellectual attainments she must look for rational estimation: on her arts she must depend

"For living dignity and deathless fame.

"If there be a nation in which we might expect more particularly to behold their powers protected with public solicitude, and their advancement a general concern—it is GREAT BRITAIN; for what other state has such a treasure of reputation to confide to their charge? such triumphs to transmit? such heroes to commemorate?"—Yet—"In Great Britain, the fine arts seem never to have been viewed by the public as a national object, nor to have experienced from the state that paternal protection, which less prosperous countries have even been forward to bestow."

That the fine arts have not been viewed by the public as a national object, is to be ascribed to their not having experienced paternal protection, either from the state, or from that class of the community from which the rulers of the state are usually chosen. The attention which they have experienced from the higher orders is but of recent date, and cannot yet be said to amount to paternal protection, or yet to have produced any considerable effects upon the public mind; or to have any bearing on the truths and the time of which we are now treating. The arts were then left by the state "to the influence of ordinary events, turned loose upon society to fight and scramble in the rude and revolting contest of coarser occupations."

Still this important truth remained, the solitary hope of the Pandora of Taste—that, ART and MANKIND are mutual friends. Even in uncivilized ages and countries, as soon as light begins to dawn, man perceives that Art is his FRIEND, and is instinctively the friend of Art.

At the time now under our notice, the bright example of a munificent sovereign had shed some influence, and probably increased this sentiment, among the middle classes of his subjects; to the extent of their means, when combined with their slender judgment, there existed a general desire among them to possess the productions of Art; and while the higher ranks who derived their taste from travel, have been anxious only for exotics, the indigenous art of the country has been gradually reared to its present state, whatever that state may be allowed to be, by this sentiment alone—operating, not with the vigorous promptitude of national feeling, but with the slowness and certainty of broader induction.

Such was the situation of art, and such the general feeling respecting it, when Mr. John Boydell appeared, and soon distinguished himself, among the dealers in prints. He had the discernment to perceive, and the commercial sagacity

and address to seize without violence, on the powerful but neglected lever, which the existing state of things presented, and which in the hands of wise statesmen has been known capable of effecting the most important purposes of national happiness. Whether Boydell knew, or mistook, its proper fulcrum—whether he employed it too much in coining money, and too little in raising the arts—or whether, like certain commercial statesmen, and certain Birmingham manufacturers, he really conceived these purposes to be inseparable—is yet to appear. We see that his machine has suffered much from friction and unskillful usage, and we know that he has occasionally repaired and strengthened it as well as he could, (sometimes with materials hammered in the houses of parliament,) and that he has contrived to ornament it either with the semblance, or the reality, of public virtue.

The elder Boydell knew a little, and but little, of engraving: but that little, while it served somewhat to elevate his notions, enabled him, ere long, to outstrip Sayer, Bowles, and the rest of the printsellers of that day. He was far advanced in this successful career, before he thought of availing himself still more effectually of the liberal disposition which he knew existed among the middle classes, or *somewhere* among the public, toward the indigenous art of the country, by opening a subscription for a publication of engravings after the works of the painters of our own school.

Of Painting, the Alderman's ideas were vast and vague, and the little which he knew of Engraving appears rather to have hindered than facilitated his knowledge of more. Being *himself* a sort of mechanical practitioner in the latter art, he seems to have reluctantly believed, and only when conviction was irresistible, that others were capable of performing more than himself. In short nothing can more strongly attest his want of radical feeling for the art of engraving, than the productions of his own graver; and hence he appears al-



ways to have considered it merely as manure in the Hesperian garden of his fortune, where painting, as he supposed, was to have produced the *golden* fruit, an opinion in which he appears to have been heartily joined by his co-partner and nephew, the present Alderman Boydell.

For the general interests of the arts and of society, it were devoutly to be wished that, at the period of which we are treating, persons of taste and reflection, and possessed of sufficient authority to effect a laudable national purpose, had employed themselves in determining *which* of the early productions of the British pencil were worthy of being diffused and transmitted by the art of the engraver; and in forming a school for this art, in order that by being *well* engraved, they might be fairly and honourably transmitted to posterity. Instead of this—the fact is well worthy of the reader's attention—we have been in the habit of believing modern pictures to have suffered abatement in their value, from the circumstance of their having been engraved, and even now this belief is but subsiding. We submit this fact as worthy of the reader's most serious attention, because while it corroborates our statement of the backwardness of the higher classes of the community to encourage painting, it serves to shew how broad and how wide was the *commercial* field of art; how grateful was the soil, and how carelessly it was cultivated—Cultivated!—Great Britain is the country where the arts had no sooner sprung up, than a number of locust dealers began to feed upon them, even while they needed props and support, and before their roots were fairly struck into the soil.

At a dinner-party at which Sir Joshua Reynolds, and we believe some other painters and literary characters, were present, with Mr. George Nicol the bookseller, and the Messrs. Boydell, it was discussed whether Shakespear, or the History of England, (or what other book,) would be the most proper subject for a large publication of engravings



after pictures to be painted by British artists? which, either at the suggestion of Sir Joshua or Mr. Nicol, was very properly determined in favour of Shakespear. We do not imagine that artists, either painters or engravers, were consulted further than this: for all the turbid mixture, and all the fermentation, of success and failure, that has followed, the Messrs. Boydell are indebted, we believe solely to their "OWN EXERTIONS."

It is really laughable to observe how often and how vauntingly this ambiguous term is reiterated by the Messrs. Boydell. In their advertisements, catalogues, and prefaces, they are almost perpetually calling their readers' attention to *their exertions*. The senior Boydell, in the preface to his Catalogue of 1789 thrice boasts of his exertions and "the unwearied exertions of his nephew and partner Mr. Josiah Boydell, whose knowledge in *the ELEMENTARY PART of painting* [qu. what *part* of painting is this?] enables him to be of *singular* service in conducting" &c. &c.: in his advertisement of 1790 he again speaks of his exertions, and again, and again, in the prefaces to the Shakespear itself; and, as if this were not enough, Mr. Josiah Boydell, in his printed letter to Mr. Udney, dated 1803, has the following passage, "You, Sir, have followed *our house* through all its *exertions*, and of course from the knowledge you have of the *large sums* we have *expended* upon the fine arts, may think that *I* am somewhat qualified to judge of what might be done in this country" &c. &c.

We are far—very far—from accusing the Messrs. Boydell of ill-intention in conducting their Shakespear, when we say (as we unequivocally do) that it has been very ill conducted. It is so evidently the interest of the proprietors of such a work, that it should be well conducted, that it is scarcely possible to suppose they would not conduct it *as well as they could*.

But it has been very truly observed that, mankind have

been too indifferent about the *ignorance* of those to whose government they submitted, "whereas ignorance may be fully as mischievous as bad intention: in the science of government it is of little importance that legislators are elected according to the form of a free constitution *if they do not know how* to direct their power to the only proper and rational end, the happiness of the people." In the science of conducting publications of art—for it should be studied as a science—this reasoning is strictly in point, and nothing is more common in both cases, than to hear bad managers boasting of *their exertions*.

We have no hesitation in asserting, for we shall find little difficulty in proving, that the exertions of the Messrs. Boydell have been those of clowns in a ball-room; where the elegant mazes and the music, of art and of artists, have been crossed and frustrated, and where the Boydells have

"Wasted their strength in strenuous idleness."

At the memorable season when this scheme was devised, we have stated that the wealthy and the great, taking them in the gross, had not learned to appreciate the merits, and reverence the majesty, of modern art; but Subscription had now unfurled her flag, and Commerce had unreefed her sail; and, while public curiosity was to be gratified, and public morals amended, the rich stores of the painter's and the poet's minds, were to be bartered for a portion of the wealth of the opulent, and the yet more precious approbation of the tasteful and judicious. Every historical painter (and even some who only fancied themselves such) was pleased with the opportunity which was now offered him of displaying his powers; and each, as was his duty, summoned his strength or stimulated his weakness, and taking his own or his employer's view of the subjects allotted to his pencil, began his work with a degree of ardour proportioned to his hopes of distinction or his desire of wealth.

What were the consequences?—

As if from a consciousness that the work would *not* hold together, or a latent intention that it should not, not the smallest attempt is made to preserve harmony of parts. Whenever in the same play the same characters recur, different painters have been employed, unless by mere good luck, to represent them: hence that *unity* which it is one of the greatest cares of the poet (and should have been of the conductors of such a publication as the present) to exhibit or preserve, is most grossly and shamefully violated. As you turn over the play, the characters on their re-entrance are often ludicrously changed. As you entered the Shakespear Gallery, Perplexity and Distraction stood ready to mar the tranquillity of your enjoyment. Notwithstanding that (as Messrs. Boydell's catalogue informs us) the pictures were "*painted on purpose*" for his publication, you beheld a Shakespear of "shreds and patches;" and were in perpetual danger of mistaking old Gobbo for King Lear, and Miranda for Lady Macbeth.

To go no further for the present than a very little way into the first volume of the larger prints. From the first play (the *Tempest*) there are four engravings, after as many different painters, namely Romney, Fuseli, Wright, and Wheatley. In the course of these four prints we have no fewer than three Prosperos differing widely from each other, and four Mirandas differing more widely still!

Upon the same principle, or rather the same want of principle, in the third play, which is the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, we have Peters's merry wives, Durno's merry wives, and Smirke's, which are the real merry wives of *Windsor*. The fifth play is the *Comedy of Errors*, a title, which, but for the serious price which subscribers have paid for it, might well have suited the whole work. From this play there is *unfortunately* but a single print: the rival

Antipholises and Dromios would else, we doubt not, have afforded us some fun for our money.

The art of exhibiting Tragedy on a theatre, is more critically understood—at least has been much more sedulously attended to, than that of embellishing plays with the productions of Art: we may therefore appeal to sentiments and perceptions which general and habitual attention to the drama has rendered common, with little hazard of being misunderstood. If then, after the stage representation of an act or two of any of *Shakespeare's* plays, a fresh set of performers, and also a new taste of costume, scenery, &c. were to be introduced—if the *Hamlet* and *Ophelia* of *Kemble* and *Mrs. Jordan*, were, by order, to give place to those of ——— and ——— or be exchanged for those of ——— and ——— being their first appearance in those characters, who would applaud the manager? or rather who would endure to sit the remainder of the performance? Yet in every play of the imperial folio volumes, save the *Midsummer Night's Dream* and *Richard the Third*, have the *Messrs. Boydell* most scrupulously adhered to this wise principle of management, and accordingly the performance passes current, and the managers expect, and almost demand, your plaudits.

The audience did not applaud, but has hitherto been too modestly doubtful of its own critical information to venture to hiss: yet the managers appear to have been told of this inconsistency behind the curtain. Either the remonstrances of subscribers behind the curtain, or the frequent repetitions of palpable absurdity, appear to have opened their eyes when they were somewhat advanced with the smaller volumes; for here we find, except in about seven instances, *our* principle of relation of parts, recognised.

If *Mr. Boydell*, or his advocates, shall say “the cases are not parallel,” we grant that they are not exactly parallel;—but on which side does the obliquity incline, since in the case



of the stage exhibition, as in that of Ulysses \*, the ears of the audience might assist in refuting the censure of their eyes? But in the case of this *connected* series of engravings there lies no such appeal, and the decision of the eye must be final.

After thus violating this cardinal principle of good management, we are at a loss to conceive upon what other principle the present Alderman will contend, either for the approbation of his subscribers, or the continuation of their pecuniary contributions: and yet from recent proceedings we are taught to believe that he expects both, from those who have not yet taken up the latter numbers.

Upon the ground of appreciating talent in the artists who were, and who might have been, employed, and of adapting subjects to talents in all their multifarious varieties, we are very sure he will not meet even the feeblest reasoner and most purblind observer: neither do his own pompous announcements alter our opinion on that point. We even doubt whether such a consideration ever entered, or came near, his head: if it did, it found that head so full of crafty cogitations of ways and means to seduce or compel subscribers to continue their subscriptions, and to produce engravings black and at small expense to himself, that it instantly fled away with spirit speed.

Let us listen, however, for it is but fair, to those who contend that "Messrs. Boydell gave great prices for *pictures*, and employed the first painters in the country—what could they more?"

What could they less?—if they have done so.—"But why *if*, (say their advocates,) since they certainly have done so?"

That they have absolutely employed the first painters, may admit of dispute, and even of denial. We willingly

\* — "When he *speaks*, such elocution flies,  
Their ears refute the censure of their eyes."

POPE'S HOMER.

admit it, however, to a certain extent, and are ready to contend that it would have been more to their interest as well as honour, to have employed the first class, both of painters and engravers, more, and the second and third classes less. But apart from this—have they appreciated and appropriated the talents of those painters and engravers who *were* employed? (for that is our present question.) Have they read Shakespear? Have they studied to suit the action to the artist—the artist to the action, with the special observances which Shakespear has so admirably laid down, and which by strict and powerful analogy are applicable to all arts? Alas! no. In this requisite also, where delicate and judicious management was most required, the most gross mismanagement appears: where conductors of ability would most have shewn their judgment and taste, have they been most wanting.

To say nothing at present of those painters who received commission after commission, to paint subjects, for the treatment of which they had shewn themselves so very poorly qualified, how came so few subjects to be allotted to West and Hoppner\*? and how came the author of the *Eidophusikon*, who had shewn himself so eminently qualified to treat the conflicting elements, and romantic scenery of Shakespear (such as “*The Tempest*,” “*As you like it*,” “*King Lear*,” and other plays afford,) to be entirely omitted? How came Turner never to appear on Boydell's theatre, in a work which called for all the superior talents of the country? Were the prices of these artists thought to be too high? or did the Messrs. Boydell estimate their abilities as being too low?

We do not however mean to deny that there may have been instances of the late Mr. Boydell's generosity. Generosity is amiable even in error. Even to the appearance of this rare and respected virtue, we should give what credit

\* Two to the former, and one to the latter, out of two hundred.

we can, while to the reality every credit and every praise is due. Some pictures the Alderman has presented to the city of London\*, and some painters he has doubtless paid very handsomely for their performances. But we are the advocates of *all* the arts, not excepting that of engraving: now, partial or ill-timed, or ill-judged, profusion, is no more liberality, than parsimony is economy; and a mixture of profusion and parsimony, neither atones for the absence of liberality, nor amounts to steady and equable judgment, but rather provokes the application of an old proverb. A late appeal to the public†, if it does not oblige us to say that he paid for some pictures much more than they were worth, will prevent any person from being very forward to prove the contrary: but whether these prices were paid with a view of setting a handsome example to those who might be likely to purchase British pictures; or that he thought it necessary to the character of a Mæcenas; or indispensable to the obtainment of subscribers; or really believed these pictures to be worth the sums he respectively paid them, will at least admit of question: in either case, his parsimony towards, and his sacrifice of, *the art*, and his preservation of only the *trade*, of engraving, is not justified, even if we should put patriotism and wisdom aside, and only consider his conduct with a view to commercial expediency.

Whether these errors originated in want of principle, or in the adoption of erroneous principles; whether they were unintentional, or designed to produce large profits to the proprietors, folly and misconduct are equally palpable. Nor are these epithets (of folly and misconduct) *less* applicable to the misappropriation of the subjects to the respective talents of the engravers employed, or who might have been

\* An example worthy of being followed. Every patriot and every man of taste, would wish to see more large historical pictures in our public halls.

† The sale of the Shakespear pictures.

employed; though in the present dearth of critical knowledge on the subject of engraving, they may be less obvious.

Our readers will recollect that at the time when the *Shakespear* was begun, we had more engravers of large plates—we mean artists of decided talent and in the line manner, to which Fashion and even Boydell have lately yielded the preference—than have appeared in this country either before or since. Among these may be named Sir Robert Strange, Woollett, Hall, Byrne, Pouncy, Ryland, Sharp, Emes: with the single exception of one plate by Sharp—the best in Boydell's work, and where the poet, painter, and engraver are in full harmony—not one of these distinguished engravers was employed on the *Shakespear*.

Of those who were employed, the quantity of employ has been in an inverse ratio to their merits, from Bartolozzi and Sharp, who each engraved *one* plate, down to—we suppose, the cheapest, and those who were most forward with their promises of celerity.

Now, if the conductors of a public concert, to support and bring forward which the subscription had been ample, deceived by bad taste, or tempted by a mistaken parsimony, should dare to bring forward a bad musician, at a time and in a country, where much better might have been engaged, the public ear would not endure the insult. On the stage, (unless the reader should be tired of dramatic allusions,) if the manager should presume to fill an important character with a low, vulgar performer, the public taste, being here also too well informed on the subject to submit to the imposition, would revolt: the manager would be discredited, and the actor hissed off. But on the stage of Boydell's *Shakespear*, many of the parts which the Siddonses, the Jordans, the Cookes, and the Kembles of Engraving ought to have performed, have been consigned over to dull, mechanical drudges—the half-formed, imbecile, swaggering,



pretenders to the art—and this, though the bill of fare [see Boydell's Prospectus for the Shakespear] so abundantly promised us the contrary. Yet the manager not only escapes with impunity, but appears to think himself privileged to compel his audience to sit through the performance and seem to applaud, *because* they have once entered his theatre and hailed his rising curtain.

The joint manager, author, and now chief proprietor, of the work before us, is Mr. Josiah Boydell, alderman of Cheap ward, who though he was educated with a view to his being *something* of an artist, has drunk deep of the Circean cup with which Commerce but too often brutalizes her votaries, and is now *much more* of a merchant: a painter among printsellers, and a printseller among painters. Else should we have had a better Shakespear for our hundred guineas: else would the public never have been reproached with not having seconded the *exertions*\* of a man who is known to have risen from poverty to affluence by the business of print-selling: else should we never have heard certain *delicate suggestions* of legal compulsion to be employed against those subscribers, who ceased to take in the numbers of the Shakespear, when their hopes were extinguished of possessing such a work as the original prospectus taught them to expect.

In the existing, uncritical, state of the judgment of the public with respect to art, we feel ourselves happy when we can unfold and apply general principles; which are always the more distinctly felt, if not the better understood, by reference to particular examples. We advert to pecuniary encouragement, only in the illustration of such general principles as are necessarily connected with the growth of art; and the Boydells are but the hands of our clock, by

\* See Mr. Josiah Boydell's pamphlet entitled "Suggestions," &c. printed in 1805.

means of which we point out to others, on an obscure day, how high the sun of Taste has ascended.

The best argument of the present Alderman—the argument which appears to constitute his own ground of conviction, and at the same time to be that on which he hopes to convince others of the boasted exertions that have been made, is the debility and exhaustion that has succeeded: in other words, we are expected to believe that after all, the present Alderman is not rich—but, that he ought to have been rich, after conducting to its close so magnificent, so superb, so national a work, and of such “*exquisite taste and beauty*”—a work “*surpassing in splendour all former publications, as far as the genius of Shakspeare surpasses that of all other dramatic poets*”!

We hope the former part of this proposition is as true, as the latter is assuredly false. Not that we should have any objection to the Alderman's opulence, were it an hundred times more considerable than his most sanguine friends could wish, or himself aspire to; but because his disappointment in this respect, if it be real, affords a reasonable cause to hope that the public taste, though it has suffered alloy, has gold at the bottom. The profits of the Shakespear, as we are now taught to believe, have not been considerable enough to cover the errors of its conductors; to remunerate the studies of the artists who were engaged in it, and to leave a large surplus of profit.

On these points of the adequacy or inadequacy of the public encouragement, and public disposition to promote the undertaking of the Messrs. Boydell, we appeal with confidence to the list of subscribers. Let it be fairly produced: not such as it was towards the close of the publication, but such as it was about the year 1790, or when (in May 1789) the elder Boydell published the following sentence—

“I cannot permit this catalogue to appear before the public without returning my sincere thanks to the numerous subscribers to this undertaking, who, with a liberality and

confidence unparalleled on any former occasion, have laid me under the most flattering obligations."

Let then the list be produced, even such as it was at any subsequent period, while there remained the least glimmering of hope to the subscribers, of having their intentions (of being instrumental in facilitating the advancement of the fine arts) fairly carried into effect, and we have very little doubt but it will plainly appear, that the elder Alderman has here spoken the truth, and that the public has done its part—nobly!—with all the genial glow, and all the generous dispensation of a God! but, of a

"———God——kissing \* carrion."

\* We know that in the e cases nothing but strange maggots are engendered. Our correspondent who signs himself "a subscriber to Boydell's Shakespear" may however rest assured, that though what he has heard of Messrs. Boydell and Co. having taken the opinion of counsel on the question of whether they can legally compel the subscribers to take the remainder of the Shakespear numbers, and of that opinion having been given favourable to their wishes, may be true, (and we have heard the same thing from other quarters)—yet that he can have nought to fear from legal compulsion. A counsellor forms his opinion from the allegations contained in the case *as it is laid before him*, and for cases to be partially stated, where only one party is heard, is neither unprecedented, nor indeed uncommon.

The plain state of the case as it appears to us, is as follows: certain subscribers to Boydell's Shakespear, have died during the progress of the work:—it is scarcely necessary to say that the sons and daughters, or other representatives, of these, cannot be compulsively called upon to pay up the remainders of their subscriptions, and take the remaining fragments of the work, though they will naturally be disposed to do so, *if* that remainder be worth having at the stated price. Certain other subscribers have been content to forfeit their deposits, and lose the sums they had respectively paid for those portions of the work, which they had continued to receive as long as their hopes or their means lasted, or until they respectively thought that the prints were too bad to be received and paid for any longer.

For Messrs. Boydell and Co. to think they have claims on these latter classes of subscribers, they must have forgot that *obligation* in these

[The review of this article will be continued, when the engravings in detail will come under notice. Having mislaid, or lost, our own original Prospectus of Boydell's Shakespear, we earnestly request the loan of that paper (or of any others relating to the publication now under review,) from any subscriber or other person who may have kept it so long. Our Publisher will be answerable for its being safely returned.]

cases, is always reciprocal ; and moreover, what they engaged with their subscribers to perform and produce : or, if in a court of law, they should join issue on these points, resting their hopes of success on the cause being brought before a jury tasteless and uninformed of matters of art, they must then have forgot or mistaken the more fundamental maxim, that *the perfection of law is right reason* ; and that it if were, or could possibly have been, meant to bind the subscribers and their heirs at the time of subscribing, to take *volens volens*, whatever the Messrs. Boydell might choose to offer under the title of engravings from Shakespear, equity would have required *the publishers to pay*, not to *receive*, a deposit.

The sum deposited in these cases, is so deposited with the view of assisting the artists or the speculators in the prosecution of the intended work : it is moreover a pledge which the subscriber may voluntarily forfeit if he is not pleased with the engravings when produced, or if from any other cause he cannot, or does not choose to, take them. The loss of this pledge, and the further loss which he must sustain by the purchased fragment of the work, is surely loss and disappointment enough, to balance the account of equity with the publishers, and in such cases, the subscriber has clearly the right of judging for himself of the merit or demerit of the work produced.

But it is observable that when engravings of great merit have been published by subscription—not that compulsion is necessary to make subscribers take them when finished, but that they rise so much in value, that subscribers who have early impressions are considerable gainers. The subscription price of the Battles of La Hogue and the Boyne was two guineas : a good subscription pair is now worth six or seven. The Death of General Wolfe, some of Raphael Morghen's works, and Bervic's portrait of Louis XVI. have risen still more in value. The subscribers in these cases—as they ever do, when only the interests of the artists and the public are concerned—purchased both pleasure and advantage.



ST. PAUL PREACHING AT ATHENS, drawn and engraved by THOMAS HOLLOWAY, Historical Engraver to his Majesty, from the Cartoon of RAPHAEL in the possession of his Majesty, to whom this Plate is dedicated. Published at Hampton Court and in London by T. Holloway, 1808.

We deem it fortunate for Mr. Holloway, and not less so for the public, that his abilities, and the subject on which they have been for some considerable time engaged, are both well known. The kind communications, the encouraging smiles, the disinterested offices of no dealer in prints, were necessary to inform us of either, or to usher into notice, the artist, or the great work to which he has devoted his talents.

It is a pleasure in which we are proud to participate in common with the lovers of fine art, that Mr. Holloway has been able to devote his talents, independently of all control, to an employ so worthy of those talents, and so congenial to his wishes, as (according to his own declaration\*) are the Cartoons of Raphael. The dissemination of those great examples of art which have received the willing homage of ages, is, of the various purposes to which the art of the engraver may be rendered subservient, that which we value most, unless we should put in competition therewith, the translation and multiplication of the best works of the best painters of our own country, on a scale so ample as might afford scope for the professors of both these arts to exert their utmost endeavours to carry BRITISH art toward its ultimate degree of perfection.

When we consider the large size which Mr. Holloway has very properly adopted, and the great length of time that such plates as that of St. Paul preaching, must necessarily occupy, we are involuntarily led to express our wishes that

\* See his Prospectus for engraving and publishing Raphael's Cartoons.

earlier notice had stimulated or invited him to the laborious task to which he has now, at no early period of life, sat down: yet we rejoice to hear that "his age is like a lusty winter," and heartily wish him a handsome recompense both of honour and profit, while we pray that Providence will give a nod to Nature kindly to protract the vigour of his powers as an artist to her latest period.

But our concern is also for other Holloways of future growth. We wish to see among the public, knowledge and taste to appreciate the arduous studies of the engraver who follows his profession as an Art, and reward the severe restraints which we know are attendant on his toil; and to this end, we could wish to see a sanctioned place of public exhibition for the meritorious productions of this, as of the other arts: some better place, at least, than the mercenary\* and often merciless hand of an ignorant dealer shall find or fancy it his interest to allot them.—Some place, such as the generous care of the noblemen and gentlemen of the British Institution might easily and at small expense engraft upon their present establishment, and where, we ven-

\* We are credibly informed that more than fifty per cent. is sometimes demanded, and that fifty per cent. has often been actually paid, merely for exhibiting and publishing an engraving on which the artist had chosen to employ his own talents; that the shopkeepers require this enormous percentage under various heads or pretexts, and leave the poor artist to defray the expenses of printing, paper, and advertising, out of the other moiety.—We hope that our disclosing these facts, and informing the friends and admirers of engraving, of the heavy tolls that are levied on the highways of art, in consequence of which, travelling there is rendered so much more expensive to the public, than it else would be—may have some effect. There are among ourselves, who are not unacquainted with the truths which we here state, and we have moreover been addressed on the subject by a professional gentleman—so at least we have supposed him to be—who we trust will pardon some extracts we may seem to have made from his paper, as it arrived too late for us to insert the whole in our present Number.

ture to anticipate, the grateful art would amply repay the attention that would be necessary to its culture, by the superior beauty of its blossoms and the high flavour of its fruits.

At such a place, the engraver, either individually, or in concert with other artists (painters or engravers) might fairly meet the eye, and receive his just proportion of encouragement from the hand, of the public. Here might a person properly qualified, attend, and whose business it should be to deliver impressions from engravings as they might be finished, and receive such unsolicited subscription as the tasteful, the patriotic, or the generous, might volunteer to promote large or extensive works during their progress. Above all, to an exhibition and publishing-office of this description, sanctioned by the countenance and kind patronage of the first class of connoisseurs and dilettanti, would the print dealers, both foreign and domestic, be gradually brought to resort, as the taste of the public emancipated itself from their bondage, as to a common emporium for what was commercial in art, and thus become *agents*, less numerous indeed, but much more valuable men:—the very men, whose every effort, *as directors* of art, has proved—and must ever prove, while such principles and such a medium of patronage prevail, as prevail at present, baneful and debasing in their consequences to British art.

As the superlative merits of the cartoon itself of Raphael have been the theme of frequent and of merited praise; have called forth eulogiums from the first critics and artists both abroad and at home; and as Mr. Holloway has printed what he terms an Analysis of this cartoon, we have thought it better to abstain from all comments on Raphael's, and speak only of Mr. Holloway's, performance: referring such of our readers as may need information on the subject, to Sir Joshua Reynolds's and Professor Fuseli's Lectures, and Mr. Holloway's Analysis.

In this print the art of engraving displays itself to our

notice under all the chaste pretensions of that of the statuary, adding to the advantages which the statuary would possess in the treatment of this subject, that superior vigour of chiaroscuro, from the judicious employment of which arises that superior expression of space which is possessed by the art of painting—we mean where divested of local colour; and it has before been declared, and from the highest authority, that the harmonious chiaroscuro of Corregio himself, who far excelled Raphael in this respect, “is totally independent of colour.”

With these advantages, is combined an art which is peculiar to engraving, of expressing the various textures of natural objects, but which in this performance of Mr. Holloway, is not ostentatiously displayed, but wisely kept subservient to the sublime sentiment with which the whole is intended to impress the spectator.

We give the engraver large praise for the judicious subserviency, in which, in this instance, he has held the local energies of his art: for when Paul announces his God, from the height of the areopagus, attacks polytheism in its very citadel, and is about to bring “life and *immortality* to light,” no man stoops to examine, nor scarcely bears to be informed, whether the apostle, or his audience, is clad in sackcloth or in sattin.

Mr. Holloway has therefore with great judgment, in our opinion, lowered the varieties of which the art of engraving in his hands, is susceptible, to a perfectly unobtrusive key. The nice discriminations which subsist between the surfaces of flesh, stone, drapery, &c. are not forgotten in this engraving—on the contrary, they are well remembered, and their beauty will steal upon the attentive and tasteful observer, as the sublimity subsides, which at the first gaze arrests and raises his mind, and which unites and pervades the performance. The holy apostle and the divine painter, claim our first attention: the claims of the engraver follow,



and he raises himself the more effectually in our estimation, by the modesty of his comportment.

Hence it has been very truly said that "where the interest of the subject and the powers of the painter are so peculiar and extraordinary, as in *this* instance, the engraver, like the fair sex, must practise many excellent qualities in silence, and unseen but by the discerning few; like them he must listen to the advice of the dying Pericles\*; and like them, he must cheerfully prefer the consciousness of deserving well, to the desire of obtaining praise."

To this tribute of well-merited approbation, may be added that the characters and expressions of the several heads, are most exactly rendered, and the hands and other nudities drawn with the utmost care. If Raphael himself had gone over the outlines, as he has been reported to have done for Mark Antonio, we do not think they could have been more exceedingly like those of the original cartoon.

If upon this occasion, we might point to any of these countenances as excelling the rest, they would be that of Damiaris, that of the farthest and lowest figure to the left hand, whom Mr. Holloway (in his Analysis) suspects to be a spy, the Magician above, and those of the three representatives of the prevailing sects of heathen philosophy†; upon the truth of the expression of whose countenances, the sentiment of the picture, and the reasoning which follows in the spectator's mind, and sustains that sentiment, so much depend.

The hands also of St. Paul and Dionysius, and the right hand of the magician, are drawn with the utmost precision, and most exquisitely engraven.

And while the effect of Raphael's chiaroscuro is copied, it is, in our opinion, somewhat improved. The engraving is

\* To conduct themselves so as not to attract observation,

† The Stoic, the Cynic, and the Epicurean.

at least equal in force, while it is superior in harmony, to the original cartoon.

But as we have already in other words remarked, while Mr. Holloway has firmly held the rein, and kept his own powers of execution subservient to the purposes of Raphael, he has most effectually disclosed his taste and his judgment : and as the modesty of that mind is most admired which discovers itself in the beauty of a blush ; and as what is seen reflects what is restrained, so we here view with surprise and delight, the evenness of tone and softness of surface, which the artist has spread over the vast area of his performance ; and though the vigour and varieties of line which he might have exhibited do not here solicit our regard, we are the rather tempted to admire the stretch and continuance of patient attention, and obedience to the views of his original, which he has manifested, and to give the more credit to his motive while we allow a higher value to the persevering care and skill which has enabled him to extend to the dome of a temple, that exquisite polish which other artists have been satisfied to bestow upon the ornament of a ring.

Yet the exertion of these qualities may lead to an excess which taste and sound criticism cannot commend ; and if we might say so without unsaying what we have already said, we would add that Mr. Holloway's universal smoothness and amenity of tone and surface, and the elaborate precision of finish which he has bestowed on this cartoon, border on this excess, and render him in some degree liable to have the censure which he has thought applicable to the cartoons of Dorigny \*, retorted on his own.

The cartoons themselves of Raphael, though thoroughly studied, do not strike a spectator as having been effected by means of such extremely careful attention bestowed on every part as the engraver has evinced, but with a more free

\* That " they seem to have been copied from *plaister* and not from *painting*."

and fearless hand; and if Mr. Holloway in the future cartoons should re-possess himself of that more painter-like spontaneousness of style, which we have seen with pleasure in some of his former engravings, they will, in our opinion, be yet more to be admired than the present.

And to this event we shall naturally look forward; for it is the necessary effect of custom and familiarity, in matters of taste, to diminish our sensibilities as they improve our judgments, and to us it appears that at present Mr. Holloway's sensibility to the charms of Raphael—if we may say so without ourselves incurring the reproach of *insensibility*—is excessive. His love borders on fear, and like the Arachne of Pope, he

“Feel at each pore, and *lives along the line.*”

We wish not to see an engraver, or a translator of any kind, become the idolizing votary of his original. He will else approach him with too much of *superstitious* awe and veneration, and his humility, sinking toward abjectness, will prevent him from aspiring to catch the fervour of his original. He alone can translate or engrave Raphael, or any other great master, whether painter, or poet, in perfection, who can so raise himself—in the presence too of an admiring world!—as to treat his author with the *fellow-feeling* of a friend—not with the servility of a slave.

Of the *particular* defects of this rare and highly-valued work of art, we can have little to say. The critical eye which can see distinctly through the blaze of its merits, will perhaps discover that the effect of the whole would have been still better than it is, if the light had been led off from the white drapery of the Epicurean, a little stronger upon that figure of the academical group who turns away his face to complain of interruption from the philosophers behind him—and will perhaps regret that the simplicity in the direction of the lines, which admirably characterises

some of the draperies, does not reign throughout. It is certainly in some passages departed from, among which may be remarked the right thigh of the young man who points to the apostle, while he calls upon those behind to attend to his discourse; and also the sleeves and shoulder of St. Paul himself.

The apostle stands almost literally, as well as figuratively, the main pillar of the Christian church; and a simplicity at once analogous to that of a Tuscan column, and an apostle of Truth, should have characterised his figure throughout; whereas the style of these objectionable parts of his drapery is characterised by a sort of discomposed refinement. Mr. Holloway should have applied to this figure of St. Paul the principle of what he has quoted from Sir Joshua Reynolds's comments on the stoic, who appears wrapt in meditation, and of whom he has observed "*that the same idea is continued throughout the whole figure, even to the drapery, which is so closely muffled about him, that even his hands are not seen; and that by this happy correspondence between the expression of the countenance and the disposition of the parts, the figure appears to think from head to foot.*"

*The GEOGRAPHY and ANTIQUITIES of ITHACA, (dedicated by Permission to the KING,) by WILLIAM GELL, Esq. M.A. F.R.S. F.S.A. and Member of the Society of Dilletanti. London, printed for Longman, Hurst, Rees, and Orme. 4to. 1807.*

We opened the *Geography and Antiquities of Ithaca*, with more than ordinary curiosity; and with an expectation of its being gratified, proportioned to the known erudition and talent for research of Mr. Gell: nor were we in the literary part of the work, in the smallest degree disappointed.



The learning displayed in this volume is very considerable, and the author's reasoning upon points connected with ancient history and geography, acute, and in general conclusive. The enquiries upon which he enters, he prosecutes thoroughly. He goes round his object, and successively enlightens it on every side: yet he infers with modesty and caution, and with the utmost candour; in most cases rather seeming to collect evidence, than to pass a verdict.

With the views which accompany the work, we have not the same reason to be satisfied: yet allowing to them such credit as may be claimed for landscapes which have been selected rather with reference to geographical than picturesque purposes, and granting that correctness of detail to the shapes of the several promontories, distant mountains, enclosures, &c. which they appear to possess, and of which none but an eye-witness of the real scenes in nature, can be qualified to detect the error or confirm the truth—we wish for more of them: we wish the author had had the opportunity of delineating, and had stopped to delineate, certain objects which he has only described—in elegant and perspicuous language indeed, but yet in language which must fall far short on such subjects, of that of landscape-painting.

In wishing for more views in Ithaca it should be observed that as lovers of classic lore and of all that relates to it, we are thankful for what we are here presented with, though as critics in art, we feel obliged to apprise our readers that they are not to expect in Mr. Gell's book the drawings of a landscape-painter; neither are the subjects delineated those which an antiquary would have selected. Let them expect only the drawings of a geographer or surveyor, and they will be far from disappointed.

When the draftsman, who appears to have been the author himself, ascended an height, he took the bearings of the several capes and other important objects in view, by the compass, (sometimes casting round his eye until his subject

assumed a panoramic character,) and copied their forms, evidently with all the accuracy of which he was master\*, but with little of an artist's feeling.

We may therefore say that though Mr. Gell has thrown light on the *Odyssey* of Homer, and accurately determined the geography of Ithaca—the scanty architectural remains of that island, and its romantic landscape scenery, (which every landscape-painter who looks into this volume will long to visit,) yet remain to be drawn and engraved in such a manner as to satisfy an eye of taste and critical discernment.

Subject to these deductions, we esteem the *Geography and Antiquities of Ithaca* a very interesting book, wherein much of geographical and classical information is blended with a certain portion of moral and political instruction which may not be useless to our countrymen. Of this we are persuaded, that the reader who peruses the following quotation from the introductory chapter, (which, while it submits to his belief a very credible account of the probable origin of Homer's *Odyssey*, contains also a modest account of the design and execution of Mr. Gell's work) will be well satisfied.

“In the course of the travels of HOMER, Ithaca, which from the singular excellence of its port must always have been a place of commerce, would probably attract his notice; his residence might be protracted by the hospitality of some descendant of Ulysses; the mention made of him in the poet's story, would awake the recollection of his countrymen, and the intervals of the song might be filled with the marvels of his adventures, with the description of his return, and circumstantial relations of the art and valour by which he recovered his dominion. Gratitude towards his family, as well as the peculiar interest of the tale, might have induced Homer to construct on this foundation the

\* And presumptively Mr. Gell possesses considerable powers of accuracy.

second prodigy of his genius; the conversation of the islanders would supply anecdotes of their hero in abundance; his own geographical knowledge might correct or heighten their report of his distant dangers, and his observation of existing circumstances in Ithaca might turn his attention to the danger of immoderate commercial aggrandisement, and draw from him those expressions of abhorrence of the sea, which in a manner characterise the Odyssey.

“The confirmation of the justice of this principle, applied to the island in question, will not be the most displeasing feature in the present survey; and while every day witnesses some new tract of land lost to cultivation, some new countryman quitting his cottage for the lucrative though perilous life of the sea, the modern inhabitants of Ithaca may have to regret their inattention to the admonitions of Homer.”

When knowledge is sought in distant climes, it is much to be regretted that the traveller (or travellers) should not go qualified in *all respects* to bring home every kind of information which those climes afford. This regret however, rather belongs to the present state of education and of the times, than applies to Mr. Gell, than whom, scarcely any travelling scholar has shewn himself to be better accomplished as a draftsman.—It is at present rather the dream of an enthusiast, than the rational and sober hope of a critic, but the time will surely arrive—those halcyon days of peace and prosperity, which Fancy delights to anticipate—when parties of scholars, artists, philosophers, and dilettanti, shall follow the steps of Pausanias or the wanderings of Ulysses, and the topography of Egypt and Greece be as well known in London, as that of Scotland, or the Cumberland lakes\*.

\* Alas! before these days can arrive, such measures as Mr. Villiers's Bill for the *encouragement* of literature, (if it be as the newspapers have represented it,) must be opposed upon higher principles than a petition from booksellers. The independent part of the literati themselves must be heard—whose interests no partial views of pecuniary profit must, or will, be allowed to separate from those of society itself.



On the plates which accompany Mr. Gell's volume we have not room to comment severally, neither is it necessary. They are fifteen in number, viz. two of maps, one of examples of ancient modes of masonry, (in illustration of the remains of the palace of Ulysses, and the ancient metropolis of Ithaca,) and twelve of, for the most part, bird's-eye views, of which some are etched in outline, (finished in some instances with aquatinta,) and others, slightly hatched up in the shadows, with lines. They are executed in a mediocre style by P. W. TOMKINS and J. H. WRIGHT, with the occasional assistance of J. BLUCK.

The maps bear the name of NEELE as the engraver, but are evidently not the work of the same hand; the style of the general map of Ithaca being dry and insipid when compared with that which is termed "Plan of the Hill of Aito;" the style of which latter shews some taste, and is in our opinion much to the purpose. Both have all the appearance of being *drawn* with the minutest accuracy.

Of the general map, the author says that he is "persuaded that it will be found not only accurate, but more minutely faithful than any specimen which has yet been presented to the public of foreign geography. Not to mention the great number of angles by which it is laid down, its value arises from the actual delineation of the shape and nature of the ground upon the original draft while on the spot. There are nevertheless two small parts which he was unable to examine so scrupulously as the rest. One is the coast close to Cape Melrisi, and the other a little portion of the northern shore behind Mount Araconlia."

We shall now follow the author, in the order of his work, to the principal of those remains of antiquity of which we think he ought, unless he was prevented by insuperable circumstances, to have presented his readers with such perspective views as his book contains of the vallies and mountains.



When he ascended from the fountain of Arethusa to the summit of the rocks of Korax, and was "agreeably surprised by the sight of a little enclosure containing the remains of *antique tombs or sarcophagi*," of which he says "there can be little doubt that this was the necropolis or place of sepulture for the inhabitants of MARATHIA," and that "the workmanship of the tombs is so simple and devoid of ornament, that it would be difficult to form a probable conjecture on the period of their construction," why did he not give the public a view from this singular station, where the tombs might have constituted his fore-ground, or a view of the necropolis, or at least delineate one or more of these very ancient sarcophagi?—Why does he favour us with no representation of a remain so classical and exceedingly curious as that of the GROTTO of the NAIADS at *Dexia*—the probable place where the Phæacians left Ulysses asleep?—Mere ruin or vestige though it be, it would have been regarded with great interest.

As however this pleasure cannot be enjoyed, we shall present our readers with what is next in value: we mean Mr. Gell's account of the discovery and remains of this curious cavern, which will at the same time shew his accuracy of observation and manner of treating his subject.

"The shore of DEXIA nearly resembles in shape the figure of a horse-shoe, its southern extremity terminating in a rock of conic form, which divides it from BATHI. The projecting rock on the north of the entrance exhibits the vestiges of a *cave of considerable magnitude*, in the formation of which art has been called in to assist the ordinary operations of nature.

"From this cave the interior of the port of Dexia presents a beach consisting of sand and pebbles, and sloping so gradually into the sea, that boats may be drawn upon the land without difficulty, a circumstance the more remarkable, as a sandy shore is rarely to be found in Ithaca. At the

head of the port are a few cultivated terraces and vineyards, spotted with olive and almond trees. The cave *has now lost its covering*, the stones lying conveniently for the use of the masons employed in building the town; and I should have quitted the island without seeing it, as no one imagined we could wish to see its remains, if one of the persons who had been active in its demolition had not fortunately heard of our anxiety to discover a cave near Bathi.

“The old people recollect the roof perfect, and many about the age of twenty-five remember it only half destroyed.

“The rubbish occasioned by the removal of the covering has overspread and filled up the whole area of the cave to such a degree that its *depth* cannot be ascertained without digging; but the pavement must have been nearly on a level with the surface of the sea. Its length is at least sixty feet, and its breadth exceeds thirty. *The sides have been hewn and rendered perpendicular*, with some labour. *It is close to the sea, being only separated by that portion of rock which served to support the roof when it was entire.* On the left of the entrance from the south, at which commences the sandy beach, is a *niche*, which on being cleared from the soil and stones, presented a species of basin, resembling those which are usually found in the walls of old churches in England. There is another of similar construction near the centre of the same side, and above both are certain small channels cut in the rock, which have served for the passage of water into the basins, and some are in consequence encrusted with stalactites, while others, where the water no longer trickles, are tenanted by bees.

“The cave has been entered from the north as well as from the southern extremity; the former [entrance] was, however, smaller than the latter, and must have afforded rather an inconvenient descent to the cavern. It is now called by the people of the island *the cave of Dexia*. They

are entirely unable to account for its formation ; and the destruction of the roofs by the Greeks, who entertain the most profound veneration even for the vestiges of a church, is a most decisive proof that it never served for the celebration of Christian ceremonies.

“ It will now be necessary to cite from the *Odyssey* a passage in which the poet has mentioned a remarkable cavern in Ithaca, that it may be seen whether the cave of Dexia bears any resemblance to the description of the grotto of the Nymphs. This account is introduced at the moment when Ulysses, overcome with sleep, is placed by the Phæacians, at the dawn of day, on the sandy shore of the port of Phorcys in Ithaca. The ship was impelled with such force against the beach by the rowers, that half its length was aground, so that the sailors were enabled to carry Ulysses without difficulty from the vessel.

“ The hero reposed on a bed under which was a carpet, a mode of sleeping precisely similar to that practised by travellers in Greece at the present day ; and it seems possible, without the intervention of supernatural sleep, that a person might be carried to a very short distance, on a bed of such a nature, and so circumstanced, without perceiving the smallest interruption of his slumber.

“ The description of the cave of the Naiads, and of the port of Phorcys, may be thus translated :—

“ In Ithaca is a port sacred to Phorcys, the ancient sea-god. Two bold projecting points of rocky shore, verging toward each other, repel the waves which the blast has excited. But when the gallant vessels have once gained the accustomed station within, they ride without moorings in perfect security. At the head of the port rises a shady olive, and near it is a dark and pleasant grotto, sacred to those who are called Naiades. Within are basins and urns, and there the bees make their honey. There also are long seats of stone, and there the nymphs weave their

“ sea-green garments wonderful to behold. Within is a  
 “ *perennial supply of water.* There are *two doors* to the  
 “ cave ; one is toward the *north*, by which mortals de-  
 “ scend ; the other, to the *south*, is more honoured, and  
 “ appropriated to the gods, as men never pass it.”

The author's account of the architectural remains which he found on the hill of AITO, which he supposes with great appearance of probability to be those of the palace of Ulysses and the ancient metropolis of Ithaca, is too long for us to insert. The classical reader will find much pleasure and information in referring to this part of Mr. Gell's book, where he will also see, beside the plan and the specimens of ancient masonry which we have already noticed, a very extensive view taken from this station ; but a particular view of Aito, with the remains of its raised terraces and towers, seems wanting.

We should also have been glad to have seen a view of the ruins of ALALCOMENÆ (supposing from the author's account, that its remains are sufficient to become the subject of representation) and of some other objects which are also mentioned in Chapter VIII. It is presumed that the reader will find the following extract from that chapter, sufficiently interesting to account for its insertion in this place.

“ As we began to ascend a ridge of the mountain (Neritos) we found a *large cistern of good workmanship and perhaps of some antiquity.* [This we think should have been drawn.] It is seven hundred and thirty paces distant from Kathara. Having crossed the ridge, our descent was rendered very laborious by the heat of the sun, and the roughness of the path, which often conducted us *over terraces*, and always among loose rocks and stones, to the village of LEUKA.

\* \* \* \* \*

“ The beauty of the place and the quantity of cultivated ground, induced us to imagine that Leuka might be the situation of the garden to which Laertes retired during the



absence of Ulysses. The position corresponds with the description of the port. [See *Odyssey* lib. 24.] Ulysses descended from the citadel to the farm of Laertes, which was at some distance from the town. Now the farm could not have been on the southern portion of the island, for if it had, Ulysses must have passed very near it in his way from the house of Eumæus to the city, and in the other portion of Ithaca there is no way of descending from the citadel without coming upon Leuka. That Laertes lived on the western side of the island seems probable from the circumstance that a ship sailing from Italy was driven near the garden by a storm.

“The house of the aged hero seems to have been precisely similar to the *Metochi* of modern Greece. The *oikos* or residence of the lord, like the *Pyrgo* at present, was surrounded by the *klision*, a range of low buildings occupied by servants and cattle. The orchard which Laertes cultivated lay on the outside of the *klision*, and was planted with figs, vines, olives, and pear-trees, which still remain indigenous to the soil. Above Leuka, high among the rocks, is a cave called Actopholia; and on the highest part of the mountain is a large white rock called Meleisi. About five hundred paces beyond Leuka we passed a well of good water, at a cultivated spot called Ampelo, or the vineyard. The road became passable for horses as we proceeded, lying near the shore at the base of the mountain. On the right we saw another cave among the rocks called Sacco-Spilia; and at the distance of 1770 paces from Leuka we ascended a little to a cave in the face of the rock called Mourzi. Within thirty yards, and on the south of the cavern, is a cistern well cut in the rock, now half filled with stones. It has been made with great labour. We were told that some shepherds had been crushed by the fall of a great fragment of rock from the roof, while sitting under the arch to avoid the rain. At the distance of 2870 paces from

Leuka, we found ourselves on the shore of Port Polis, which compelled us to change our course. On the point to the left are the ruins of a tower.

"We were astonished to find vines, or currants, flourishing in the greatest luxuriance among loose stones without a particle of earth. They not only rival the plants of riper soils, but actually ripen at a much earlier period.

\* \* \* \* \*

"From Port Polis we began to ascend, having crossed the mouth of the rivulet which trickles in the middle of the valley. At the distance of 3500 paces from Leuka, we saw on the right, at the extremity of Mount Neritos, the village of Stauro, containing fifteen houses, and we passed through another called only a *kalybeas* or summer residence, but in fact permanent, and daily increasing in houses and inhabitants. Cypresses and gardens among the dwellings give an agreeable effect to the village, and we found the people dancing before their doors on the occasion of the feast that succeeds the long Lent of the Greek church. We reached an eminence in the centre of the isle, at the distance of 4625 paces from Leuka, and found a house inhabited by a physician of Cephallonia, who shewed us *the walls of an ancient city* on the summit. These walls consist of large stones, and the curtain is strengthened by towers. The remains prove sufficiently that they are not of very remote antiquity, nor at all comparable to those of Aito. The courses are horizontal, and the stones are generally, if not always, regularly squared. The ground being entirely cultivated, the circuit is not easily traced, but the situation is very agreeable, and affords three different views of the sea; at Port Polis, Port Frichies, and the Bay of Aphales. The doctor shewed us in a field, a large insulated rock, on the top of which we found two coffins or sarcophagi, near which two square holes cut in the stone are probably the evidences of sepulchral columns. The soil is mixed with vast quantities of broken pottery. It seems very

probable that this was the city called *ALALCOMENÆ* by the writers who have mentioned Ithaca after the age of Homer; and there can be no doubt that this, and not Aito, was the capital of the island during the government of the Romans."

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ENGRAVINGS to a new Edition of the *ODYSSEY* of HOMER, as translated by A. POPE. London, printed for J. F. DU ROVERAY by T. Bensley, Bolt-Court; and sold by J. and A. Arch, Cornhill; and E. Lloyd, Harley-Street. Price Six Guineas.

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Mr. Du Roveray, the editor or conductor of these engravings, is a man not educated to art, but brought up at the desk of the counting-house. In the punning language of the late Admiral Payne, (if critics might indulge in such jokes, upon occasions so serious) he was not *bred* to the arts, but (like many other adventurers in *business*, as it is called) took it into his head that the arts might be *bread* to him: falling into the common error of supposing that talent for business, (*i. e.* activity and arithmetic) with a sufficiency of capital, were the sole requisites for conducting publications of art.

Unhappily, a very large majority—we may say the generality of those who purchase books embellished by the arts of the painter and engraver, have not thought it necessary, in regulating their purchases, to do more than compare the commodities of one shop with those of another, and hence, from want of better information, but more from want of common reflection, have virtually agreed with such men as Mr. Du Roveray—to a certain extent: but we believe that their eyes are beginning to open and their credulity to subside. We more than suspect that some recent

speculations of this kind have turned out less profitable than formerly: but then it is well known—having been recognised in parliament—that when an enterprise of this kind fails, it is never from want of brains in the general—O dear, no—but always from want of support in the troops. The Whitelocks of Art are never to blame.

In his edition of the *Odyssey* Mr. Du Roveray has, if possible, exceeded in some of their errors, the Boydells and the Macklins, and particularly (though with their examples staring him full in the face) he has followed, and even exerted himself to get beyond, them, in the gross absurdity of confounding the ideas of his purchasers, by the duplexity and triplexity of his *dramatis personæ*.

Mr. Du Roveray appears to think not that “*true painting emulates the poet's lays,*” and that

“*The rival sisters (fond of equal fame)*

“*Alternate change their office and their name.*”

He does not seem to believe that the legitimate object of the painter's art, in such cases as the present, is to impress the spectators with *one* vivid idea of the hero, (or other personage introduced by the poet,) varying only with time, place, and occasion, but to try by what perversions of ingenuity, such a character as Ulysses could be ridiculously contrasted to itself.

Hence, instead of the variegated unity for which we are contending, and which might have been a source of so much of that pure pleasure which we derive from mental reflection, we have in Mr. Du Roveray's *Odyssey*, the *Ulysses* of Fuseli, and those of Smirke, Howard, Westall, Singleton, and Burney: and with respect to Penelope, Telemachus, Minerva, and the other principal actors in the poem, the same confusion and disorder are as religiously preserved.

If the reader can imagine a translation, mingled with a travesty,<sup>f</sup> of an epic poem, and offered to his attention under one



and the same title, he will have some idea of what he may expect to find in this pictured series of the *Odyssey* which has been produced under Mr. Du Roveray's auspices. When the serious is mixed with the burlesque, enjoyment becomes corrupted; and we well remember of ourselves, grave as we are beyond all question, that in first turning over Macklin's bible, where art has doubtless been called in to strengthen virtue and enforce religion, instead of being more deeply impressed than before with the divine truths of the Gospel, when we arrived at the New Testament, where the prints are crowded sufficiently thick to convert an infidel, (by which the reader may understand, if he pleases, an unbeliever in our tenets,) we could not for our souls shake off the propensity which seized us of considering the whole as an *artful* illustration of the text "Lo! here is Christ, and lo! there is Christ;" nor get rid of the notion that the Royal Academy had united under an Irish cabin-boy, to confound Jesus Christ with Judas Iscariot.

We have been affected much in the same manner by the work before us, wherein *Homer* is *elucidated* by Mr. Du Roveray: if therefore the light which we shall throw upon this gentleman should be less clear or more unsteady than usual, the reader will candidly impute it to its true cause.

On this point of the preservation of unity of character, we are induced to dwell the longer, from finding ourselves at variance with the whole fraternity of publishers. "The blind have led the blind in all ages:" and we have resolved if possible, to open the eyes of Mr. Boydell, and the multitude who have followed him, among whom Mr. Du Roveray has here placed himself in a conspicuous situation.

"The chains which artful custom hath entwined around the genuine face of things," have long held *these things* in bondage, and we must expect that some will be tardy in renouncing old errors: yet again, there is good reason to think that others will eagerly lay hold on our principle for the sake

of their own advantage, and that all the publishers who are not absolutely of the Grub-street class, will sooner or later perceive that the pain of travelling back to the eminence whence they ought to have started, will be compensated by the prospect which will there open of future profit.

But *perhaps* a greater difficulty may remain with regard to the public. Those who have filled their libraries with expensive Shakespears, Homers, Bibles, and Histories of England, may perhaps not readily be brought to believe that they possess nothing but heterogeneous and disorderly masses of *art-mongery*, among which a few diamonds only are scattered; or to think that their purses have liberally opened to so little purpose, and that profitable lotteries have been lavished upon thoughtless blockheads, with small benefit to the professors of art, and still less to the commerce, the morals, and credit of the country.

Though these are demonstrable facts to those who bring with them taste and disinterestedness to our lecture, they will in all probability be reluctantly admitted by some; for as a stupid bigot once threw sack-cloth over the armillary sphere, so interest and ignorance and prejudice, do oft times clumsily cover the truth, even from themselves, with a veil of thickest texture; but we are proud to anticipate that all will sooner or later become proselytes to our doctrine.

Again: though *the sun at noon day* be not more obvious to the corporeal eye, than to the mental eye is the justness of the principle which we believe is for the first time laid down in our present Number, yet, by *those who brought forth their lanterns*, we expect (having used the word proud as above) to be accused of boasting our own superior discernment and sagacity.

We cannot however be accused of boasting of more than our principles, while ourselves are unknown; and against the culpability of this species of anonymous pride, no philosopher or rhetorician has yet thought it necessary to de-claim.

Nor do we fear but that the thinking part of mankind will agree that in promulgating this principle we have flung a ray towards the objects of the future pursuits of art ; or but that the public will in due time perceive that a Shakespear, Homer, Bible, and History of England, embellished by BRITISH ART, are things yet to be done.—We pass now to Mr. Du Roveray's prints.

The number of engravings introduced into these volumes is twenty-five, viz. one to each of the books of Homer's *Odyssey*, and one of the bust of the poet, placed as a frontispiece. The engravers are Bromley, Collyer, Cromek, Delatre, Fittler, Schiavonetti, Stow, Isaac Taylor, Walker, Warren. Their employ has, generally speaking, been (as we remarked was the case in *Boydell's Shakespear*) inversely as their merits\*. By Schiavonetti here is a single plate, and by Bromley only two, while there are eight by Stow.

The names of the painters of Mr. Du Roveray's *Odyssey* we have already given ; and shall only at present comment on those which we esteem the best plates, regarding both their design and execution.

*The DISCOVERY of ULYSSES by EURYCLEA* is engraven with great neatness and skill by C. WARREN. The flesh, draperies, and architecture are all in a style characteristic of that of the painter. In the picture, which is by R. SMIRKE, R. A. the mingled wonder and delight of the nurse, and the severe look and action of Ulysses by which they are repressed, are forcefully and beautifully depicted, and nothing is here overcharged.

The architecture is magnificent, but too modern ; and the painter has, either by oversight or design, deviated from the poet in placing the light *before* Ulysses, from which Homer

\* These things would scarcely be worthy of repeated notice, if they did not serve to shew whether merit or cheapness in an artist, has been with these publishers the real object of preference.

expressly says that he turned away lest Euryclea should discover the scar on his knee. Pope's words are—

—— revolving in his thoughtful mind  
 The scar with which his manly knee was sign'd,  
*His face averting from the crackling blaze,*  
*His shoulders intercept th' unfriendly rays.*  
*Thus cautious, in th' obscure he hop'd to fly*  
 The curious search of Euryclea's eye.  
 Cautious in vain ! nor ceas'd the dame to find  
 The scar——

and Cowper, who adhered much more closely to the Greek, bears still less resemblance to Mr. Smirke's picture. He says that Ulysses, alarmed lest Euryclea should remark his scar, "turned hastily toward the shade." The language of the discovery is remarkable for its force, beauty, and particularity, and is therefore subjoined—

That scar, while chafing him with open palms,  
 The matron knew ;—she left his foot to fall ;  
 Down dropp'd his leg into the vase ; the brass  
 Rang, and, o'ertilted by the sudden shock,  
 Pour'd forth the water, flooding wide the floor.  
 Her spirit, joy at once and sorrow seiz'd ;  
 Tears fill'd her eyes ; her intercepted voice  
 Died in her throat ;——

In *TELEMACHUS* *reproving the Suitors*, which is shamefully sacrificed in the engraving by J. STOW, Mr. SMIRKE has been, we think, more completely successful as a painter of HOMER.

The general arrangement of the composition bears a strong resemblance to Poussin. The mild and youthful dignity of Telemachus, and the lawless revelry and heedlessness of the suitors (one of whom brandishes a bumper as he receives the prince's rebuke, while another gazes wantonly at the female attendant who pours forth the wine,) are admirably de-



pietied; while in the countenance of Ulysses (who is seated in disguise behind the tripod table which Homer mentions) is finely expressed the gathering storm which is about to burst in fury on the heads of the devoted suitors.

The chief indignant grins a ghastly smile;  
Revenge and scorn within his bosom boil.

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The *Interview between ULYSSES and LAERTES*, engraved by J. FITTLER, A. from a drawing by R. WESTALL, R. A. is Mr. Fittler's best plate. We mean the best that he has engraved for this publication: but it is also one of the very best book-plates that he has ever produced. It has a good chiaroscuro, with much of the rich tone of Westall. The subserviency of the back-ground (which is softened and subdued without being sacrificed) to the figures, is in this engraving a great merit.

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The rapturous delight, tempered with filial piety, with which TELEMACHUS *first beholds his revealed Father*, is finely expressed in the plate that is engraved by C. WARREN after H. HOWARD, R. A. and much picturesque art is here shewn in contrasting the youthful beauty of the naked Telemachus with the draped figure of Ulysses. The print possesses much brilliancy of tone with a good chiaroscuro.

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*Fuseli's TEMPEST*, with LEUCOTHOE *presenting the Zone to ULYSSES*; his GHOST OF AJAX; his ULYSSES *clinging to the wild Fig-Tree*; and his DESTRUCTION OF THE SUITORS, are full of his accustomed energy.

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His ULYSSES *suspended over CHARYEDIS* is engraved with great ability, and a thorough understanding of the painter's intentions, by W. BROMLEY. It is more finished, and therefore, as well as on account of other excellencies, better, than most other of this artist's book-plates.

The picture (which we have seen) is a work of perfect originality, and is the evident offspring of a mind thoroughly conversant with Homer. The monster Scylla in the background is depicted in a manner entirely different from all former attempts, and the nearer danger of Charybdis, with mysterious grandeur.

The moment which the artist has chosen reflects both on the past and on the future. The past is dreadful! and the transition from this, through present peril, to future uncertainty faintly tinged with hope, is scarcely less so. Ulysses still clings to the wild fig-tree: but the wreck of his vessel is just emerging from the vortex, and he is about to quit his hold, and again commit himself to the mercy of the raging elements.

The figure of Ulysses, and also the tree from which he suspends himself, are relieved with great effect, by being brought off dark (yet without harshness) from a light but mysterious back-ground of spray and sky awfully intermixed; and in these passages, as well as in the figure, both the painter and engraver have been eminently successful.

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In the *DESTRUCTION OF THE SUITORS*, which is engraved with considerable skill and intimate knowledge of his art, by L. SCHIAVONETTI, Mr. FUSELI has again selected a moment which reflects the past, and is prophetic of, and pregnant with, what is to come.

Shields, spears, and the dead who have fallen by the arrows of Ulysses, bestrew the ground, while above, the head of Medusa glares and "Pallas shines confest," extending the arm of vengeance towards the remaining suitors, whom Ulysses and Telemachus are in act to destroy.

Terror and dismay reign throughout the performance.

The chiaroscuro is striking and vigorous; such as may well seem to proclaim some superhuman event: and the prevailing lines of the composition, by being scientifically

made up for the most part of acute forms, appear, either when considered in the abstract or with reference to the human figure, admirably suited to the expression of the sudden transitions of successive and surprising action. It is altogether a picture wherein Painting fully displays the catastrophe of Homer's *Odyssey*.

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#### WATER-COLOUR EXHIBITIONS (*resumed.*)

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Our friend and correspondent *T. W.* may be assured that it was not from inattention or insensibility that we omitted in our "Review of the Bond-Street Exhibition, all notice of the interesting cottage scenery of Mr. W. H. *PRYNE*," but from mere want of room. Let *T. W.* believe that we regretted this circumstance not less than himself: let him believe that we found ourselves, from the same cause, reluctantly obliged to suppress much of what we had written of those artists whose performances we did mention; and let him reflect what other names we were obliged altogether to omit—and we are persuaded he will acquit us of neglect: as for "intentional partiality," it is altogether out of the question.

It is with us at least equally matter of regret that we were under the necessity of omitting all mention of the younger *BARRETT*, whose professional progress has lately been so considerable, and with whose "*HILL-STREET, HASTINGS*," (where the effect of twilight is introduced,) and small drawing of *DOVER CASTLE*, we were particularly pleased;—neither would the friends and admirers of Mr. *J. J. CHALON*, Mr. *STEVENS*, and Miss *BYRNE*—we mean of their pictures—have less reason to complain, if the narrow limits which necessity at present prescribes to us, did not silence all complaint of this nature.

But as the friends of merit, we most of all regret to have omitted the particular comments which we had intended on the pictures of Mr. WILLIAM TURNER, who, though a young artist with whose name and works we were heretofore unacquainted, is following hard after Callcott and Havell, and his own great namesake. His CORN-FIELD near WOOD-STOCK, his OTTMOOR, and his WHICHWOOD FOREST, (all in Oxfordshire,) display the wide range of capacity and contrivance, of a veteran landscape-painter to whom Nature is become familiar, and in their kind were not surpassed by any pictures in the room. By the mere dint of his superior art he has rolled such clouds over these landscapes, as has given to a flat country an equal grandeur with mountain scenery, while they fully account for the striking and natural effects of light and shade which he has introduced. His colouring is grave, subdued, and such as properly belongs to landscapes of a majestic character.—In short, we repeat that so very far are these performances of Mr. Turner from discovering any traits of the timidity or the temerity of youth, that were we not well informed that their author is a young man, we should have concluded he was an artist of long practice, and of judgment matured by age.

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We have now to redeem our pledge of introducing some account of the late Exhibition in BROOK-STREET. But our critique can consist of no more than a few extracts from what we had originally written. The principle of being useful to the arts and to the public, to the utmost of our power, will constantly govern our conduct, both in what we print and what we suppress: and we rely that the reader will here trace the operation of that principle, as the works themselves which constituted the Brook-Street Exhibition, are no longer collectively before the public.



The Exhibition of water-colour pictures in Brook-Street contained several performances of very considerable merit, and, it is remarkable, that its interest was chiefly sustained by artists, whether *members* of the Society or not, we cannot tell, but—with whose names the London public is but little acquainted. It seems as if British merit, in art as in arms, only wanted *opportunity* to manifest its superiority.

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Of WILLIAM WESTALL, having heard much, we were taught to expect much, and were not disappointed. Between his manner of thinking and employing the materials of his art, and those of his brother the Academician, there is a strong family likeness; yet having been round the world, and having seen Nature in every aspect and in every clime, William has availed himself of the multifarious opportunities of improvement which such a voyage must afford, and has also much of originality.

We confess that when we heard he had embarked on this voyage, we trembled for his youth and inexperience, and were almost ready to censure those who had appointed a professor of so little experience to perform so arduous a task, but he shews that he has ever since been a close student in the school of Nature; and now he is returned, we repudiate our former precautions, and rejoice in his maturity.

In truth, amongst all the circumnavigating artists, we have not seen another who so successfully transports us to the various countries which he represents; not another, who with equal art selects and assimilates the circumstances which characterise a country, and—from a persuasion that the portraits are correct—we were about to add, those features which identify a scene: but *persuasion* (we must not forget) is not very sound, nor safe, ground of criticism; and we must candidly confess that no one amongst ourselves has been a circumnavigator.

More credit and authority than may belong to uncircum-

navigating critics we will not assume : but all that we *have* seen, and all that we have heard and read, conspires with the persuasive internal evidence of Mr. Westall's pictures, to satisfy us that his representations of the various scenes which he exhibits, are at once characteristic and poetical representations of the countries which he has visited. His art seems to elevate the truths of nature, but of the truths which must form our best knowledge of those distant countries, he appears to have firmly possessed himself.

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His "*View from a MANDARIN'S GARDEN on Danes Island, Canton River,*" is an extensive and delightful landscape of perfect novelty and almost boundless extent. In the off-skip the spectator's eye wanders over several reaches of the Canton River, where many a sail glitters in the brilliant sunshine, and where imagination might be led to mingle in the distant commerce, but for the exotic\* paradise which constitutes the fore-ground. A Mandarin, and a Chinese lady, with her attendant holding an umbrella to shelter her from the sun's rays, are here introduced with much characteristic grace, and the effect of the whole is florid, forceful, and glowing.

We are not sure but that the distance would bear a little more solidity of tone : yet on the whole we cannot recollect to have seen the fervid sunshine of a tropical climate more powerfully, and as we believe, faithfully, represented than in the present instance.

The figures in this picture are introduced with the greatest address, and the umbrella tells for much more than an umbrella's worth, both as a valuable form in the composition, as characteristic of China, and as contributing to the general sentiment of the whole.

While the trees, flowers, and fruits (as we have already

\* This word is used with reference to our own country.

observed) are the vegetation of another hemisphere, and are regarded by an English eye with a kind of pleasing wonder, they do not disagree with the mechanical representations of such objects, which we have long been accustomed to see displayed on Chinese porcelain; and both the landscape and figures meet, with far more effect than any other picture which we have ever beheld, the general idea which we have formed, from reading the best authenticated accounts of that country, of China, and the superior class of its inhabitants. Those who doubted the truth of the descriptions, of such scenes, which Sir William Chambers has published in his *Oriental Gardening*, may here find a remedy for their scepticism. Other painters had made China and its inhabitants look gaudy, but cheerless: here the lively colours which Mr. Westall has employed, serve to promote a general sentiment of *cheerfulness*, of which the spectator of feeling cannot fail to partake.

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HIS "HINDOO TEMPLE on the north-west end of the island of Bombay," is a scene at once of oriental splendour and romantic seclusion, and (like the view in China) is so perfectly characteristic of the country, that it impresses the spectator's mind with all the force of an abstract idea rendered evident to sense.

On the skirts of an Indian forest and under a banian tree, is placed a small Hindoo temple, or rather we should call it, a shrine, (for it has not dimensions to entitle it to the rank of a temple.) Its architecture is singularly beautiful; reminding us of the domes and palaces which Genii have been fabled to raise by supernatural power, such as we read of with delight in the poetry of the East, and which appeared as if built of ivory, agate, jasper, and other precious materials. It is elegantly formed, but perhaps is a little *too* poetically coloured: at least it does not agree in this respect with the prose representations of such subjects by the Messrs. Daniel,

or even with those by Mr. Hodges, who was more apt to indulge in the ideal picturesque.

The figures which are introduced in this picture, are drawn and grouped with much art and coloured with fascinating richness and brilliancy; but we have heard it remarked—and by an oriental traveller—that Mr. Westall is here somewhat in error in introducing mussulmans so near the votaries of Brama, at the time of their devotions.

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His “FORTE DO PICO,” near the city of Funchal, is a scene of towering magnificence, the dimensions of which, if we measure them by the known height of a man, and the proportions which his figures bear to the mountain and fortress on its summit, borders on incredibility: yet though his figures bear no credible proportion to the lofty walls of his fortress, and though these walls, when considered with relation to his figures, appear unnecessarily high, the general character of Mr. Westall’s mountains of Madeira is in perfect accordance with the accounts of the various travellers who have visited that romantic and extraordinary island, who all describe it as a vast pyramidal mountain of volcanic origin, rising irregularly from the sea, broken into glens and fissures, and watered by numerous rivulets: precisely such a country as he has painted in this picture, and also in his view the “MOUNTAINS *above the RIVER of VICENTE* ;” but in both these pictures we should have been glad to have seen a little more of detail in the mountains themselves.

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Mr. H. WILLIAMS is another artist with whose works we were not heretofore acquainted. His colouring is mellow, rich, and generally harmonious, and his power over the instruments and materials of his art, is great. His “LANDSCAPE AND CATTLE,” (No. 48,) and its companion, possess all these excellencies in an eminent degree, while his “CONWAY CASTLE” which hung immediately above, is less mellow and less



harmonious; and the fore-ground road is deficient in characteristic ruggedness of surface, though he has very successfully imitated that of the barks of trees. The foliage of the trees, as well as the cattle, in these upright landscapes, possess great merit. The former seems to be drawn without least effort, and hence to display all the ease and spontaneous growth of Nature herself.

Mr. Williams should also be noticed for that great excellence in the drawing of trees which we admire in the landscape-painting of the best of the old masters, of keeping the forms of his solid masses of foliage very simple, and the extremities light and tasty. Trees derive a value from the harmonious contrast produced by this mode of treatment, which the less informed part of our readers would do well to notice.

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Either the light of the Brook-street rooms is very superior to that of the lower Exhibition Rooms of the Royal Academy, or Mr. CLARENDON SMITH is very much improved since the last year. Probably both may be the case.

The effects of his crypts and interiors of cathedrals are in general very successfully managed. In his "UNDERCROFT of CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL" he has introduced the arrival of a procession of pilgrims by torch-light: in the dark approach to "HENRY THE SEVENTH'S CHAPEL from WESTMINSTER ABBEY," he has also introduced torch-light, and in both pictures with good effect.

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His *View under the CLOISTERS of WESTMINSTER ABBEY*, is an exact portrait of a place with which we are well acquainted, and the chiaroscuro here also is excellent, and powerfully conveys the idea of lengthened space in the receding cloister. The cool light which the artist has introduced, is also a great local merit.

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His view of RAMSGATE from the harbour, is also a portrait of much fidelity in all those parts where accuracy is valuable. The straight, regular, lines of the new buildings and of *Jacob's Ladder*, which terminate the view, are made to contrast and compose exceedingly well with the rough cliffs and irregular forms of the fore ground.

This subject in itself does not contain much of picturesque material, but by means of the figures and boats which the artist has introduced, the skilful manner in which he has treated the fore-ground, and the rich mellowness which he has spread over the whole, Mr. Smith has produced a very pleasing picture.

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Among the new performers at the Brook-street theatre-whom we hail with plaudits of encouragement, and whose merits appear to be less known than they deserve, is Mr. S. OWEN, the marine-painter. We regret that we have not room to comment on his pictures severally.

Having rarely seen any of his productions before, and none lately, we were very agreeably surprised to see him, steering into the Brook-street harbour, in such gallant trim.

We cannot however look at these pictures of Mr. Owen, without thinking of Turner, nor think of Turner without remarking how much Mr. Owen—and indeed most other of the landscape-painters of the present day, are beholden to him for their acquirements. From him, he has learned to put fearlessly to sea, to steer his course, and brave the tempest with confidence; and from him he has caught that spirit of enterprize which reigns throughout some of his performances, and which is more especially conspicuous in his stormy skies.

Turner's excellencies are high and various. In this single department Mr. Owen is one of the most successful of his imitators, but in this single department he is still far astern of that first-rate man of Art.

The portraits of their ROYAL HIGHNESSES PRINCESS AUGUSTA, PRINCESS ELIZABETH, PRINCESS MARY, PRINCESS SOPHIA, and PRINCESS AMELIA, by A. ROBERTSON, contained in a single frame, are beautifully painted, and very tastefully varied.

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“*THE FIRST SHILLING*” is the title of a picture which represents a child with his Christmas-box, to whom the first shilling has just been presented. It is painted by J. THOMSON with much of the clearness and mellowness of tone and colour of Murillo; whom it also resembles in subject. We do not recollect to have anywhere seen a countenance beaming more vividly with the delight of infantile novelty.

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Several miniatures in this Exhibition, both originals, and copies from the old masters, attest the extraordinary merit in that department of art, of Mr. A. CHALON. Nor are his historical compositions, wherein he introduces with so much taste, the old English and Spanish dresses, less entitled to praise. His style is original, and shews that he possesses a large share of pure insight into the genuine appearances of Nature.

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#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*T. W. will find his remonstrance attended to in page 287.*

*J. L. will find himself addressed in a note to Mr. Holloway's first cartoon, in page 262.*

*Mr. Thomas Hope is respectfully informed that communications from him on subjects relating to any of the various pursuits of Taste, will always be esteemed ornaments to our Publication.*

*We would thank “A Subscriber to Boydell's Shakespear” if he could procure us a sight of the printed letters to which he alludes. To any other person who may possess them we should be equally obliged to transmit them to our Publisher: they were printed during the second year of the Exhibition of the Shakespear Gallery, and, if we are rightly informed, in the Morning Herald.*

*N. B. We have by accident omitted to mention in the proper place, that Messrs. Cadell and Davies are the Publishers of Lyson'ss Magna Britannia.*

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## MR. GRIGNION.

We have been requested to announce that the friends of Mr. C. GRIGNION, the Engraver, are now soliciting a subscription in his favour: we hope and trust that the claims of a man who has done so much and done so well, will be speedily attended to.

Mr. Grignion has arrived at the very advanced age of ninety years, is consequently past the exercise of his powers as an artist, and has a wife and daughter (the latter nearly blind) dependent on him for support—or rather now dependent upon the benevolence of the public.—Behold then, reader, the united claims of, virtue, old age, professional merit, and filial and parental suffering!

We are well persuaded that we ought not to add more than the names of those gentlemen by whom subscriptions are received. They are as follow:

- Messrs. Hoare, Bankers, Fleet-Street,
- Hammersley and Co. ditto, Pall-Mall,
- Mr. Johnson, Bookseller, St. Paul's Church-yard,
- Carpenter, ditto, Old Bond Street,
- Richardson, ditto, opposite the Royal Exchange,
- Hunt, Examiner Office, Beaufort-Buildings, Strand,
- Sharp, Engraver, No. 50, Titchfield-Street,
- Heath, do. Russell-Place, Fitzroy-Square,
- Warren, ditto, 17, Chad's-Row, Gray's-Inn-Lane.



# REVIEW

OF

## PUBLICATIONS OF ART.

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No. IV.

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### ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

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ON GRECIAN AND GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE.

By THOMAS HOPE, Esq.

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I THINK it both unfair and impolitic to call in question the merit which a thing really possesses, because one maintains another and a different thing to possess a far greater degree of merit; and therefore I am most ready to allow that in many instances Gothic architecture offers very striking beauties, though at the same time I think that in most instances Grecian architecture offers beauties of a still much higher class, as well as more generally applicable to every purpose.

Without here attempting to investigate all the various points in which the Grecian style of architecture is superior to that called Gothic, I shall only mention two—namely, the greater facility with which its forms may be adapted to the peculiar exigencies of every object, and the peculiar nicety with which its richness may be proportioned to the peculiar character of every work, either external or internal,

fixture or moveable, which belongs to the province of the architect.

As to the first point: it should be recollected that the Grecian architecture owes its birth and developement to a nation, or rather, to an aggregate of nations, which, rude as that architecture itself, in their origin, had nevertheless at the time when they gave it the last and highest polish, acquired the utmost proficiency in every art conducive to splendor, to elegance, and to comfort; whose cities exhibited under the various denominations of temples of every form and dimension, of theatres, of odea, of stadia, of gymnasia, of porticoes, of lycea, of baths, of naumachia, and others, the utmost variety of the most sumptuous edifices for public purposes; and whose habitations presented an equal profusion and choice of elegant embellishments and contrivances for domestic use and gratification; insomuch that the Romans, even at the period of their greatest wealth and power, were obliged to imitate the fashions, nay, to borrow the nomenclature of their Greek subjects for every new article of luxury and of refinement, which they successively adopted in those palaces in which they collected the spoil and plunder of the world.

I need not then add that the architecture of the Greeks, which from its very first conception was wholly their own; which arose out of, which was founded upon, which grew and developed along with their own immediate wants and improvements in every other branch of art and science, ever kept pace in its variety, its means, its versatility, and its resources, with the number and diversity of buildings and of implements which required its support and its embellishment; and we know from those few remnants which have resisted the havock (not so much of time as of man himself) to which the rest yielded, what dignity and what grace, as well as what strength and solidity, this architecture gave to whatever it designed.

Now it only requires a thorough understanding of its principle to transfer its forms and modifications with equal felicity from every refinement of ancient luxury to every requisite of modern elegance; whether in the exterior or interior of buildings, in fixtures or in moveables; and nothing less than a total misapprehension of these principles could so often make modern architects apply the rigorous symmetry of the ancient temple, that species of fabric which resembled in the unity of its character and the fewness of its exigencies, the Deity itself, to the private habitation, with its necessarily intricate distribution, and multifarious requisites; nothing less than an entire misconception of the spirit of Grecian taste could make those bunglers torture their intellects in order to give the box of a London citizen that exact correspondence of external forms, totally different in their internal destination, to which the villa of a Roman emperor, even of Hadrian himself, did not aspire; and thus make them wilfully forego the means of giving the different parts their most convenient distribution and most suitable aspect.

So far from being exclusive in its character, repelling in its demeanour, and in its nature repugnant to assimilation with whatever it has not from its infancy been familiar with, the Grecian architecture, like every other offspring of a high pitch of civilization, is, quite on the contrary, disposed to associate with any strangers, to domesticate under any roof, and to spread root in any soil. No where it need, old as it is, with the least degree of judgment, employed in its introduction and management, offer any real incongruity, or apparent constraint in its union even with the most youthful and most trifling modern production. The Greeks had not precisely either chimney mantles or sash frames, steel grates, or plate glass: yet, so pliant, so ductile are their architectonic forms; so many other analogous objects had they already

been used to adorn, that they fit these objects as well, and look as much at home on them, as on altars, tripods, niches, sarcophagi, and every other implement, most prevalent in ancient times. Grecian ornaments resemble the ivy which implants its root as deep in the wall along whose surface it is led, as in the native earth, out of whose bosom it springs.

Not so the architecture called Gothic. This is the offspring of an age when all attempt at elegance and splendor was limited to sacred structures; when all private mansions were destitute of the at present commonest articles of utility and comfort; when lords and their tenants, masters and their servants, feasted in the same hall, at the same oaken board, on the same gross fare, off the same coarse platters; when beds were scarce, and books unseen out of convents; and of this species of architecture the affected imitation, in times of luxury and refinement, and in edifices in which are admitted galleries of pictures and of statues, baths and conservatories, large libraries and miniature *boudoirs*, marble chimney pieces and metal sashes, satin curtains and silk carpets, sideboards and sofas, looking-glasses and lustres, clocks, candelabra, tripods, draperies, and every luxurious production of every age and clime, not only offers apparent inconsistencies, but real difficulties of every description; for so formal, so stubborn, so unbending are the peculiar characteristics of Gothic architecture, that they can only be pointedly applied to all these different objects, by making them highly inconvenient in their shape; and so limited, so few, so unvaried are the peculiar features of this style, that they can only be markedly adapted to them by making them tediously monotonous in their appearance—as may be seen in chairs, and tables, and stools, and desks, &c. when we injudiciously apply to these implements, with which our persons must every moment come in contact, those bundles of rigid



perpendicular supports, and those clusters of sharp-pointed finishings, which in their origin were only applied to pillars, roofs, and other objects, raised far beyond our reach.

And, as to the second point of superiority in the Grecian architecture, every one who has sedulously studied its principles and examined its specimens, knows that, from the facility of increasing or diminishing the quantity and the delicacy of its ornaments, it admits of as many different shades of richness and of simplicity, of severity and of gaudiness, of size and of minuteness, of solidity and of lightness, as there are degrees between the Colossus of Rhodes and the smallest cameo. These different shades consequently may be adapted with the greatest nicety to the peculiar relative situation and character of every architectonic production, whether a facade, an apartment, or a utensil. While, therefore, in the larger and more exposed external parts of a building the Grecian architecture may display the greatest breadth, simplicity, and strength, it may, in the more contracted, and sheltered internal recesses, exhibit the greatest richness and delicacy: nay it may, as the beholder passes from the one extreme to the other; as in the temple he advances from the porch to the sanctuary and the altar; or in the palace, from the hall towards the presence-chamber and the throne, offer at every succeeding step such a gradual progression of splendor, and delicacy, and costliness of ornament, as must, through its effect on the eye and the mind, every instant increase our delight and our admiration.

Not so again the case with Gothic architecture. A Gothic building, when rich and delicate in its parts, is often as rich, as delicate, as minute, without as within; in the parts most exposed, as in those most protected; in those on the largest scale, as in those of the smallest size; and this want of graduation in the ornaments is so marked and so characteristic a feature of the Gothic style, even in its most

approved models, that, not to exhibit the same in the pretended imitations, were, in fact, not imitating what we profess to copy.

These defects in what is called Gothic architecture, and many other which I shall not here enumerate, may not perhaps, even though acknowledged, be thought by some of sufficient importance to outweigh the reverence we owe it, as the immediate offspring of our own forefathers whose originals, however rude, their descendants at least may think themselves bound to imitate, even in preference to the more refined models of utter strangers. Be it so, as long as the Gothic style can continue to support among us any claim to the respect due to a national invention: but I feel sore afraid, that even this title to a preference in our estimation must soon be forfeited; for I am much mistaken if certain persons, who of late years have minutely investigated every principal Gothic monument at home and abroad, with the express view of ascertaining its real parentage and descent, have not at last unequivocally traced every one of the different successive stages of developement of the Gothic architecture from the earliest and shortest and heaviest and most unadorned Saxon trunk, out of which it sprouted, to the last and highest and lightest and most luxuriant ramification and foliage, on whose bringing forth it died, to be but so many earlier or later corruptions of the aboriginal Grecian architecture itself; first degraded by the Romans on transplanting it to Latium; and next still further debased by the Greeks themselves, not of Athens, but of Constantinople, when these degenerate heirs of a noble race (who were mean enough to take a pride in calling themselves Romans, their language Roman, and their country Romania) afresh transplanted it to the new capital of what was most properly termed the *lower* empire. From this dim focus of the degraded arts of the dark and middle ages alone, were the first rudiments, and all the later

modifications of the style now called Gothic, disseminated, to the east and south, among the Saracens, and to the west and north, among the Christians. In many, even the comparatively early buildings, planned by the Greeks of Constantinople, in Asia, in Africa, and in Europe, may already be traced the germ of every latest, and most luxuriant, and most short-lived efflorescence, which has been with us considered as an exclusive characteristic of the later and more recent Gothic; and so gradually only did these changes travel to our distant shores, that there is not one peculiar species of Gothic form displayed in this island, of which some earlier example may not be found in some continental region; and which, were it not recognised as originally of Greek extraction, would at least have a greater right to be called Italian, or German, or Spanish, or French, than it has to be called English.

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#### MÆCENAS IN PURSUIT OF THE FINE ARTS.

*To the Editor of the Review of Art.*

SIR,

I am happy to observe that every day we are shaking off some old and vulgar prejudice. Every day we discover with equal surprise and delight, that what we hitherto had most strangely mistaken for a subject of encomium, is in fact legitimate matter for ridicule.—For instance: we foolishly, until very lately, thought a certain nobleman of high rank and great fortune RATHER praiseworthy than otherwise for employing some part of his income in encouraging the arts, and in acquiring their productions. No such thing! A print-shop in St. James's-Street holds him out in the very act of so doing as a very proper subject for caricature; and I cannot sufficiently commiserate the dullness of many who,

on glancing at this admirable production of Mr. Gillray, as they pass by the shop, seem to shrug up their shoulders, and to be totally callous to the egregious wit and humour there is in the conceit.

This, however, I hope will not discourage or prevent that admirable caricaturist from exercising his talent on still more glaring absurdities: such as that of certain people who are silly enough to devote part of their fortune to relieving virtuous indigence; or of others who on Sundays make it a practice to frequent those useless places, where time is idly wasted in prayer; and many other such pitiful weaknesses still lurking in a few minds, which are so palpable, that I should deem it a reflexion on your penetration to point them out to you.

I remain, Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

London, 4th Sept.

A. Q.

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We at first thought A. Q.'s irony rather severe, and that the prince of caricaturists was here caricatured in his turn: but when we afterward saw the etching of "*Mæcenæ in pursuit of the Fine Arts—Time, a frosty Morning,*" we were sufficiently satisfied of the justness of our correspondent's observations, and have therefore given them the earliest insertion.

We must do Mr. Gillray the justice to say that we do not remember another instance where he has employed his talent so foolishly. He has not represented Mæcenæ (as the title might have taught us to expect) as if *pursued* by those butterflies of art—trifling and gaudy to-day, and dead to-morrow—who call themselves artists: not as turning a deaf ear to the claims of modest merit, while he listens with evident pleasure to the flattery of a sycophant or "the puff of a dunce:" not as if turning his back on modern art in admiration of ancient rubbish: not even as if looking at pictures



through his green spectacles, (which might thus have passed pleasantly enough for the jaundiced and artificial eyes of tasteless connoisseurship.)—Under none of these ludicrous circumstances is Mæcenas represented, but simply as walking along Pall Mall through frost and snow, to a sale at Christie's, and as wearing green spectacles precisely at that time when it must be allowed to be most prudent to shield the eyes from the glare of snow.

In short, we not only cannot perceive where the wit, or humour, or ridicule, of this performance lies, but are equally at a loss to guess where it is intended to lie. *Outré* resemblance and distorted action, are of themselves, and by themselves, paltry, and far beneath the satirical talents of him who conceived and executed the "Sacrifice to Avarice," and adapted the Hell gate of Milton to modern politics.

We are rather surprised that no person has yet thought of paying Mr. Gillray for this exertion of his talents in his own coin. If his neighbour, who has but too often indulged in the dishonest licence of having plagiarisms engraved of his superior works, will substitute Mrs. Humphries' shop for the entrance to Christie's auction-room, and find another Mæcenas—as he may without looking far—of taste quite opposite to that of the nobleman whom Mr. Gillray has misrepresented, Mr. Fores shall in this case have free licence from us for publishing *MÆCENAS in pursuit of the FINE ARTS.*

But *quere*—After all, is this print an unintended caricature and an intended compliment, or is it an unintended compliment, and an intended caricature? Surely, if he who would ridicule another, can find nothing more ridiculous in his character than a propensity which is universally esteemed laudable and praiseworthy, there is ground for such questions.

THE observations which follow on the structure of theatres are from the pen of Mr. Thomas Hope, as well as the foregoing on Gothic architecture.—Having already, in part, appeared elsewhere, they were not intended to have re-appeared in this Publication but for the circumstance which seemed to render their insertion particularly seasonable just now : this circumstance has induced the writer to comply with the desire which we caused to be imparted to him to that purpose, to revise the whole, and make such additions and alterations as he conceived the essay required.

#### ON THE STRUCTURE OF ENGLISH THEATRES.

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As one of our principal theatres, lately destroyed by fire, is said to be at present, like the phoenix, resurging from its ashes with more splendor than before ; as house, scenery, dresses, all is to be entirely renewed ; and may, according to the greater or less degree of judgment displayed in the renewal, become either an honour or a discredit to our national taste, the following remarks on the arrangement of our playhouses, and the costume of our stage, may not perhaps, at this juncture, appear wholly inapposite.

On the propriety of long deep porticoes, which may shelter the pedestrian, waiting for admittance, from rain and from dirt ; on the advantage of a capacious and dignified entrance-hall, wide easy staircases, roomy corridors for circulating round the boxes, so situated as to present themselves at first sight, and as not to transform a playhouse into a labyrinth ; and above all, on the desirableness of extraordinary egresses or vomitories, to be thrown open on any sudden alarm, in order to let out at once that torrent of spectators who are only let in one by one, I deem it superfluous to dwell. These are requisites of too obvious an utility to admit the supposition that, where they are want-

ing, it can be owing to inattention or incapacity in the architect.

I shall therefore at once usher the reader into the interior of the house, there to look about him; there to investigate those architectural defects which, in a theatre, during every tedious dropping of the curtain, are sure to meet even with more than their merited share of censure.

Even here, however, I shall not waste words on that disgraceful appendage exclusively belonging to English theatres—that excrescence, that wen, that elongation of the front boxes; that tail which they drag after them, vulgarly known by the appellation, borrowed from the structure of our stage coaches, of the *basket*. Dire necessity alone could have prompted the admission, most hostile both to the eye and ear, of that dark, deep, dismal den, that frightful yawning abyss, which irretrievably swallows up every ray of light or sound directed towards it; and never reflects the least particle of either. Less glaring defects seem to require more minute animadversion; and I can only pity the manager, if he should be compelled to re-edify that receptacle of noise and confusion, in which all the agitation of Charybdis is constantly united with the yell and the barking of Scylla.

The outline of the ancient theatre usually described a perfect semi-circle. This form, of which the different portions meet the eye most directly and most fully, is, abstractedly considered, the most elegant and beautiful. It moreover places all the spectators at the most equal distance from the stage, and gives them the most complete and straightforward view of the scene, which alone ought to fill the whole orbit of the eye. If the boxes be divided by columns, caryatides, or other architectural supports of a certain diameter and substance, (without which no play-house can display any marked solidity or symmetry, elegance or grandeur,) this form is the only one which can prevent those supports from interfering with the view of the perform-



ance; and accordingly it has, by the French, been adopted in several of their latest and handsomest theatres.

Our playhouses, on the contrary, still uniformly present a very elongated oval, or rather a purse-like rotundity, whose curve, contracted at the opening of the stage, swells as it recedes towards the opposite extremity. By this means the width of the scene is a great deal too narrow for the diameter of the house; and the place allotted for the performance, instead of solely and entirely occupying the sight, only obtains, in the distracted eye, a small portion of that space of which the remainder is filled by the audience itself.

I need hardly observe how irregular, how lame, how distorted this form is, considered in itself, and abstracted even from all reference to the stage. It presents every one of its divisions in an oblique, a foreshortened, and a different point of view; it allows none of its parts to meet the eye regularly and fully; but it is above all most defective with relation to the scene. It throws most of the spectators at a considerable distance from the stage; makes half the boxes exclude the other half from a view of the performance; and, of those comparatively few spectators whom it allows to obtain a sight of the scenery at all, it only permits the greatest proportion to behold it in a lateral and oblique direction, by distorting their spines and dislocating their necks. From its already rendering the prospect of the stage so imperfect and so partial, even in theatres where the front of the boxes remains destitute of columns, pillars, or other architectural supports, it above all totally precludes every possibility of admitting such supports, whose wide circular ranges produce so magical an effect on the beholder, and give such grace and dignity to a building; and whose presence is indispensable in the interior of a playhouse, in order, in the first place, to afford a repose to the eye, by breaking horizontally the long hollow circuit of each separate individual row of boxes, and, in the second place, to afford an ease and



security to the mind, by connecting together vertically the lofty pile of otherwise totally unconnected different tiers, and thus obviating the equally terrific and mean appearance of so many huge shelves stowed full of human bodies, suspended over each other to a most tremendous height, without any visible, or at least adequate means of perpendicular support and bearing.

Thus much for the body of the house. I now approach its extremity, its necking, if I may so call it; the part by means of which is effected the junction with the head or stage.

Even the smallest picture, basso-relievo, or other production of the imitative arts, strikes the eye more distinctly and more forcibly, displays greater effect, and produces stronger illusion, by being situated in a frame which insulates its circumference, and affords an interval of repose to the eye, between its own immediate boundary and the limits of surrounding objects.

Now, if the few entirely motionless and entirely imitative objects that compose the small design on canvass, still require the assistance of a frame to prevent their being confounded with the surrounding realities, how much more must the numerous partly motionless and partly moving, partly imitative and partly real entities, which together form the vast and intricate picture on the stage, require the relief and setting-off which they may derive from such an inclosure? While its mediation continues wanting to mark the respective limits allotted to the performers, the painting of the scenes must confound itself with the embellishments of the house; the business of the stage with the bustle of the audience: the eye must be bewildered, the attention distracted; the splendor and dignity of the performance in a great measure annihilated.

To obviate the danger of these drawbacks on the beauty of the spectacle, most of the ancient stages were incircled in a wide and deep frame: for such in fact was that inter-

mediate architectonic body which, under the name of proscenium, without disagreeing in its character either with the design of the house, or with the decoration of the stage, was nevertheless, in its features, somewhat different from both, and somewhat more marked and striking than either.

An imitation of the ancient proscenium, adapted to modern exigencies, adorns most of the fine theatres on the continent.

Not so in England. The opera-house, whose architecture ought to have been more pointedly than that of any other theatre designed with a view to impress and to court the sight, because many of its exhibitions profess no higher aim than the gratification of the eye, so far from offering the substance, does not even present the shadow, of that essential part of theatrical architecture, the proscenium.—Avarice has, by repeated encroachments, made the boxes protrude to such a preposterous degree beyond the opening of the stage, as almost entirely to drive away the scenery from the boards, and to cause a very considerable portion of the spectators themselves to form the background to the actors.

As to the Opera, however, it is in this country a mere exotic, whose constitution can at best be but pining and sickly; and whose fate can little interest the public at large.

But even our national playhouses, whatever faint attempts at a stage-framing they may exhibit, under the name of frontispiece, have never yet displayed in all its perfection a legitimate proscenium. Their spurious copies of this important part of the internal fabric neither offer that august appearance nor that judicious disposition, without which the *avant-scene* cannot fulfill the essential purposes, both with regard to the eye and the ear, for which it was originally introduced: for these flimsy would-be proscenias, instead of appearing, as they ought, in the shape of solid masses of architecture, destined completely to insulate

the house from the stage, by displaying features distinct from either, only present themselves in the form of hollow cupboards, calculated more imperceptibly and gradually to blend the stage with the house, by partaking in equal shares of the character of both. Provided with doors underneath, on a level with the boards, for the use of the actors, and with recesses above, on a line with the boxes, for the reception of mere spectators, these amphibious proscenia as it were completely dovetail the house with the stage; bring in close contact the performers and the audience; confound the voices of jocular spectators with the speeches and groans of dying queens and heroes; people Cora's solitude; intermix the British frock with the Roman toga; and make the distracted Alicia rush out of a house, apparently with a balcony quite full of the best company.

When the stage is thus blended with the house, the scenery with the boxes, the performers with the audience, most of the effect of the performance on the eye, and much of its impressiveness on the mind, must needs be lost.

The side doors, for the ingress and egress of the dramatic personages, should ever be made to accord with the peculiar costume of the play; should be Gothic in *Henry the Eighth*, Grecian in *Timon of Athens*; and therefore these lateral apertures should ever, as abroad they invariably are, be introduced in the moveable side slips themselves. The stationary proscenium should be kept free from all perforations, either in the shape of doors, or in the form of boxes. This is an essential condition toward the gratification of more senses than one. A solid proscenium is to a theatre as a sounding-board to a musical instrument; it reflects every articulation of the voice to the very bottom of the house. A perforated proscenium on the contrary is what a rent would be in a violin; it intercepts, it wastes that voice before it has so much as reached the stage boxes—and this is one of



the reasons why, in smaller English houses, one often hears so much less distinctly than in larger houses abroad.

The architecture of that part of the house which is devoted to the audience necessarily requires to have its height broken by several ranges of horizontal divisions; the architecture therefore of that other different part which constitutes the proscenium, should display no such striæ in its elevation; and while a number of smaller pillars or caryatides might support the ceilings of the different rows of boxes, two columns of large dimensions might be made to embrace on each side the whole height of the proscenium, from top to bottom.

How appropriate between these columns would be the statues of Thalia and of Melpomene; and, over these representations of the dramatic muses, medallions of the greatest dramatic writers, interspersed with comic and tragic masks; and other emblems of Apollo and of Bacchus, the poetic patrons of all scenic exhibitions!

With regard to the disposition of the stage itself I shall say but little. I cannot however refrain from an observation which seems to me characteristic of the turn of our nation. It is this, that the English, who are allowed to make the most general and dextrous use of any people of the powers of mechanism, in the improvement and dispatch of all objects of direct utility, avail themselves the least of any nation of the assistance of machinery in the exhibition of means of pure diversion. In the immense theatres of France and of Italy, every change of scenery, however extensive its whole, and however intricate its detail, is entirely accomplished by means of mere machinery. The turning of one single wheel effects at once both the simultaneous retreat of all the lumber that is to disappear, and the simultaneous advancement of all the trappings that are to take its place—The whole mass of scenery, above, underneath, and on either



side, moves at once ; and the deepest forest, or the most profound grotto, is, as if by magic, in a twinkling converted into a garden or a palace. On the English stage, on the contrary, even the partial transfigurations of a harlequinade are seldom entirely accomplished by the sole powers of mechanism ; and every more extensive change of scenery is effected by mere dint of hands. Be the action supposed to lie in Peru or in China, in modern London, or in ancient Greece, whenever the scene is to be shifted, out pop a parcel of fellows, in dirty full dress liveries, to announce the event, and bring it about by mere manual labour. Away they tug, as hard as they can, piecemeal at every slip ; here lugging out one, there pushing back another. Some indeed hitch, others tumble in headlong. Here a wing comes rolling on the stage full speed, long before its time ; there another lags behind ; and sticks by the way till perhaps the scene for which it was intended is half over ; and thus does every one of those changes of scenery, which disturb the unity of English plays so much more frequently than of any other, present a scene of awkwardness and confusion, and often of roaring and bellowing, most distressing to the sense.

I shall not expatiate on the little attention that is paid on the English stage to the perspective, and to the connection between the different pieces that compose together the *ensemble* of a scene ; in consequence of which at one time the loftiest columns appear hovering over the earth, and at another, the lowliest cottage seems lost in the clouds. I shall as little dwell upon the extreme shallowness of the wings or side slips on our stages, in consequence of which a great part of the audience is treated with at least as considerable a share of the extempore by-play acting behind the scene, as of the rehearsed performance announced in the bill. Nor shall I say much of the paltry and undignified effect produced by the performers, even in the most exalted parts, seldom, if

ever, entering the stage straightforward, through a central opening, so as to present themselves from their very first appearance full in front to the audience; but almost always sliding on and off the boards edgeways, through the side scene: not minding the additional absurdity of bravely making their way athwart the interstices of the wings, even where these were intended by the painter to represent a most solid and impenetrable wall.

Before however I conclude, I shall only beg leave to touch upon the invariable neglect of distributing (as is customary on the French stage) round an apartment which is to appear inhabited, such appropriate furniture as the interlocutors may be supposed occasionally to want; and may be able to help themselves to, in an easy and natural way. The consequence of this omission is, that in every scene in which a seated dialogue is to take place, the audience is compelled to see a couple of the laced attendants before mentioned give due notice of its approach—no matter how entirely (according to the intention of the author) that conversation should appear the result of the most unforeseen incidents—by the never-failing ceremony of lugging in two heavy lumbering arm chairs, on no other occasion to be spied in the room, to the very center of the in other respects totally unfurnished boards, there to keep staring the wondering audience full in the face, until the awful period of their subsequent eclipse; with all the impertinence which attends consequential emptiness, whether in man or chair.

T. H.

ON THE DIMENSIONS AND MORAL PURPOSES OF THE  
THEATRE.

The following observations, from the pen of another correspondent, respecting chiefly the *dimensions* and *moral purposes* of theatres, form no improper sequel to Mr. Hope's essay on their architectural structure. Though there may be reason to fear that both these papers will appear too late to accomplish some of those purposes of practical good, connected with the re-erection of Covent Garden Theatre, which they have been calculated to produce, yet they are not too late for others, and the *principles* on which they turn should ever be kept in mind. We wish that our correspondent *MOLIERE*, in his laudable zeal for the morality of the theatre, had devised some plan for shielding the virtuous youth of both sexes from the assaults, which are now so frequent and so exceedingly offensive, of those loose and disorderly females who are permitted to obtrude themselves into the boxes, and whose presence annoys and contaminates modesty and innocence. We are much afraid that until some separate part of the house be allotted to them and their paramours, or some principle tantamount to this in its effects be adopted, though the theatre may be a nominal school of morality, it will remain a real seminary of vice.

In most of the principal theatres of the continent the prevalence of superior manners has obviated complaints of this nature, and in that of Edinburgh the same effect is to a certain degree produced, either by the interference of the police, or a sense of decorum. The presence of these improper associates is there in a great measure confined to one side of the house, and the upper row of boxes.

E.



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For the Review of Art.

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THE destruction of the theatre in Covent Garden, although it must have been a calamitous event to the suffering individuals, might, in many respects, turn out advantageous to the public, if taste, reason, and justice were to be consulted in the reparation of the loss, and if the rational amusement and moral improvement of the audience, instead of the mere emolument of the proprietors, were to be made the prime consideration.

A theatre, to answer the purpose of rational amusement should be so constructed, both in form and size, as to enable the whole audience to hear and see distinctly. When this is not the case, (and for many years it has not been the case in this metropolis,) though the passion for amusement, which must ever take place among the inhabitants of a rich and luxurious capital, will draw crouds to the theatre, those crouds do not, cannot, receive the improvement, nor indeed the amusement, which should and would be the result of a well-regulated dramatic exhibition.

The proprietors of those receptacles of gaping multitudes, I mean the immense theatres of London, are aware of this; and as their houses are not suited for the conveyance of either mental food or physic, they sedulously furnish their asses' milk to their diseased patients. Plentiful doses of insipid *sing-song*, or of gaudy, ridiculous, and childish *spectacle* are poured forth—the patient, accustomed by habit to the dose, is satisfied; for even from the upper gallery he can discern the glitter of a pantomime, and in this fiddling age no man dares to acknowledge, even to himself, that he has not an ear for music. Thus the end of the caterers for public amusement is answered, their houses are *full*, and for more they care not; but the legitimate end of the drama is totally defeated. The public taste is contaminated; fid-



dlers, taylors, scene-painters, machinists, &c. &c. are the favourite *authors* of the day, while the man of genius, who, if encouraged, might have given to the theatre wit, humour, and morality, is compelled to see, with contempt and indignation, the triumphs of Mother Goose!

Such are the consequences which follow, in a great measure, from the present enormous capacity of our theatres.

The proprietors of Covent Garden theatre have it now in their power to counteract this growing evil; and they have it in their power, not only without injury to their *interest*, but, I will venture to say, with the highest probability of *increasing* their receipts.

Instead, therefore, of building a new theatre to emulate or to exceed in size the immense and absurd erection in Drury-Lane, (a plan likely enough to be in contemplation,) it would be, at the same time, wise in the patentees, for their *own interest*, and highly beneficial to the public, to erect two houses of a *moderate* size; one, perhaps, on the site of the late theatre, and another considerably more eastward. The advantages of this plan are sufficiently obvious. Though somewhat more of immediate expense might perhaps be incurred, yet a *certain* additional receipt would soon more than repay that expenditure. The convenience of a *theatre royal* at their doors, would bring an influx of citizens of which at present we have no conception.

So much for what must be confessed are essential considerations to the proprietors. As to the advantages to the public, I shall just mention a few.

1. In the proposed moderate-sized houses persons will both hear and see what is going on: they will hear tones not stretched beyond their natural pitch, which had before vainly endeavoured to convey the sentiments or passions of the character to ears that were too distant to receive them;

and they will be able to discover whether the muscles of the actor's face are in unison with the passions he attempts to pourtray.

2. In the theatres of the kind I have mentioned, where the voice of wit can be clearly heard, the pleasing oddities of humour distinctly perceived, and the words and tones of pity, terror, rage, despair, &c. reach the ear in all their genuine vigour, legitimate comedy, and dignified and impressive tragedy, will gradually come to be relished, and may by degrees, as the public taste improves, be introduced, and fill that place on the stage which they have a right to possess, instead of the miserable succedanea by which it is now usurped. Something must perhaps be sacrificed to the admirers of Blue Beard, the Sleeping Beauty, and Mother Goose, and *things* of that kind may from time to time be exhibited to please the *groundlings*.

3. Two houses, instead of one, will open a wider field for the encouragement and exertions of theatrical performers; and the size of the houses, where the critical eye can distinguish the features and whole deportment of the actor, will stimulate emulation, and contribute to repress that tendency to exaggeration and caricature which sometimes disgraces even the best performers.

4. This arrangement will likewise be of advantage in producing more and better authors for the stage. Two houses must require a supply of more new pieces than one; and men of genius, who disdained to enter the lists with the *doer* of a pantomime, or the *tagger* of the songs in a comic opera, and who, had he condescended so to do, would have been defeated in the contest, will, when he finds that there are theatres where his productions can really be heard and appreciated, be desirous of appearing before auditors, who then, and not till then, can be said to be in a situation truly to hear them, and who, I am convinced, will gradually learn to relish what is good.

These are a few of the advantages that would arise from the plan here proposed: the advantages would be reciprocal to the theatrical proprietors and to the public; nor does it appear to me that the former can have any solid objection to its adoption. But if, as I fear, an erection similar to the overgrown monster in Drury-Lane is meant to be raised, it is high time that the hand of just power should interfere. It appears consonant to the dictates of common sense that no patent should or can be granted, without a power of recalling it when it is abused. A patent to exhibit stage plays was granted to the present patentees not solely for their emolument, but that, under their direction, a well-regulated stage should afford a rational amusement to the nation, that nothing should be exhibited there to corrupt the morals or vitiate the taste of the community; and it was moreover certainly understood that the plan of the exhibition was to be such, that the audience should both hear and see what was exhibited.

Have the patentees fulfilled these implied engagements? No. Are they likely to fulfill them? I am afraid not. It is to be hoped, therefore, that his Majesty, when properly applied to, will pay that attention to the enjoyments, the good sense, the taste, and morals of his people, as not to permit them to suffer in all these respects by the preposterous conduct of the present patentees, especially when a different conduct would be advantageous to themselves, and highly beneficial to the public.

It is for those who have interest, and who have at heart the melioration of the British drama, to concert measures for approaching the throne on a subject certainly of high national importance. *Liberavi animam meam.*

MOLIERE.

*The ARCHITECTURAL ANTIQUITIES of GREAT BRITAIN, represented and illustrated in a Series of Plans, Views, Elevations, &c. of various ancient ENGLISH Edifices, with historical and descriptive Accounts of each, by JOHN BRITTON, F. S. A. Vol. I. London, printed for Longman, Hurst, Rees, and Orme, Paternoster-Row; J. Taylor, Architectural Library, 59, High Holborn; and the Author. 1807.*

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The work opens with a display of three title pages and two dedications. Why three title pages, containing nearly the same words, have been thought necessary, we are at some loss to perceive, unless it be that two, namely, one letter press, and one engraved, title, have been deemed indispensable to a book of so much consequence, and that a second engraved title has been added since Mr. Britton attained the honour of F. S. A. as a mark of respect to the Society of which he is so distinguished a member. Both of these engravings are by John Smith; neither of them is very good, and that which was done last and stands first in the book (with the addition of F. S. A.) is dry, and in its style and execution somewhat inferior to the other.

But two dedications! Where is the consistency or how shall we discern the propriety of dedicating the same book in July to Sir Henry Englefield, and in the following March to the Marquis of Stafford?—But of Mr. Britton's dedications we will say more hereafter.

We next arrive at what the author terms "a prefatory advertisement," full of that kind of specious and nauseous stuff as which criticism sickens: however, having found it necessary to fortify, and having fortified, our literary stomachs with Q: S: of bark and steel, since we sat down to the task of analysing quack nostrums, we shall proceed as well as we can.



The snake presses the ground with his belly that he may raise his crest : and in this prefatory advertisement we meet with those undulations of groveling humility and affected high pretension, which is become a characteristic trait of Mr. Britton's writings, but from which every thinking, upright, and independent mind, desires to keep far distant.

He here tells us of his hope and zeal arising "from the combined operating causes of *individual* partiality towards the subject, and the encouragement of very general approbation, commendatory criticism, and friendly assistance."

Of "combined *operating* causes" we must say that it is a starched phrase, by which if the author means anything more than to string words together, he must mean to inform us that he believes in the occasional existence of *causes* which are *not operative* : and of "*commendatory criticism*" we are obliged to declare that it is a *new* phrase, an *undermining* phrase, and therefore, as Hamlet says, "a vile phrase." To impress us the more emphatically with his triumph, or disgrace, the author has printed this vile, undermining phrase, in italics, and has subjoined to it the following note—

"I cannot reflect on the peculiar *good fortune* I have experienced from all the critical journals, without feeling grateful for their unanimous and chearing approbation. To *merit* the good opinion of the *liberal* critic has ever been my *actuating principle*, and to have obtained this so generally, must at once afford me much consolation (poor man) and pleasure."—Then follows a list of those Reviews and Magazines, to whose editors he repeats that he is "*much* obliged, and chearfully declares his obligations."

Now, either these *liberal* critics betray the trust which the public reposes in them ; or, from their ignorance of Fine Art, should leave unnoticed books of picturesque or architectural pretension. Probably some liberal critics are easily cajoled, others are venal, others are ignorant of art, though *know-*

ing in literature; and we fear that others, again, are all of these. However Mr. Britton may profess himself obliged to these gentlemen, he would have been in reality much more obliged, if, in the outset of his work, any reviewer had put it in his power to re-model and improve the remainder, by laying before him such wholesome, though perhaps unpleasant, truths, as it is now become our duty to impart, and his to listen to with such attention as may arise in his mind from the consideration that the public is also listening.

Before we proceed however with our review, it may not be amiss to say a word or two more of the honour and purity of the motive and manner in which the "good fortune and chearing approbation" which Mr. Britton acknowledges with such profound—*gratitude*, has sometimes been obtained.

The ground may be thought delicate, or perhaps slippery, but Mr. Britton knows, or may easily convince himself, that we stand on the terra firma of facts, while we ask if he never applied, either personally or by letter, to barter such popularity and praise as he could give, for such as he hoped to receive? Has he never threatened those whom he had reason to fear would not comply with his wishes, with inveterate war? Has no kind soul of a commendatory critic touched this *gentleman* significantly on the shoulder, and, in answer to his request of an early and commendatory, or indulgent, review, said, "Why, Britton, you can do it very well yourself"? &c. &c.—Mr. Britton must be conscious with what success all of these unworthy practices have been resorted to.

Even such a compliance as is here intimated, we might, however, have pardoned, if Mr. Britton could have so abstracted himself, and had so abstracted himself, *from self*, as to have produced an honest and impartial review of his *Architectural Antiquities*: but when he comes afterward to boast in a preface to that very work, of "commendatory

criticism," "peculiar good fortune," and "unanimous and chearing approbation," what just reviewer, who feels as he ought to feel for the public, shall refrain from exposing such despicable literary quackery?—If the *stream-going* reviewer forgets that honour is due in proportion as confidence is reposed, he must be taught to review his own conduct, that the tide of corruption may be stopt. If the *architectural* antiquary saps the very foundation of literary probity, and public taste, and public reliance; no one, even in these temporising times, will dare to say that he ought not to be countermined—*fellow*, though he be of the—Antiquarian Society.

We have now to notice the two last words of the sentence which we have quoted from Mr. Britton's "prefatory advertisement," videlicet, "friendly assistance," after which we will, without more preface from ourselves, proceed to what he calls his *Architectural Antiquities*.

Friendly assistance he certainly does right to acknowledge, for to friendly assistance he is much indebted; but while he is about it, he should honestly acknowledge *all* that he has received; for if it be proper to register the names of some of the obliging parties, why should others be suppressed?

In order to make offerings to the great, no man should take from the little. To acknowledge favours received from the obscure man, may be of much more essential service to him, than Mr. Britton's professions of obligation can possibly be to those on whom the light of fortune has shone: and if it were otherwise, the same impartial justice that calls for such acknowledgments in the latter case, demands it also in the former. Wherefore, to the list of names which Mr. Britton says he "*records with sentiments of high respect*" he should at least add those of the men who have really written and drawn many things (all the best, we believe) which have been given to the public, and

even exhibited at the Royal Academy, as Mr. Britton's own productions. Some half dozen or so of these names, we will "record." Indeed, having proceeded so far, we cannot in justice do less than mention the names of Messrs. BRAYLEY, PUGH, PROUT, MALCOLM, SHEPHERD, and the Rev. MR. EVANS—(we do so with little fear of contradiction, and none of contra-proof)—and though our author may plead that he has *paid these gentlemen HANDSOMELY* for what they have done for him—he certainly has not—for he *could not*—purchase of them the right of deceiving the public by affixing the name of one man to the productions, whether in literature or art, of another.

These principles are strict, we allow, and perhaps more strict than can well be put in general practice in a country where both art and literature are held in subservience to commerce: but, not their strictness, nor less than their fallacy, could *authorize*—though we grant that, if polity be so essentially different from truth and morality, as to render them impracticably strict, it may *palliate*—Mr. Britton's conduct. Being thus in possession of the screw, the reader may relax the strings of our instrument till they vibrate in unison with his own sensibility, or patriotism, or indifference. Our business is not to temporise: and he who by act of parliament or otherwise, could put an effectual stop to this practice, in art and literature, would, in our opinion, do so great a good to Great Britain, that we are not sure that even the victory of Vimiera, which cost so much, could be put in competition with it.

On the remainder of the prefatory advertisement we have not room to dilate. What we have just written may be a sufficient exposure of the fallacy of the following sentence, or if the sentence be true, will entitle us to a reasonable share of this author's acknowledgments for supplying the names of six gentlemen whom he has unfortunately forgotten, or which the printer has *somehow* unluckily omitted.



“ Ever ready and willing to acknowledge favours, and desirous of apportioning to each artist his deserved share of merit and reward, I have made it a rule to specify the names of all persons, (assisting in the production of the architectural antiquities), and thereby attach to each the credit or discredit that may be found in his productions.”--- So that Mr. Britton may now, if he pleases, pay us the same epigrammatic compliment that old Time (according to the poet) once thought due to Hearne the antiquary:

“ How’s THIS? (quoth Time to Thomas Hearne,)  
Whatever I FORGET—you LEARN.”

To be serious. The reader already perceives that we believe Mr. Britton to be a mere empirical pretender both in art and literature, and have treated him accordingly: but such belief on our part must by no means supercede the critical detail, which will naturally be expected from us. We shall therefore now turn to the ARCHITECTURAL ANTIQUITIES themselves, of which plate I. is a good view of the arched Entrance of ST. BOTOLPH’S PRIORY CHURCH at Colchester. It does credit to the talents both of the draftsman (MR. S. PROUT) and the engraver (MR. J. ROFFE); and in justice to Mr. Britton, we shall add, on the presumption that the choice of view is his own, that it does credit also to the conductor, for the view is judiciously chosen, and the print much resembles the entrance to St. Botolph’s Priory Church; the wooden gate which is placed there to keep out mischievous boys, &c. being very properly omitted in the engraving.

The lights on the ground are perhaps a little too bright, especially that within the area of the building; and the lower part of the small distant opening through which appears the sky, should probably have been so much lighter as would have allowed the brick wall on the left hand to come off dark, (as the artists phrase it,) by which means it would

have acquired superior solidity and richness : But for these defects, the chiaroscuro is very well contrived; and Mr. Roffe has treated the old Roman brick-work in a style sufficiently bold, and with much of characteristic richness.

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In the next plate, which is a GENERAL VIEW of the whole of the remains of ST. BOTOLPH'S PRIORY CHURCH as they present themselves from the north-westward, etched by J. SMITH, Mr. Britton has followed—or led (for it originated about the time that he began his Architectural Antiquities)—the foolish fashion of converting pictures into vignettes. The west fronts of DUNSTAPLE PRIORY and MALMSBURY ABBEY; the CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE at NOTTINGHAM, and the north-east view of COLCHESTER CASTLE---all in the present volume, are subjects the most fit for pictures, or (in other words) representations of such portions of nature as might be supposed to be seen through an aperture, or so inclosed within a frame as most effectually to address the attention of the spectator, yet these the conductor has, very injudiciously, converted into vignettes.

We would not be understood here to discommend or discountenance vignettes, when they consist of proper subjects and are properly introduced. Vignettes should make little things appear great; (and in the hands of such an artist as De Louthembourg they have this effect.) Mr. Britton, on the contrary, contrives them so as to make great things look little. From the simple, massive, and solemn majesty of St. Botolph's Priory and Colchester Castle, he insists upon *diverting* the attention of his subscribers to mighty pretty fringes of weeds.

On this tasteless mistake or miserable economy of Mr. Britton, we shall comment once for all---(at least we hope it will not be necessary to repeat our admonitions.) In the general view of St. Botolph's Priory Church which is now

before us, it is conspicuously displayed : indeed with more parade and silly ostentation than we could have supposed would have been tolerated even by vulgar purchasers, much less by that class, some of whom we know are subscribers to the *Architectural Antiquities*. The general style (if so it might be called) of the execution of this engraving, is in full harmony with the ingenuity of converting it to a vignette ; for here is not only a fringed foreground, but the whole area of the plate---ground, building, vegetation, and all, is covered with curls and twirls and unmeaning wriggles, which must surely have been mistaken by Messrs. Britton and J. Smith, for drawing, taste, and characteristic touch. In thort, the spriggy prettiness of a child's grotto, formed of bits of mineral and shell and sea-weed, is here palmed upon our notice for the peculiar richness and grandeur of St. Botolph's Priory.

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Of the PRIORY CHURCH at DUNSTAPLE, which follows that of St. Botolph, we shall say little (because we happen to know little) more than we have already said. That view which should have made the principal picture, is here, as in the former case, either from bad taste, or to save expense in the engraving, degraded to a trifling *vignette*, wherein the delicacy of MR. PROUT's drawing of pointed arches and Gothic ornaments (which we have seen with much pleasure in his drawings themselves) is vulgarised by MR. A. BIRRELL, and the beauty of the edifice is lost in clumsiness, and its majesty in silly affectation.

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The next plate, which consists of SCULPTURED CAPITALS and other ORNAMENTS of the west front of Dunstaple Priory Church, is a very necessary—and if it were well done, would be a very proper—accompaniment, to an architectural account of a building so highly enriched. It is etched by W. WOOLNOTH, and entirely consists of nearly the same

kind of affected display of ill-applied lines which we have blamed in Mr. J. Smith and Mr. A. Birrell, and can convey very little or no information to the architect. It is, in truth, as vile a specimen as we have any where had the misfortune to see, of the conceit and misconception of those who ape their betters by lame endeavours to copy them, without advertence to their feelings, or the principles to which those feelings have led. It is entirely without drawing, freedom, or taste. In fine, we hope it is the very bathos of this species of antiquarian engraving, and that none of those whom Mr. Britton selects and superintends can go lower than this.

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THE TOWER GATEWAY OF LAYER MARNEY HALL, which follows, is an *exceeding curious* remain, and is worthy of being treated by a more intelligent antiquary than Mr. Britton has shown himself to be. We shall therefore make no apology for dwelling somewhat longer on this, than on the other engravings contained in the present volume, conceiving that particular criticism on a single subject of this importance and kind, will be far more acceptable to the public and beneficial to the author before us, than a vague notice would be—such as is *generally* bestowed—of any dozen prints in his work.

It would be of much more service to the reader, and to the future conductors of such works as the Architectural Antiquities ought to have been, as well as to Mr. Britton in the future prosecution of that work, if we could lay down the general *principles* that should govern his determination in choosing his distance and view of his object, than if we merely declared his production to be good, bad, or indifferent, or laid before him *sub-rules* for the regulation of his practice. Now generally speaking, of every remain of architectural antiquity, some view may be found—and it surely ought to be the business of the conductor of such a work as is now before us, to find it—that either shews the



edifice (whether dilapidated or entire) to most advantage; or is peculiarly characteristic of its local situation, or of the purposes of its erection, or that includes these advantages; and as a judicious portrait-painter, in taking a likeness, will prefer either a front view, or three-quarter face, (as it is termed,) or profile, as may be most picturesque and characteristic of the individual, so a topographer, or superintendant of such a work as Mr. Britton's, if he knows well what he is about, will choose that view, or those views, of his object, which under all its circumstances, whether historical, architectural, picturesque, general or local, shall be most characteristic and interesting: and this, if he be a conscientious man, and possessed of those principles and feelings which should qualify him for the task, will frequently cost him some time and reflexion to determine.

Mr. Hearne is often in these respects extremely pertinent and successful, and so is Mr. Turner. The view of Edinburgh Castle in Hearne and Byrne's *Antiquities*, is a remarkable instance, and may serve as an example, of what we mean; shewing at once the situation of Edinburgh Castle and the castle itself to advantage. The peep of distance below, and the towers above, (to which the spectator is taught to see how much the draftsman must have looked up,) shews its vast elevation, the belief of which is also much confirmed by the judicious composition and *perspective* of the sky; the outline of the rock on which it stands, and the figure cautiously creeping down by the help of a stick, shew the steepness of the declivity; and in no other picture of Edinburgh Castle, have we seen the round-tower take so grand a station, or appear to such picturesque advantage.

To apply these considerations to the view of Layer Marney tower which is now before us——

In the first place: Mr. Britton should have been able, but

has not shewn himself so, to enter into the views of its architect, who appears to have been an *artist*, and in possession, either from reasoning or sentiment, of those philosophical principles which should govern his intended edifice : which ever holds the design in due subservience to the purposes of its erection and the means of accomplishment which may be in the power of the architect.

In the next place : If such a view could not have been found of the towers of Layer Marney as should in a single picture shew the building itself to advantage, and also the local peculiarity of its situation, the conductor should (as he has done in the case of St. Botolph's Priory Church) have presented his readers with more than one. But, having visited this place, we are enabled to say that such a view as we speak of, might have been found, marking at once its inherent *elevated* grandeur, the intention of the architect to display which, is attested by the pointed windows of *eight* successive stories in the octagonal towers ; and its situation in a *flat* country.

In a county which, for the beauty and grandeur of its towers, is superior to many, the lofty majesty of Layer Marney is conspicuous. It is the Agamemnon of Essex. It seems to rear high the sceptre of supreme command, and with an air of mild sovereignty to awe the surrounding country.

In the third place : As Mr. Britton has given plates of the ornaments in detail of some of his architectural antiquities, why has he not done so here, where the ornaments are so very remarkable ? The Greek honeysuckles which are placed over the angles of the turrets of Layer Marney, like what architects term the ears of an antique sarcophagus, and which are supported by dolphins ; the singular capitals of the sort of Gotho-Greek columns which are introduced in the windows, and are perhaps peculiar to this place, and the curi

ously-carved pannels within, (none of which are particularly noticed in Mr. Britton's book,) we might naturally have expected would have commanded and obtained some attention from *the architectural antiquary*.

But above and beyond all these considerations, had Mr. Britton been the man of observation and research which he is purported to be—in *his own publications*—he would not have failed to notice those cornices immediately beneath the dolphins and honeysuckles, where the ornament which workmen commonly term the *egg-and-anchor*, appears with so singular a variation as in the towers of Layer Marney,

From a view of his work, we are led to infer that the architect of Layer Marney studied his profession abroad; and had probably seen in Greek or Roman edifices, which, having been subsequently destroyed, can now be seen no more, examples where the ornament of which we are now speaking, was represented with the ovalos not separated (as in modern works) by anchors, or by what have been mistaken for anchors, but by the barbed fulmen of Jupiter: which seems to shew that this ornament—now so common and corrupt, and formerly so highly honoured by the Greek architects, was probably once understood to signify, or denote, the mundane egg and vivifying ethereal fire,

We cannot get it out of the antiquarian part of our sapient noddles—though how it got in, we are unable at this time to recollect and declare—that the ornament in question was thus intended to be understood, by its inventor; and was thus represented, in a more marked manner than in other Grecian edifices, in the temple of Diana at Ephesus. But, we shall urge these points no further, since we do not intend of critical reviewers to become romantic antiquaries; and shall therefore only add that the egg-and-anchor ornament, as displayed on Layer Marney towers, has the very

peculiar variation of an additional zig-zag and barbed points, as represented (though somewhat clumsily) in the accompanying wood cut,



In the fourth place : Any person who has but a trifling acquaintance with perspective, and will put one foot of his compasses in the point of the arch which forms the entrance-gate, or exactly between those two central honey-suckle-and-dolphin ornaments which decorate the summit, or will draw a line from one of these points to the other, and place one foot of his compasses any where in that line, turning the other successively to the lines of junction between the octagonal towers and the central part of the building which connects them, will see how much the said ornaments and large square windows which should be in the middle of the front, are out of their proper places.

In the fifth place : The gable which is seen beyond the farthest octagonal tower, and the pointed window beneath, are erroneously represented, and so is the twisted chimney which rises over the center of Layer Marney gate-house.

In the sixth place : The effect is common-place, forced, and ill adapted to the subject.

In the seventh—and last place—for the reader must be quite tired : One, if not two, of the curious chimnies of Layer Marney, and part of the top of a square tower, which



should form the north-east angle of the building, are here entirely omitted. There are, in this part of the edifice two chimnies standing like twisted columns, close to each other, and another of an octagonal form a little to the northward. Of these three chimnies Mr. Prout or Mr. Baynes has shewn us only one, though from the station whence the view was taken, the tops of two of these chimnies at least, and we believe of all three, must have been visible.

We have blamed Mr. Prout or Mr. Baynes for these omissions, but perhaps we ought rather to blame Mr. Britton; for we hold it to be an axiom that responsibility *must* rest *somewhere*, and it appears to us that by the practice which he has adopted, of employing one artist to finish what another has begun, Mr. Britton has rendered *himself* answerable for any errors that may result.

Observing, as we turn through the volume, how frequently this practice of manufacturing drawings is resorted to, we shall add a sentence or two more, in discommendation of this and some other of the *general* defects of his work, and, not having room to follow Mr. Britton further in detail at present, shall leave the remainder of his *Architectural Antiquities* till a future opportunity: but the delusion which a large majority of the well-intentioned part of the public is under, and their unfortunate habit of submitting the superintendence of works of fine art to those men who have assurance and speciousness enough to pass themselves off as men of taste and talent, (which is a mere impudent trick of obtruding themselves *sufficiently near to seem large* to the eye of credulity) will oblige us to find room in our present Number for a few observations, touching the accomplishment or incompetence of the present publisher and compiler, who, like Peter Pindar's razor-vender, has calculated his commodity merely "to sell"—leaving it to the keener tools of his commentators and critics, to "*shave*."

To obtrude themselves *sufficiently near to seem large* to

the eye of credulity, and to adopt a cunning system of being *liberal* in words and appearances to the public, and *niggardly* in deeds to the unseen artist, constitutes almost the whole craft and mystery of those *middle-men* who interpose their kind offices between the professors, and the purchasers of art. To hire one draftsman to finish from the sketches of another, may be a cheap mode of *doing business*, but there is always the most imminent danger of its undermining that responsibility which is the surest foundation of truth and merit in art; and he who will stoop to undermine responsibility, will not scruple to swindle our taste. The sketcher in such cases, will be less solicitous of accuracy which the hand of another may mar, or his mind misconceive or pervert; and the finisher who can only *share* in the credit of the whole, or at most enjoy that of having produced a good effect of light and shade, will not be very sedulous of accuracy where he may conceive that *inaccuracy* will render the effect more striking, and when he is not answerable for the outline but only for the *chiaroscuro*. No man can therefore say there is not ground for the enquiry, when we ask is this a cheaper than the ordinary mode, of collecting and manufacturing architectural antiquities? or is it adopted that Mr. Britton's own name may occasionally appear in his book, *as if he could draw*?—Yet as it is an inferior and degrading mode of producing drawings of the kind, and ought not to have been resorted to in conducting a work which aspires to be called THE ARCHITECTURAL ANTIQUITIES OF GREAT BRITAIN! it matters not much how these questions are answered.

Again: We are naturally led to enquire, is it from Mr. Britton's extreme and disinterested solicitude to "bring forward young artists?\*" or why is it that artists, both Draftsmen

\* This is the common-place cant of those dealers in art who would palm upon the public such inferior productions as have cost little to themselves.

and Engravers, who are allowed to be at the summits of their respective professions, are so very rarely employed by him on an occasion where we have a right to expect to meet with the names of all the best, and as few others as possible ?

Further: To have accorded with its title, Mr. Britton's work should have possessed more of an Architectural character. We exercised some indulgence toward him on the ground of architectural perspicacity, in our review of his Corsham House Guide, but we cannot do so here: here we are bound to say that his work is far too deficient in sections and *restorations* to be architecturally useful, while it is too feebly and imperfectly picturesque to be interesting to lovers of fine art. In one of his title pages and in the prospectus, the reader is promised, and Mr. Britton stands engaged to supply him with, views, elevations, plans, sections, and details. His words are as follow—"The Architectural Antiquities of Great Britain, represented and illustrated in a series of views, elevations, plans, sections, and details of various ancient English edifices, with historical and descriptive accounts of each"—yet of some of his subjects, as of the towers of Layer Marney which we have just passed, here is neither elevation, plan, section, nor detail; of sections his book contains very few; the plans which it contains are not always correct; and there is not a single elevation in the whole volume!

In stepping before an intelligent public, for whom Mr. Britton professes, and should have entertained, respect, and in announcing himself the author of a work to be entitled the Architectural Antiquities of Great Britain, as well as in his prefatory advertisement\*, he leads us naturally to pre-

\* Toward the close of this advertisement may be seen the following passage: "To develop the history of ancient architecture upon *scientific* and rational principles, define its various peculiarities, and faithfully represent its individual members and combinations, I shall zealously prosecute this work."

sume and expect, that, if not a practical architect, he is at least profoundly versed in the scientific principles of that noble art, yet here, as elsewhere, he appears a mere *smatterer*: he seems to possess a smattering of architecture, a smattering of picture-learning, a smattering of literature, and perhaps a smattering of topographical drawing—but of the latter we are less certain, from having sometimes seen his name affixed to drawings which we have known to be the performances of others.

In his disquisitions, this writer has a certain pompous manner of parading the little learning he possesses around his object: instead of proceeding directly toward its, he goes “about it and about it,” and seems to say, ‘Behold and see what an antiquary! what an architect! what a draftsman! what a philosopher! is before you.’ Of the truth of this remark, his first essay, which is on round churches, may serve as an example: but those who peruse it, should also peruse “Further Observations on Round Churches,” by C. Clarke, F. S. A. of Guernsey, which are printed in the same volume, and which throw such an unfortunate and troublesome light on the observations and conjectures, &c. of Mr. Britton, as renders it clear that if Mr. Clarke had written first, our author could not afterward have written as he has done, and need not have written at all.

His presumptuous attempt at a new nomenclature of ancient Architecture, is equally exceptionable both with regard to styles of art and chronological plan. It wants the simplicity and truth of that of the arrangement in centuries, as proposed by the Messrs. Lysons, and mentioned in our last Number: it proceeds on erroneous premises: and we venture, how bold soever Mr. Britton may think us, to tell him that it will not---cannot---meet with the general acquiescence and adoption of which he is doubtless ambitious.

The volume closes with a tolerably good index of four pages, and a list of the plates, with the names of the art-



ists who have executed them in one column, and in another the names of those gentlemen to whom they are dedicated, which brings us back to Mr. Britton's most exquisite system of dedication; beyond the developement of which, and a consequent word or two of correction---if he be made of corrigible stuff—to Mr. Britton, we shall not at present trespass on the patience of the reader.

As it happens in most *clubs of spectators*, so, gentle reader, in ours—which may with the strictest propriety be called a *club*, and a knotty one too, of *SPECTATORS*—there is a wag—a sort of Will Honeycomb—who, having turned over the Architectural Antiquities and some other works from the same hand, circulated his *prospectus*, or proposal, (amongst ourselves) for collecting and displaying in one splendid constellation, the most elegant and remarkable of the refined dedicatory inscriptions of the writer, or compiler, before us.

The proposal stands over for future consideration before we *subscribe* to it, but really, though but the offspring of a moment, it was almost as *promising*, and ably drawn up, as some which have been seen in print, even in the most fashionable circles of the metropolis. Unless a more appropriate title can be found, it is to be called “the Beauties” of Britton; Mr. Orme is to be engaged to drop on it some of his enlightening balsam, and render it transparent; it is to be accompanied by historical accounts, setting forth how and why it has happened that while one gentleman is highly complimented by the dedicator, in being told, or to use his own phrase, having it *recorded*, that his “observations on English Architecture are calculated to elucidate the subject,” and while another is told that his “Spirit of Discovery and other poems are honourable testimonials—of\*—

\* *i. e.* (if we rightly understand the author) the said poems do honourably testify that—the poet has in his bosom, a heart; and a head on his shoulders.—Witness, J. Britton.

his head and his heart," other gentlemen, again, are taught to think it quite sufficient public encomium for them, that Mr. Britton himself has been benefitted by their implied learning or wisdom, which must of course have been transcendent: setting forth also *why* it has happened that the poor unfortunate Messrs. Ingram, Edridge, and S. Lysons are left without any compliments\* at all, their names naked and exposed to all the inclemency of criticism, which is left at full liberty to suppose either that their merits are *not worth mentioning*, or that they are sufficiently well known *without being recorded* by Mr. Britton—which again, reflects rather an unlucky light upon the too-happy gentlemen whose merits, whose honours, and whose virtues, Mr. Britton has thought it necessary for him to blazon forth.

Our waggish coadjutor proposes further to illustrate his *flattering* scheme with a *plan*, *elevation*, and *view* of the ladder by which our dextrous compiler has contrived to mount from the cellar to his present pinnacle of dangerous felicity: so that other Brittons who do not fear to fall, may learn how and where to climb.

Almost the whole of this delectable prospectus however, as we before intimated, was adjourned by consent of the society, and it was resolved in our present Number to disclose no more of the ladder than should serve to shew with what grace and agility Mr. Britton *steps* from Sir Henry Englefield, notwithstanding that he "has evinced both in his writings and by his patronage a decided partiality for, and an intimate knowledge of Ancient English Architecture," to dedicate his volume of Architectural Antiquities, for the second time, to the Marquis of Stafford. The reader will naturally expect that a proceeding so unusual (so un-

\* The fact we have reason to believe to be, that the gentlemen in question had the damning foresight to disallow, or forbid, these compliments.

precedented, we believe) must arise, from the subsequent discovery of some higher and more appropriate claim on the part of the Marquis, than can be the offspring of "an intimate knowledge of ancient English Architecture:" but Mr. Britton either thinks his readers so blind as not to look for such a reason, or is himself so blind as not to perceive it to be necessary, and accordingly tells us without the least apparent suspicion, that the re-dedication proceeds from his "desire of recording" [the sly rogue certainly has an eye to the Recorder's place] his Lordship's taste and virtues, and his own gratitude, with a long et cetera.

This Gratitude plays with the Virtues and the Graces through a whole page of what in honest language should be termed obsequious flattery, which he who can endure so much, should read \*, in *justice* to its author; and this gratitude he professes to feel on the score of the noble Marquis having directed him—which by the way, we do not believe—to write a Catalogue Raisonnée of the Cleveland House collection.

But though we cannot bring ourselves to believe, that after the publication of the Corsham House Guide, the Marquis of Stafford would issue such directions to this man, we think it very possible that Mr. Britton may have supplicated, *in his way*, permission to make such a catalogue, and that the Marquis did not refuse to him that liberty of visiting his gallery, and making such observations and memoranda there, as he might be able, and collecting such observations of other men as he might not be able to make,

\* The reader will find it immediately following the three title pages, and beginning in the following remarkable words: "My Lord, Having received your Lordship's approbation of, and directions to write, a Catalogue Raisonnée of the splendid collection" &c. &c. Whether Mr. Britton meant that in *pageants* of this kind the cart *should* go before the horse, or has by mistake placed his Lordship's approbation of the catalogue, before his directions to write it, is not clear.

which he had already granted to hundreds: and our chief reason for thinking thus is, that had the Marquis yet intended to treat his friends or the public, with a descriptive catalogue of his pictures, he would, as a matter of course, have sought for the man in Europe most competent to the task of writing it, that a catalogue might have been produced at once worthy of the collection and its noble possessor: in which case we need not say that Mr. Britton would certainly not have been the man,

Crawling upon the banks of certain and deserved oblivion, there are ever a number, more or less, of groveling, sordid, crafty reptiles, who if they can but suck sustenance among the dank weeds which grow there, rejoice in the delusive light—the ignis fatuus—which dances around them, and are equally reckless of the flowers they destroy, and the trails of poison they leave behind. In bad times they batten: and in proportion as genuine patronage and sound criticism conjoin and extend their genial rays, these reptiles sicken and recede, and happy is it for the growth of art, when they drop into the Lethean stream, and are seen no more.

Of the endeavours of these despicable beings it is the constant effect to adulterate, and depreciate, and mislead patronage. PATRONAGE—generous, but discriminating; proud, but not vain, patronage: Patronage, which should at once enoble Art, and irradiate with brighter lustre Nobility itself—would they relax to the feebler tone of CHARITY; and palm upon the public the bastard of abject solicitation and mental poverty, for the legitimate offspring of vigorous Taste and voluntary Munificence.

Faint though our voice may be, our feelings here are strong; our judgment (as we trust) discriminative; and our regard for the future weal of British art of the most serious and foreboding cast. Wherefore we cannot subscribe to disparage the taste of the noble Marquis in question, nor



dishonour ourselves for a moment, by admitting the idea that his Lordship can adopt the mistakes of those dim-sighted and dim-hearted mortals who are insensible to these distinctions, or be flattered by the speciousness or servility of so mere a stringer of words, as Mr. Britton.

When we talk of this man's flattery, therefore, we are far from meaning to insinuate that the numerous gentlemen of rank and title to whom he is so forward to offer his very humble acknowledgments, are really flattered by his dedications and his records. We speak with reference only to himself; regulating our tribunal on this important occasion, by that sound maxim of British jurisprudence, that it is the author's *intention* which constitutes the crime or the merit of his act.

The plain truth we believe to be, that Mr. Britton flatters no other man half so much as he flatters himself; nor imposes on any other half so successfully\*. Be this as it may, we must detain his attention yet awhile, that we may endeavour to explain to him how widely *Flattery* differs from *Respect*: which we shall do in the hope that he will thence learn to respect both himself and others more, and flatter them less.

Respect—Mr. Britton—is always delicate and often silent, where flattery is the reverse of these. Respect is awed

\* The gentlemen to whom some of these plates are dedicated, certainly cannot fancy themselves in Elysium whilst listening to his compliments: for should they be conscious that the fine things said of their virtues and talents are true, they must reflect how perfectly unnecessary it was for Mr. Britton to say so. If a man bring forth his taper in order to shew the world that the sun *does* shine, what is so conspicuous as his own folly? But Mr. Britton may say with Hamlet,

“ Doubt that the sun is fire,  
Doubt that the stars doth move,  
Doubt Truth to be a liar,  
But never doubt I love.

in the presence of superior talent or wisdom : Flattery, on the contrary, ever presumes the inferiority of its object, and only endeavours to conceal its presumption, by hiding its serpent train among flowers. Under the benign authority of Respect, though the spirit bows itself down, it does so invisibly but to the penetration of delicacy. Respect venerates the modest incredulity towards its own merits which ever accompanies true greatness, and suppresses in the presence of its object what Flattery is most anxious to display. By delicate reflection it is taught to know that true nobleness cannot be pleased with abject servility. Obedient to a mingled sentiment of fear and love of its object, though the soul may bend in willing homage, the body will oftentimes stand erect, and scarcely seem to acknowledge the humility which it feels.

In the preface to one of *his Catalogues Raisonné*, Macklin the print-publisher talked with ludicrous folly of “the loud voice of Gratitude,” neither his feelings nor his reading having informed him of “the still small voice;” and Mr. Britton on a similar principle seems to disclaim Nature, delicacy, and the poet, and feel only as the printseller: he could not else, we think, have written the fulsome dedication (addressed to the Marquis of Stafford) which is prefixed to the present volume.

Let it not be supposed that in alluding to the place whence Mr. Britton’s dedicatory ladder was reared, we do so from levity, or are forgetful of ourselves, or of the various and wise dispensations of Providence. The man who by the innate force of his own genius or virtue, raises himself from a low to an exalted station in life, is worthy of our reverence. Such was Nelson, in arms, such in art were Reynolds and Opie, and such was Robert Burns: but such is not Mr. Britton. The manly talent which we now contemplate, is so rarely found united with servility, that independence of mind is its characteristic, and almost its cri-

terion.—“ I do not approach you, my lords and gentlemen, in the usual style of dedication, to thank you for past favours : that path is so hackneyed by prostituted learning, that honest rusticity is ashamed of it. Nor do I present this address with the venal soul of a servile author, looking for a continuation of those favours,” says Burns. “ I was bred to the plough, and am independent\*.”

This is the firm, manly, and dignified tone of an independent mind, which aspires, sees without dismay the difficulties which surround it, and, next to its own conscious powers, relies not upon the charity but the sympathy of Patronage, for the means of surmounting them.—It is very easy to discover that Mr. Britton's reliance has been of a quite different kind. It is very easy to see that all is not gold that glitters, nor all merit that rises in the world.

### PUBLIC MONUMENTS IN THE CATHEDRAL CHURCH OF ST. PAUL.

Of all the arts denominated Fine, SCULPTURE is the most simple, chaste, and concise. Plato is said to have admired it more than Painting ; and to have founded his preference on an opinion that it contained more of truth refined and purified from extrinsic ornament : and when a person of taste enters a gallery, or other noble collection of fine sculpture, such as that of the Earl of Elgin, Mr. Townley, or Mr. Thomas Hope, he feels an awful and exalted pleasure, which it is not easy for words to express. A

\* It should however be stated that not every ploughman may be allowed to talk thus to the great. If there is the arrogance and vanity of wealth and rank, there is also the pride and the envy of poverty ; and scarcely less than the genius of Burns could authorise these lofty tones of independence.

sacredness of enjoyment.—Its charms are so exquisite and so elevating, that the mind is rapt in a certain transport, which while it raises the spectator far above ordinary life, is yet perfectly compatible with tranquility.

Something of this classic—this Elysian feeling, where the soul abstracts itself from sublunary considerations, and seems to hold converse with departed sages and heroes, and the ideal personages with which imagination has peopled the regions of allegory, will arise in the mind of him who visits the monuments erected to the memory of our philosophers, statesmen, and brave defenders, in St. Paul's cathedral.

How far British sculpture, when spoken of in the aggregate, has hitherto fallen short of the best works of the ancients? is not here a question: and whether it shall at any future period, transcend them? would here be a fruitless enquiry. No philosophical artist or critic, will forget that salutary dogma of *the infinite perfectability of human intellect*, in which the wisest have acquiesced; which constitutes our most pleasing hope—our most dignifying consolation here, and by some has even been esteemed the surest basis of immortality itself.

It will be sufficient here, if we acknowledge that modern ingenuity has yet discovered no elementary principles, or modes of employing that noble art in the commemoration of wisdom or valour, which can be esteemed superior to those of the Greeks.

In one of the most valuable papers contained in "The Artist," (a publication which we had the honour of reviewing in our first Number,) Mr. Flaxman speaks of these modes of sculpture, examples of all of which may be found in St. Paul's Cathedral, and of their proper uses, in the following terms.

"All the Grecian sculpture was arranged in three classes: the *group of figures*; the *single statue*; and the *alto*, or *basso-relievo*. The two first were suited to all insular situ-



ations, and the latter to fill pannels in walls. These classes not only serve all architectural purposes, but adorn, harmonize, and finish its forms : every attempt to make other combinations between Sculpture and Architecture has hitherto been found unreasonable, and degrading to one as well as to the other."

The decoration of this cathedral with sculpture, was begun, we believe, under the superintendence of a committee of the Royal Academy, and the principles of appropriation of the monuments to their several situations, which one of its most distinguished members has thus ably laid down, have of course been attended to.

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The first public monument, we believe, that was erected in St. Paul's, is a colossal *statue*, about seven feet in height; to the memory of HOWARD the philanthropist, sculptured by JOHN BACON, R. A.

Mr. Howard is here represented in the dress of an ancient traveller. He is trampling on fetters, and seems in the act of walking. He holds a key in his right hand, and under his left arm a scroll containing his "Plan for the improvement of prisons."

The character and expression of his countenance is placid and benevolent; his form athletic, and *if* he is meant to be walking, the attitude marks the active character of the man.

We express ourselves here with some doubt: because, though his bent knee, the forward inclination of his figure, and the distance of a stride between his feet, indicate walking—the heel of his hinder foot is not raised: if therefore he is walking, it is as a man would walk in wooden shoes, who cannot make use of the joints of his foot. On the whole it appears most likely that the artist intended to exhibit him only as trampling on fetters.

Of the key which is held in his right hand, we cannot

speak with approbation. Sir Joshua Reynolds, in his admirable portrait of the Governor of Gibraltar, (Lord Heathfield,) has, with the utmost propriety and picturesque grandeur, painted him with the key of that fortress in his hand; and hence Mr. Bacon, without sufficiently advertent to the difference between a philanthropist, and the governor of a citadel, appears to have reasoned that a key would also be appropriate to a man who spent so large a portion of his life in visiting prisons, as Mr. Howard.

Plain, sober sense however, would not be very forward to put this construction on Mr. Bacon's key, but, should it ever be separated from the inscription on its pedestal, will rather be apt to mistake this figure for Mr. Kirby, the late keeper of Newgate, or that of some other humane gaoler: an idea which derives no trifling corroboration from the appearance of a *gaoler with a key in his hand*, in the basso-relievo on the pedestal.

The custom of representing on the pedestal of a statue, a characteristic action of him to whose memory it is erected, is so excellent, that it will probably be very long before any better mode of commemorating his virtues, will be invented. We regret that in the present instance this important part of Mr. Howard's monument is not executed with that feeling and skill which Mr. Bacon has displayed on an occasion somewhat similar—we mean in his monument to the founder of Guy's Hospital.

But though the execution of this relievo is inferior to our wishes, the composition is deserving of some praise, and the thoughts which are contained in it, are excellent. Our philanthropist has entered a prison with two attendants bearing food and raiment, and is liberating the elder of two prisoners—perhaps a father and son—while the younger is blessing him with raised and clasped hands.

Among its particular defects, may be seen in the elder prisoner, a very ill managed attempt at foreshortening a

limb, which makes his leg and thigh appear too short for his body.

Of the general style of execution of the statue itself, we need only say that the nudities are sculptured with strict attention to nature, and the drapery is wrought in the usual style of this artist, carefully finished, but with too many small folds. The inscription, which is as follows, is not less prolix and redundant than the drapery.

This extraordinary man  
had the fortune to be honoured whilst living,  
in the manner which his services deserved.

He received the thanks  
of both houses of the British and Irish parliaments  
for his eminent services

rendered to his country and to mankind.

Our national prisons and hospitals,  
improved by the suggestions of his wisdom,  
bear testimony to the solidity of his judgment,  
and to the estimation in which he was held  
in every part of the civilised world,  
which he traversed to reduce the sum of human misery.  
From the throne to the dungeon his name was mentioned  
with respect, gratitude, and admiration.

His modesty alone  
defeated various efforts that were made during his life  
to erect this statue,

which the public has now consecrated to his memory.

He was born at Hackney in the county of Middlesex  
September the 2d, MDCCXXVI.

The early part of his life he spent in retirement,  
residing principally upon his paternal estate  
at Cardington in Bedfordshire,

for which county he served the office of Sheriff  
in the year MDCCCLXXIII.

He expired at Cherson in Russian Tartary

on the 20th day of January MDCCXC.

a victim to the perilous and benevolent attempt  
to ascertain the cause and find an efficacious remedy  
for the plague.

He trod an open but unfrequented path to immortality  
in the ardent and unintermitted exercise of Christian charity.

May this tribute to his fame  
excite an emulation of his truly glorious achievements.

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Of the *groups* of sculpture, the first which was erected in  
St. Paul's, is to the memory of CAPTAIN BURGESS of his  
Majesty's ship *Ardent*, by THOMAS BANKS; R. A.

Its subject is VICTORY *presenting a sword to the HERO*,  
and it is elevated on a pedestal, which, as well as the group  
by which it is surmounted, is conceived and executed in a  
style worthy of the high and deserved reputation of the late  
Mr. Banks.

As the sentiment of admiration subsides, with which the  
spectator will be struck at the first sight of this sumptuous  
pile of sculpture, he will probably be led to reflect on the  
mixture of modern and ancient costume, and the seeming  
anachronisms which here present themselves.

He will scarcely fail to notice that the personification of  
Victory, is from the Greek mythology; that the sword she  
is presenting is also antique, but that the cannon which con-  
nects the group is modern.

On the frieze of the pedestal, he will, at a superficial view,  
perceive the same kind of seeming incongruities. Here are  
antique shields and swords: here are also the modern sound-  
ing-line and mariner's compass; and the captives which are  
introduced, are not French or Dutch-men, but Gallic and  
Dacian captives, such as may be seen on the Trajan column.

But he will also perceive such strong evidence of bold and  
elevated thought in the artist, as will immediately lead him



to conclude that Mr. Banks could not but have been as fully aware of these apparent inconsistencies, as the severest critic. And here he will naturally pause——

If he be a critic himself, he will next consider whether a better *monument* has not thus been produced, than if the sculptor had entirely adhered to the costume either of the ancients or moderns, or had gone to the Christian church for allusions, instead of to the mythology of the Greeks; for *if* a better monument has been produced, instead of blaming him for transgressing old laws, he will allow that to deviate from the practice even of our distinguished predecessors, is not always to fall short of their excellence.

In Art it has constantly happened that works of the highest rank and character, have not been performed by rules: on the contrary, the rules have been deduced from the works of art, the genius of the artist having transcended all former rules.

“ If, where the rules not far enough extend,  
Some lucky licence answer to the full  
Th’ intent propos’d—that licence is a rule.”

Of this licence—which Nature rarely and reluctantly grants, and grants to Genius alone; and to which Criticism from the time of Quintilian \* has bent in willing homage—Mr. Banks has boldly availed himself in designing his monument to the memory of Captain Burges. He here asserts his claim to be regarded as the inventor of a new, if not more impressive species of monument than had before been produced; he is here the master, not the slave, or even the servant, of circumstances; and he has here considered the

\* Neque tam sancta sunt ista præcepta, sed hoc quicquid est, utilitas excogitavit: non negabo autem sic utile esse plerumque; verum si eadem illa nobis aliud suadebit utilitas, hanc, relictis magistrorum auctoritatibus, sequemur.—Quintil. lib. ii. cap. 13.

art and the costume of distant periods of time, but as plastic materials which he has moulded to his purpose.

The spectator should bear in mind that this purpose was not to record a transaction, but to erect a monument. Accordingly, we see with pleasure and improvement, that the particular occasion (namely, the memory of Captain Burges) derives importance, beauty, and perhaps permanence, from the taste and skill with which it is combined with ideal forms and exalted generalities.

The pedestal is highly enriched with various characteristic emblems in relievo. It represents no historical fact which has happened, or poetical or dramatic combination of incidents which might have happened. Its character is Ornamental and Emblematic, with glimpses of Dramatic and even of Epic meaning. It is independent of time and place. It is like rich and symphonious music, where kindred recollections are called up by the introduction of natural sounds, and where a composer of genius has combined their melodies into one harmonious result. It may be said to form a grand Overture to the Oratorio above.

As this pedestal is semi-cylindrical in its form, its contents cannot meet the eye at once; but the spectator must walk round it ere he can see the whole. Its form is therefore in unison with its subject matter, as well as with our musical comparison: for music is heard only part by part, and must trust to recollection for its general impression and effect on the mind of the auditor.

In the center and beneath the inscription, sits an aged figure in high relief, who is generally supposed to be a captive; but as he holds the sounding-line, and the mariner's compass is placed near him, he is probably intended to personify maritime wisdom or prudence. The figures on either side are *captives*, who, as has been intimated before, are what that word means when understood in the abstract—namely, subjugated enemies attendant on the pride, or sub-

servient to the will, of the conqueror. Beyond these at the extremities of the pedestal are other emblematical figures, which are not exactly transcribed from received notions, or transplanted from the art of antiquity, but are the vigorous offspring of a mind that has thought for itself, and boldly relied on congenial taste and feeling for an interpretation of its thoughts.—Thus at the right-hand extremity, the figure of Britannia is not copied from Roman coins, but drest rather in the costume of the Anglo-Saxons than in that of Rome; seeming to be Britannia as she was bequeathed to us by Alfred, not as she was deserted by Cæsar: or in other words, a personification, on the principles of the ancients, of British naval prowess. She wears a helmet which fastens with a plated belt under the chin, like those of our ancestors, and like them, she is habited in chain armour, over which is thrown a mantle: she stands erect, and receives with dignified composure, the homage of a Dutch youth (characterised by the cap and trowsers of his country) who lays the colours of the United Provinces at her feet.

(To revert to our musical simile :) He who attends to this monument will not fail to notice how judiciously the artist has kept this part of his performance in a perfectly unobtrusive key: which seems to proceed from a feeling that his episode would else have eclipsed his main design, and that he would in that case have erected a monument to Lord Duncan instead of to Captain Burges.

That this idea has not been absent from his thoughts, may be traced in the delicate propriety with which he has rendered the homage where it is really due, by embroidering the king's crown, and significant motto to the royal arms, on the union jack which Britannia grasps in her right hand.

The left arm of Britannia sustains a shield, whereon Mr. Banks has shewn, with what attention and success the mind which conceived the whole, descended to the minute and subordinate parts of his design; and the energy with which

he has every where thought and reasoned for himself. He has here, not scrupled to bend even heraldry—stiff, authoritative, and unyielding heraldry—to his purpose: or rather we should say, he has superinduced an ideal heraldry of his own, by embossing on the shield of Britannia, a British ship of war surmounting a globe.

Corresponding to this figure of BRITANNIA, on the other side of the pedestal is a female of much elegance, with a mingled expression of sorrow and resignation in her countenance, which the artist probably intended for the subdued genius of HOLLAND.

Most of these figures are in alto-relievo. The background, which is in lower relief, is rich with naval implements and emblems of our maritime greatness, such as trophies of flags, swords, and shields, some lashed to a mast, others to a rudder, and others again hanging about the prow of an antique galley and against the side of an English man of war, which the spectator may, if he pleases, suppose to be the *Ardent*, which Captain Burges commanded. It is headed by a figure of Mars, from which some mischievous or careless person has already broken the arm.

These, with two anchors, make up we believe nearly the whole detail of this highly decorated pedestal, which is bounded by a double fillet of cable so treated as to have an ornamental and appropriate effect.

We shall next proceed to speak of the group by which it is surmounted.

In designing the figure of Captain Burges, as in the rest of the monument, the critical eye perceives that the artist has studied the sculpture of the Greeks; but, in adapting the results of his study to the present occasion, has thought for himself. Discarding the naval uniform of a modern captain, Mr. Banks has been, we believe, the first British sculptor who has dared to represent his hero naked—with the exception of a simple drapery (the dress of no particular



age or country) which is thrown over his shoulder with becoming decorum.

It may here perhaps be necessary to remind some readers that monumental sculpture addresses itself to none but the noblest order of our passions, its purpose being not to deter from vice, but to incite to virtue: that it is, more than any other, an art of transmitting to posterity what is most honourable to ourselves: that it therefore divests itself of all extrinsic qualities, preserving only what is dignified, essential, and worthy of duration.

Wherefore, in commending Mr. Banks for the example which he has here set before his contemporaries and successors, it is scarcely necessary to add that in all probability the British naval uniform of the present day (which, to say the best of it, is not sculptural) may in less than a century become entirely obsolete and unintelligible; while to the latest periods of time, the drapery of this figure will be understood and its propriety be recognised; the feelings of the sculptor having no more than anticipated the reasoning of propriety.

Although the nudities of this figure (of Captain Burges) have that perfect symmetry, or accordance of parts, which distinguishes the sculpture of Mr. Banks, it has also a fault to which he was too often subject—that of having the muscles somewhat overcharged: but we can the more easily reconcile ourselves to this redundancy in the present instance, by supposing that Captain Burges was a man somewhat of an Herculean frame.

The cannon is a form of some value in the composition of this group, from the simple, solid, and bold contrast which it produces as opposed to the elegant lightness of the descending Victory, while from its having been the instrument of victory, it connects the poetry of the artist's design with modern times, enabling him to be sufficiently local to be British and naval, while he is sufficiently generalised and sculptural to be

monumental: for the same reasons he has placed near the Captain a small pile of cannon-shot and a coiled cable.

We have now to notice an incongruity which the same impartiality that has called forth our praise of the rest of the monument, obliges us unequivocally to condemn.

It is that of Victory presenting a sword.—*Mars* might present a sword *before* the battle with the utmost propriety, but for *Victory* to descend and offer a sword *after* the work of the sword is done, is surely an absurdity.

It is an absurdity for which we seek in vain to account upon any principle creditable to the reasoning powers of the artist, and which compels us at last to suppose, that in looking after novelty, he has in this single instance, lost sight of truth and nature.

The ancient artists frequently represented Victory descending, or as having descended, with a branch of palm, because branches of that tree were presented to the victors at Olympia; and the local custom thus grew into a general meaning which had all the charm of poetry and all the influence of popular enthusiasm; but a sword would, among them, have converted a *Victoria*, at once into a *Bellona*.

It is observable, that an antique crested helmet, a *palm branch*, and a *wreath of laurel*, though not easily seen (excepting by very tall persons) from the pavement of the cathedral, are lying, in a sort of picturesque disorder at the feet of Mr. Banks's *Victory*: they do not however reconcile us to the incongruity; neither do they enable us to perceive how it obtained a place in the mind of the sculptor, but rather perplex us the more, by shewing—what is also shewn in a small figure of *Victory* which he has represented as carved on the rostrum of the antique galley in the basso relievo below \*—that the classical notions on the subject were not absent from his mind.

\* Where *Victory* appears as on the coins of antiquity, holding a laurel-crown in one hand, and a branch of palm in the other.

For these reasons, unless Mr. Banks was led to this unclassical innovation, by reflecting that his monument was to be erected in the center of a metropolis where he might think that honorary rewards, "the cheap defence of nations\*"—were little felt or understood; where, alas! public virtue languished; and where a branch of palm, or a crown of laurel, or parsley—so highly prized and so eagerly contended for by the heroes and patriots of antiquity—would not be valued at more than its worth in copper coin, and might perchance be entered in the ledger at twopence three farthings, or so—we must persist in condemning the introduction of the sword in this place.

Indeed Captain Burges himself seems a little surprised at

\* Among these should surely be reckoned the patriotic employment of the arts, as stimuli of the noblest kind. Sallust says of the Romans that they could not behold the statues of their ancestors, without feeling their minds roused to an emulation of their illustrious deeds; but what can an Englishman say of his countrymen? We are much afraid the truth will compel him to acknowledge that in London, monuments of the finest sculpture, and to the memory of our most illustrious chiefs, are scarcely known or noticed—and why? Is it because mere commerce, mere luxury, mere selfishness, absorbs all public spirit? Have we as a people, neither taste nor virtue? Or is it that to visit public monuments is not yet *the fashion*?

If the former, who but the rulers of the state, or the ministers of our most holy religion, shall point out an efficacious remedy? If the latter, will the chief magistrate during whose mayoralty a public monument shall be completed and set up in St. Paul's Cathedral, allow us to suggest how highly creditable it would be to his taste and understanding, if, on such an occasion, he were to invite certain of his fellow-citizens, (not *all* the city pageantry,) including the youth educated by the Marine Society, and perhaps those educated at Christ's Hospital, to a civic procession. Nor would such a public testimony of respect to departed greatness and living merit, be unworthy either of the dignity or the usefulness of the public bodies at the west end of the town, when a monument was first opened to the public view in Westminster Abbey.

receiving it. His mastoid muscle has an unnecessary degree of tension, his gait is somewhat tottering, and there is in his figure too much of the sophisticated taught step and timid air of a dancing-master, and too little of the firm and unaffected dignity of a hero.

But such a work of art as the monument before us, should rather be judged of by the greatness of its excellencies, than by its freedom from defects. The faults which we have pointed out above, and whatever other faults it may possess, are much more than compensated by the superlative beauty of the descending figure of Victory.

This figure is conceived and executed in a style so pure and classical, yet so original, as would have done honour to the best ages of antiquity: at least, to use words which Mr. Flaxman \* has employed on another occasion, is "much more on a level with the productions of those ages than the insensible can feel, or the interested choose to own."

When Sterne is speaking of the head of the monk who accosted him at Calais, he says, "had I met it on the plains of Indostan, I had revered it." In like manner it may be said of this figure, that had it been dug up at the Villa Adriana, or any other of those celebrated excavations from whence the wonders of Grecian art have re-appeared, it would have been esteemed so superlatively fine that half the cognoscenti of Europe would have contended for the possession of it, or it would have been carried in triumph to France and worshipped as a tutelary deity.

We are very far from meaning here, that Mr. Banks has copied this figure from the antique. On the contrary, we believe its archetype existed no where but in the mind of the artist, and that it in no respect resembles the antique more than in being the offspring of refined and unsophisticated feeling and elegant taste in the inventor. Victory is *in the act* of alighting, and beams with all the exquisite graces of

\* See his Essay in "the Artist."



elegant transition. The whole figure has an air of lightness and self support, that is heavenly: and the idea of transient motion blending into placid repose, is so beautifully conceived and kept up, that the whole figure seems to partake of it. One of her feet scarcely touches, if it does touch, the earth: her wings are closing: her drapery, spread by the swiftness of her descent, still floats loose: while her hair from the same cause, and being of still lighter substance, streams upward, and discovers a neck which Eneas might have mistaken for that of his mother\*.—The inscription on this monument is as follows.

Sacred to the Memory

of

RICHARD RUNDLE BURGESS, Esquire,  
Commander of his Majesty's ship the Ardent,  
who fell in the 43rd year of his age  
while bravely supporting the honour  
of the British flag

in a daring and successful attempt to break the enemy's line  
near

Camperdowne,

On the 11th of October

MDCCXCVII.

His skill, coolness, and intrepidity eminently contributed  
to a victory

equally advantageous and glorious to his country.

That grateful country,

by the unanimous act of her legislature,  
enrolls his name

high in the list of those heroes

who under the blessing of Providence

have established and maintained her naval superiority,

and her exalted rank among nations.

\* See *Æneid*, lib. i. v. 402, &c. where Encas recognises Venus though in the disguise of a huntress, by the beauty of her neck.

Of the third species of monument, the only one yet erected in St. Paul's, and that with which we shall close, for the present, our review of public monuments, is the *Alto-relievo* to the memory of CAPTAIN RALPH WILLET MILLER, of his Majesty's ship Theseus, by JOHN FLAXMAN, R. A.

It occupies one of the square pannels in the south transept of the cathedral; and (being probably the only monument of its kind in England) combines novelty and cheapness (recommendations which we regret to say are but too much regarded in Great Britain) with an high degree of excellence.

The design is simple and grand; consisting of little more than a single thought which the sculptor has bodied forth. Britannia, and Victory, her foot resting on a rudder, are hanging the medallion of Captain Miller upon a palm tree whereon is already inscribed ST. VINCENT

NILE

in both of which engagements Captain Miller bore an honourable part. To the right is seen the stern of the Theseus, and on the left the British lion.

In the execution of this monument, the artist has kept in view the example of the great sculptors of antiquity, and has wisely adapted it to the light which it was to receive, and the lofty situation which it was to occupy. It is accordingly characterised by the utmost breadth and simplicity. The composition is in the style of the best ages of Grecian art; the drawing excellent; the drapery unaffected, (that of Victory is particularly beautiful;) and the whole is boldly relieved, much in the manner of the celebrated marbles of the battle of the Centaurs and Lapithæ which have lately been brought from Athens by the Earl of Elgin.

On a work of art so nobly simple and so devoid of extrinsic ornament, but few words can with propriety be em-

ployed. The allegory and sculpture are not more grand, terse, and impressive, than the inscription : nor is the latter, to the mind's eye, more honourable to the merit of the deceased, than to the virtuous friendship of those brave and modest survivors who caused this monument to be erected.

It should be known to the reader that the monuments which have been raised at the expense of the public, to the memory of officers of Captain Miller's rank, are tributes which have been paid to those only who have died in battle. This fact being known, the spectator is prepared to receive and enjoy the impression which the classical inscription on this monument can scarcely fail to make on his memory. It is as follows.

This monument is raised to  
CAPTAIN RALPH WILLET MILLER,  
by  
HIS COMPANIONS IN VICTORY.

Here is only a single fact recorded, but that fact is so luminous and impressive, and suggests so many others, all of them so honourable to Captain Miller, to his brave and exemplary associates, and to human nature itself, that it kindles all the warmest and best of our social affections ;

“ Raises the genius while it mends the heart,  
And makes mankind in conscious virtue bold.”

It would perhaps be needless to say of how great importance are just and appropriate inscriptions toward the moral effect of sepulchral monuments : but a word or two on the dull, unimpressive prolixity of many of ours, as compared with the conciseness of those of the ancients, may not be useless to the taste of the reader.

As nothing requires more compression of thought united with perspicuity of language, nothing in literature is more

difficult to perform well. On the one hand is the danger of that affectation of laconic brevity with which the French inscribed the tomb of Moliere, ("Here lies Moliere"); on the other is that of wearying attention by dilating into a tedious detail of dates and declamatory verbosity.

The purer taste of the Greeks, drew and confined attention to those facts alone, that were worthy of duration, and like the hero of the Odyssey, "said no more than just the things they ought."

Let any person of common reflexion, consult his memory and feelings after reading the monumental inscriptions in St. Paul's church. He will probably wish that Howard's biography, and those other inscriptions which detail the dates when certain officers were promoted from rank to rank, were written in his book of reference; and of the long inscription to Captains Moss and Riou, he will probably recollect only the act of heroism which is related at the end: but the inscription on Mr. Flaxman's relievo is dictated so much in the spirit of concise simplicity which is eminently conspicuous in the monument itself, that the whole of it, with all its consequent truths, will, if we mistake not, be indelibly impressed on his memory.

But on this subject, the reader who is conversant in the French language, should read that part of the fourth book of Rousseau on Education, where he treats of Inscriptions with so much fine taste and feeling. In the best translation to which we can now refer (but which is far short of the original) the passage stands as follows.

— "There is a certain simplicity of taste which penetrates the heart, and is to be found only in the writings of the ancients. In eloquence, in poetry, in every other species of literature, as well as in history, you will find them abounding in subject matter, or facts, and sparing of their reflexions. Our modern authors, on the contrary, say but little in a



great many words. Now, to give us their judgment perpetually as a law, is not the way to form ours.

“The difference of these tastes is visible on public monuments, and even on tomb-stones. Ours are covered with eulogiums : on theirs you might read facts.

*Sta viator, heroem calcas.*

“Were I to meet with this epitaph, though on an antique monument, I should immediately conjecture it to be modern ; for nothing is so common with us as heroes, whereas they were very rare among the ancients. Instead of mentioning that a man was a hero, they would have said what he had done to become so. With that *hero's* epitaph compare this of the effeminate Sardanapalus :

*I built Tarsus and Anchiæ in a day, and now I am dead.*

“Which says most to your understanding?—The bombast of our monumental style is only fit for the inflation of dwarfs : but the ancients drew men to the life, and we see that they were men.

“Xenophon honouring the memory of some warriors who were treacherously murdered in the retreat of the ten thousand, says that “*they died irreproachable in war and friendship.*” That is all : but in that plain, concise eulogium, you may perceive the fullness of the author's heart. Wretched must he be who is not struck with the beauty of that passage !

“The following words were engraved on a marble stone at Thermopylæ :

“*Traveller, go and tell Sparta that we perished here in obedience to her sacred laws.*

“It is obvious that these words were not composed by the Academy of Inscriptions.

THE ROMANTIC AND PICTURESQUE SCENERY OF ENGLAND AND WALES, from *Drawings made expressly\** for this Undertaking by P. J. DE LOUTHERBOURG, Esq. R. A. with *Historical and Descriptive Accounts of the several Places of which Views are given.* Engraved by WILLIAM PICKETT, and coloured by JOHN CLARK.—London. Printed for Robert Bowyer, Pall Mall, by T. Bensley, Bolt Court. Price Five Guineas!

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Here is all the pomp and parade of great names, without a shade of sterling goodness. It is like the head of Geo. III. upon a brass counter, or a *Brumisham* † halfpenny.

Turning from the title page, we arrive at a “View from CHIGWELL Row, ESSEX.”—He who expects to see Hainault forest, and that noble expanse of landscape beyond, through which winds the Thames, and which is bounded by the Kentish hills, will be miserably disappointed. None of these objects are visible here. The thing rather resembles those spacious dunghills in the neighbourhood of Chelsea and Hammersmith, which consist of the refuse of those vegetables—some more rotten and others more recently lopped—which are sent to the London markets: which beautiful and savoury simile, gentle reader, would not inaptly apply to the foregrounds and foliage throughout the work.

But we really cannot bring ourselves to the irksome task of commenting on this publication in detail. It must therefore suffice to say that it is marked by no one trait of the

\* Made *expressly*,” &c. must, we suppose, be intended to convey to the credulous, an idea that they are better than they else would have been: but people should recollect that tobacco-stamps and dying-speech head-pieces, are also from drawings *made expressly for the purpose*.

† We hear that the copy-right and property of this publication has very lately found its way to Birmingham.

art of the great painter whose name it bears : not the faintest trace of the freedom, feeling, and fine taste in the delineation of landscape, for which Mr. De Louthembourg has long been celebrated, will be found here. Not a form, nor a line of his, but is vulgarised—not a tree, nor a figure, nor a stone, but disclaims him as its author.

The publication consists of eighteen aquatinted and coloured prints, (as if “ the romantic *and* picturesque scenery of England *and* Wales,” could be pourtrayed in *eighteen* views !) of which we cannot say any thing better than that they are gross and meretricious mockeries of Engraving and De Louthembourg. There is not a single line in the whole book that can with propriety be called Engraving, and the colouring, is the mere taudry and speckled egg-shell of De Louthembourg, from whence the substantial and vital part is idly blown away.

With those persons who can make use of their eyes, and have seen Mr. De Louthembourg's drawings, his reputation as a landscape painter will be in little danger : they will only be surprised how that gentleman could proceed with the remainder of the drawings, after he had seen any of the prints—if he did see any during the progress of the work. Those who are not acquainted with his merits, and the bold freedom, taste, and spirit with which he treats such subjects, may easily satisfy themselves, by comparing together a few copies of the work, that those things must be very unlike any single original, which bear so little resemblance to each other.

The name of John Clark is given—not to the prints severally, but once for all in the title page—as that of the colourist : for the honour of manhood we hope that John Clark is some little boy who has just attained an age when smearing gaudy colours with a hair pencil may be forgiven, and that William Pickett the etcher (or engraver *as he is called*) is another of these young Tyros, whom we would

timely advise to seek some other profession than etching, as he shews himself entirely deficient in that sensibility to the beauties of Nature or *his master*, without which no youth can hope to succeed. Many a man, if warned in time, might have made very good copper-plates, who cuts but a very bad figure on them.

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*No. II. of the BRITISH GALLERY OF ENGRAVINGS: with some Account of each Picture, and a Life of the Artist, by EDWARD FORSTER, A. M. F. R. S. and S. A. Chaplain to his Grace the Duke of Newcastle. Price. Proofs, large Paper and Type, three Guineas and a Half, common Impressions, two Guineas per Number. Published by W. Miller, Albemarle Street, London. 1808.*

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The Rev. Mr. Forster's account of the pictures in his British Gallery, No. II, are characterised by the same turbid mixture of the semblance of accuracy with the reality of dullness, which it fell to our lot to notice in No. I: neither is the second number entitled to more commendation—it is scarcely entitled to so much—on the score of selection of the subjects, and their adaptation to the talents of the artists who have been employed to execute the engravings.

Without any native feeling for those arts on which he has undertaken to write for the public information, this gentleman labours to be right, chiefly on certain points of trifling importance, and lets his readers see that he labours; yet after all he produces no one sentence of original feeling: nothing that any man will ever quote, except perhaps at an auction room, or on some other occasion of sale or bargain. He appears not to be a man who knows, or desires to explore, “the latent tracts, or giddy heights” of art: not one who is able to soar with his subject, leaving

———— all meaner things

To low ambition and the pride of—



tasteless collectors. No: for this very tribe of *tasteless* collectors, he writes a register-book of names and dates, which when compared with the writings of Reynolds, Fuseli, Tresham, and the few others who *can* write upon the subject of pictures, is as the dry, dull, gazette style of Suetonius to the fervid feeling and manly eloquence of Tacitus.

We would not here be understood to insinuate that we expect Mr. Forster to rise in rapture, and obtrude his raptures, as every passing sun-beam gleams across the Arcadia that is before him. Certainly not. The extreme of excessive sensibility, especially if tinctured with affected refinement, would be quite as little entitled to our approbation, as that of stoical apathy. But those who purchase this gentleman's company, have at least a right to expect a steady and intelligent, not an insensible, guide: a guide that will point out the grand or beautiful features of the country, and that will conduct them to stations whence, looking beyond the stream of common life, they may see far into those regions of felicity which the light of genius has gilded.

To speak without a metaphor, we would argue that the subscribers to such a work as the British Gallery of Engravings is held out to be, have not only the clearest right to expect from its conductor the best engravings that can now be performed, but also the best accounts of the merits of the several pictures that may be introduced into the publication. We expect as much sensibility to the charms of Painting, and as much discreet power of oratory in the conductor to impart it, as might, by awakening kindred feelings in his readers, teach them to enjoy what is really interesting, and with reason to admire what may be truly admirable, in the gallery which he displays.

Yet, against misunderstanding and misrepresentation of our sentiments, it may not be altogether unnecessary to guard.

For a book on the fine arts to be characterised by an

union of the semblance of accuracy with the reality of dullness, we are aware is no light imputation on the taste and wisdom of its author, and we are far from meaning by it, that Mr. Forster is universally inaccurate. On the contrary, we presume that he takes all the care he can to be perfectly right as to the names of past and present possessors of the pictures which are the subjects of his remarks, and the dates when they were severally transferred: and he who will take this care, may without much difficulty be correct. Hence Mr. Forster's work as a book of reference, may save auctioneers and picture-dealers the trouble of some writing, and may not be without its use to that tasteless tribe of collectors whom we have already noticed, who can only identify a picture by tracing its migrations from one country to another, or from the hands of its former, through those of its subsequent possessors. This, as it appears to us, is treating pictures (as Woolaston says) not *as being what they are*, and rather as articles of fashionable importance, than as productions of genius. It is moreover promoting the views of those who court Art for the dowry she will bring, not for her beauty or her merits.

The praise that may be due to accuracy of this kind, let no man deny to Mr. Forster. What we mean when we speak of the semblance of accuracy, is principally observable when he comes to apply his office-desk rules and ledger book to the mensuration of merit, and the registering of genius. Thus the first subject in his second number is a **FLEMISH COTTAGE** painted by **ISAAC VAN OSTADE**, who is generally allowed to be an inferior artist to his brother Adrian.

As far as respected the employment of words in this comparison between the Ostades, connoisseurs have hitherto been satisfied with this general acknowledgment of the inferiority of Isaac. It was reserved for the writer before us, equally refined and precise in recording the dimensions of

copper-plates\*, canvasses, pannels, and painters' abilities, to say (in his first sentence, that) "had Isaac Ostade attained the same age as his elder brother Adrian *did*, it is more than probable that he would have arrived at *almost* equal excellence, and *one* † *author says* that he would have surpassed him."

That Mr. Forster has been led to this exactness of discovery, by the extensive comparison which he has made between the works of Adrian Van Ostade and his brother Isaac, does not appear, and we must do him the justice to say that he does not arrogate it to himself, but rather appears to be only extremely careful not to spill one drop of *their* extract of Ostade, in pouring from the vials of M. Descamps, Pilkington, and Mr. Bryan "*of Piccadilly ‡,*" into his own larger bottle.

Pilkington, in more appropriate language, says of Isaac Ostade that "he died before he had arrived at the perfection which years and experience might have given him; or perhaps he might have risen to a nearer degree of equality with his celebrated brother." See Fuseli's edit. p. 375.

If however this comparison between the two Ostades be of importance, why does not Mr. Forster, or some other of those excellent connoisseurs who are so very scrupulous about the comparative fame of the deceased brothers, look at the dates of Adrian's pictures, and see which of them

\* As we have before stated, we cannot see any good reason for mentioning in every instance—or indeed in any—the exact dimensions, even to the smallest fraction, of an engraving which is before our eyes: but if it be necessary to Mr. Forster's notions of strict propriety, we beg to submit to his consideration, whether it would not be better to say, size of the *engraving* than "size of the *plate*," as this is what he really means. The plate extends on every side far beyond the bounds of the engraving.

† M. Descamps in "*La Vie des Peintres Flamands, Allemands, et Hollandois.*"

‡ This is Mr. Forster's designation of Mr. Bryan.

were painted at an earlier age than that at which Isaac died? since this, according to their mode of reckoning, would settle the point at once, and in the most satisfactory manner.

We are next made acquainted that “our (mistaken) English writers probably formed their judgment [of the inferior merit of Isaac Ostade] from the specimens that were in their own country at the time when they wrote”—by which the reader is given to understand that the said English writers all wrote at one time:—“while the French author (Descamps) was guided by the works of this master which he saw either at Paris, or in his tour through Flanders and Brabant.”

The comparison between Isaac and Adrian (to which the reader will please to allow the degree of interest and importance that seemeth best unto him) being brought to a close, we are with commendable propriety informed, that “it is not in this country that we must in general look for the best specimens of Isaac’s abilities;” but that “the present picture, which represents a close home scene, evinces much greater power, as well in pencilling, as in truth of colouring and strength and richness of effect, than any works by this artist that have hitherto been seen in England.” All this we believe to be very true: it is the gold of Mr. Forster’s part of the present Number, and pity would it be that it should be lost in the alloy. The account closes with rather a prolix journal of the travels of the picture from Ostade’s painting-room to Paris, and from Paris to London, and a register of who have been its possessors from time to time.

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The subject of the next engraving is a portrait, said to be of SALVATOR ROSA, and painted by himself.

In his selection of subjects for this publication, Mr. Forster says “he has been guided in a great measure by their



excellence \* ;” but surely that cannot have been the case in the portrait before us. In choosing the present picture he must either have been guided in a great measure by its want of excellence, or his judgment in pictures must be much worse than we could have supposed. In truth we are not certain but that a man of taste in fine art, might have found in the noble collections which are enumerated in the prospectus the number of pictures which Mr. Forster proposes to publish, (viz. 100,) without including any one of those which we have yet seen engraved in his work ; so far, in our estimation, is the selection of the first six subjects from being what it ought to have been.

Be this as it may : the portrait before us is said to be that of Salvator Rosa. Now it is not unworthy of remark—nay, it even calls for animadversion—that the editor’s especial care to identify and trace the histories of the pictures introduced into his work—on which point, as we have already noticed, he is particular to an excess—should fail him here, precisely in the place where it would have been of most value. This portrait is in itself but an indifferent performance, to say no worse of it ; and if it be not the portrait of Salvator Rosa, or of some other distinguished man, can be regarded but as of very little worth. The circumstances then, which should confer on this engraving, a praiseworthy, or at least a passable, rank in the estimation of the subscribers, are here withheld ; and the withholding is rendered the more conspicuous, by the superabundance of testimony with which we are presented in the case of the Ostade which has just passed in review, as well as on other occasions.

Instead of this kind of evidence of its being the portrait of SALVATOR ROSA, Mr. Forster seems to think that a broad, general, but unfounded, (as we shall presently shew,) asser-

\* See his Prospectus.

tion of his own, and a very general description of his person by Batista Passari, from which it in some respects differs, will here be quite sufficient.

He says "there is *every* reason to suppose it *very much* resembled him, [Salvator Rosa] from the strong marks of individuality in the countenance."——

In calling this a broad, general assertion, we have perhaps, as critical reviewers, been too mild: it being probably the first time that any man who has taken upon himself the arduous and important office of a writer on Art for the public information, has had the assurance, or the ignorance, or the inadvertency, to offer that to the public as proof of a certain picture being *the* portrait of a particular individual, which at the most, can only be received as evidence of its being *a* portrait. What! because there is individual marking in the countenance, must *the* individual whom it represents, perforce be *Salvator Rosa*?

We have before stated that, neither does this print exactly correspond with Batista Passari's description of Salvator Rosa's person. Passari says that this painter's hair was black, whereas it is not so represented in Mr. Forster's plate; and (though he speaks of his eyes) does not say that he squinted, whereas in the engraving, he squints not a little.

The reader who is versed in old prints will probably recollect an etching (we believe by Worlidge) of Salvator Rosa's portrait, in profile—at least of a head which is called by his name, and is introduced into Richardson's book on Painting. We do not lay much stress on this profile, and shall therefore only say that it does not corroborate what we read and see in Mr. Forster's publication.—After all, the reader will have the candour to observe (and particularly Lord Grosvenor, if he should do us the honour to become our reader) that we do not affirm the picture in his collection not to be the portrait of Salvator, but only that the writer before us has left his readers unsatisfied upon a point

where satisfaction was peculiarly desirable, and where he had previously given us most reason to expect it.

Upon evidence quite as insufficient (namely, the mere circumstance of the man whose portrait this may be, being represented as holding a pen,) Mr. Forster has pronounced this to be the portrait of a Poet. He says *Salvator Rosa* “here represents himself as a poet.” As well might Mr. Forster be mistaken for a poet, because he is sometimes seen with a pen in his hand.

It is painful and even troublesome (we fear to the reader as well as writer) to follow this gentleman wherever he shews a want of critical accuracy or common observation: he adds to the above sentence, “and as it were in the very act of writing.” Now the reader who will be at the trouble of turning to this print, will see at a glance, that the person represented, is *not* in the very act of writing. He has a pen in his hand, but is evidently employed, as Mr. Forster ought himself to be more employed than he has been—*videlicet*—in *thinking what* he should write.

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We next open upon a very fine picture by REMBRANDT, which to our simple apprehension represents a very good good boy saying his prayers to a very good-tempered, pious, placid, sort of a comfortable old lady; who has just taken off her *spectacles* and closed the prayer-book, choosing to rely on her own recollection for the accuracy of the remainder of an often-repeated prayer.

This is what it appears: and as the painter has nowhere written on it SAMUEL AND ELI; and as the value of the picture in no degree depends on its being supposed to be intended for this subject, it would have been quite as well for the reputation of the parties concerned, including Rembrandt as well as Mr. Forster, if it had not been called by a name which really makes him who painted, or him who christened it—or both of them—appear ridiculous.

We must however do the reverend conductor the justice to say that though he has thus entitled it, he writes with much less assurance of certainty here, than in the case of the Vandyck which to him appeared a Paris, in No. I. He delivers himself with some hesitation, and even confesses his doubts. He says in one place, "if such be allowed to be the subject;" and in another, "the character of Eli is not very dignified, and at the first glance, the figure has, *from the robes of the Jewish priesthood*, very much the character of a woman:" but why the robes of the Jewish priesthood, which were never worn by women, and do not much resemble those which are, should suggest this similitude, or give birth to this doubt, we are at some loss to conjecture. Granting however that this writer might be naturally led to suppose these things, we have to observe that the dress in which the old lady is attired, is *not* that of the Jewish priesthood. Ignorant as Mr. Forster asserts Rembrandt to have been, he knew more of this dress than the reverend Divine before us, having actually introduced something very like it, in "the Woman taken in Adultery," lately purchased by Mr. Angerstein; in his "Ecce Homo," and in various other of his works: while in the present picture here is no breast-plate, no mitre, no ephod, no alternation of little bells and pomegranates round the skirts of the robe, and, in short, none of those sacerdotal ornaments which have been so often painted and so often described.

Now, if Rembrandt, neglected propriety of costume, he courted picturesque richness; and in selecting his subjects and composing his pictures, seems to have preferred objects in proportion as they were in themselves analogous to his own powers and feelings as a painter: wherefore it may fairly be presumed that in painting Eli, he would not have dispensed with objects so inviting to his pencil, as the beard



of an old man, and the sparkling and variegated splendour of the dress of the high priest.

When these things are reflected on, we feel entirely disposed to acquit Rembrandt in the present instance, of the absurdity of introducing spectacles and books so many centuries before either of them was invented, as well as of the other ridiculous absurdities which are involved in Mr. Forster's denomination of this picture. There seems to be not the least occasion for English commentators to make the Dutch and Flemish painters appear worse than they really are, with regard to knowledge of costume.

But scarcely less ridiculous is the gravity with which this writer, in his laboured and languid manner, affects to have *discovered* what every person who is at all conversant with the Dutch school, or who has even only read of it, must know so well, namely, that "the mode in which the Dutch and Flemish painters generally treated historical subjects, was not of that dignified and grand cast so constantly seen in the Italian schools, founded, as many of them were, upon the antique. If too there were any obscurity in the subject itself, the system of the former masters did not tend to unfold \* it. Their custom of making every thing subservient to the character of their own country, too frequently threw a greater † cloud over—what required *some* skill to explain. Their total inattention to character, costume, incidental and appropriate detail, together with their flagrant violation of all unity of plan and subject, frequently rendered many of their historical works still *more* perplexed ‡"——

\* Mr. Forster, we must suppose, has known instances of *obscurity* being *unfolded*, and unfolded by the *tendency* of a *system*!

† This seems to be a very pertinent allusion, certainly to—the foggy banks of the Dutch canals.

‡ Than what? the reader may perhaps enquire, but we cannot inform him: he is arrived at the end of the paragraph, and it *cannot* be supposed to mean more perplexed than the author.

All this—Mr. Forster has for the first time discovered! We should not have cited this paragraph if the writer had not immediately added, “*the present picture gave rise to these remarks*”—which, Mr. Forster must excuse us if we say—is impossible. He must excuse us, if we say that the present picture did not give rise to Mr. Forster’s remarks on the Dutch school, but the remarks of others on that school gave rise to his comments on the Rembrandt which is before us: for how could the present picture give rise to these remarks?—Alas! how must the selection of such a guide as Mr. Forster, to conduct us through such a work as the present is held forth to be—a *British Gallery*! appear in the eyes of intelligent foreigners?

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The account which follows this is of a HOLY FAMILY by MURILLO. It is much in the same dull and prosing style as the preceding, and contains very little about the Holy Family, being chiefly calculated to inform us of the scarcity of Spanish pictures, and the difficulty of obtaining them.

In the first sentence, instead of writing simply, we know but little of Spanish artists, Mr. Forster writes “*we are said to know but little of Spanish artists, and it is an assertion undoubtedly founded upon truth;*” and a little lower, instead of saying it is more than probable that many of the pictures in this country which are supposed to be Spanish, are in fact copies, (for this is what he means,) he says, “It is more than probable that no inconsiderable number of the Spanish pictures, *supposed to be in this country*, are in fact copies.”

Mr. Forster next presents us with a full, true, and particular account of the “two modes in which (according to him) the works of Spanish artists have reached this country”—But as the reader has probably, ere this, had enough of Mr. Forster: the dull, the prosing, the insipid, the mistaken Mr. Forster: we shall proceed to notice the Engravings contained in his second number, beginning with—

A FLEMISH COTTAGE, painted by ISAAC VAN OSTADE, and engraved by JAMES FITTLER, A. R. A.

In allusion to the felicitous manner in which he treated low, boorish, subjects, it has been emphatically said of the elder Ostade, that he raised flowers from a dunghill. This may also be applied to the most successful efforts of his younger brother: but when Mr. Fittler treats such subjects, it may almost be said that he raises a dunghill without flowers. That breadth and congeniality of style and touch, which seems without effort to create its objects; which beguiles our eye and surprises our judgment into implicit admiration, and which calls for, while it almost inspires, a congenerous mode of treatment in the engraver;—here Mr. Fittler is sadly deficient. What seems the result of fortunate carelessness in the painter, is in the engraver mere labour, and often labour in vain.

Let the reader compare the faces (particularly that of the sitting female) of Ostade, with those of Mr. Fittler; let him further compare the boy's hair; the woman's gown; the man's naked leg, the dog, the straw thatch, and the ground of the picture, with those in the engraving, and he will readily perceive all that difference in the execution, which is occasioned by the presence and the absence of *feeling* in the respective artists.—If these passages had been no better in Ostade's painting than they are in Mr. Fittler's engraving, the former never would have travelled so far as Mr. Forster has written, nor have found its way into Mr. Hibbert's collection.

The style of execution of Mr. Fittler's cottage walls and door, is somewhat better; but here, as well as in the thatch and ground, in proportion as he approaches light, or the eye of the spectator, and should become more playful and tasty, he is stiff and tasteless.

This engraving—not this engraving alone, but every engraving of this kind, may be brought into an improving

comparison with those of "the Cottagers." and "the Jocund Peasants" by Woollett and Browne, after Du Sart, which afford the best criterion of the capabilities of the engraver's art in the treatment of rustic subjects, that this or any other country has ever produced, and which no collection of prints should be without. Happily for this art, the performances of engravers do not, like those of stage players and musicians, live merely in recollection and report, and Mr. Fittler might easily, if he had pleased, have had the Flemish Cottages of Woollett and Browne, after Du Sart, beside him, whilst engraving this of Adrian Ostade, and as far as style may be corrected or formed, or long practice in the art of characteristically expressing the various surfaces of natural objects, be modified by sensibility of observation and just comparison, Mr. Fittler might have benefitted by the merits of these unparalleled prints, while he avoided the defects and indiscretions, into which Woollett has in certain passages been led by imitating Wille rather than Nature and Du Sart.

It behoves us however to speak on such a subject with delicacy, though *not with reserve*. That practical skill and critical information, may be drawn from the same fountain, may be adduced in proof of its purity, but we seem to have small right to recommend any particular mode of study to an artist. We are ever far from meaning that the style of an engraver should be narrowed by the practice of his predecessors, and would therefore be understood in this place to speak rather with reference to the taste of such of our readers as would improve in critical discernment, than to Mr. Fittler's professional habits.

Let then the critic in Engraving, or him who would become so, compare, *abstractedly from the chiaroscuro, the drawing, and style of engraving* of this print of Mr. Fittler, with those mentioned above, as well as with Ostade's original picture: let him compare the varying art of Wool-



lett and Browne in expressing old weather-worn planks and tiles, moss-grown thatch, and crumbling plaster walls, with a long et cetera of picturesque detail: let him compare the trees, and the ground, bare in some parts, grassy in others, and every where free and tasteful, with precisely the same species of objects in the print now under review. The comparison will afford him a much better comment, both on Mr. Fittler's engraving and Mr. Forster's management, (or judgment in adapting subjects to the respective talents of the artists on his list,) than any words of ours can impart.

It is but justice to add, that the general effect of this print is good: the shadows and middle-tints are deep-toned, like those of Ostade, while they are sufficiently clear. Yet the white drapery about the woman's head is perhaps rather too much of a light spot, and a little of that mossy character which is expressed in the ground behind him, should have been admitted between the feet of the standing, or rather leaning, peasant. By the way, though this peasant is evidently leaning forward, here is no staff to sustain his weight. Can it be that Mr. Fittler has omitted the staff? No—he is too careful. But the anonymous and irresponsible copyist, who stands between the engraver and the original picture, may, and perhaps to his inability or inattention, should be in part ascribed that air of silly brutality in the principal man, and that quizzicality of countenance in the woman, which seems like the caricature of the rustic countenances of Ostade.

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PORTRAIT of —, engraved by J. NEAGLE from a copy of a picture by SALVATOR ROSA in the collection of EARL GROSVENOR.

This portrait is (to our view) evidently the work of a man whose native talent has flagged under the apathy of the public: of one who, as we fear has been the case with others of his profession, has gradually and insensibly sunk into a habit

of substituting such method as is acquired in the mere trammels of practice, for his former feeling ; who now *works* rather than *engraves* ; whose hand continues to proceed mechanically, whilst his mind, having ceased to take an active part, is rather amused, than exercised or engaged.

We should be grieved to say this of an artist in any country, but more especially in our own. If the fine arts were virtually represented in parliament, as commerce, and agriculture, and the learned professions are represented—then might some Pericles arise, and, claiming for his country that it might be regarded as the principal seat of commerce, proceed (to no very distant inference) to argue that it should consequently be, and might soon become, the emporium of the world for all that is commercial in fine art : we do not mean (as has somewhere been said) merely because superiority in art will ensure us superiority in manufactures—though this would be a necessary and a salutary consequence—but upon much higher principles :—and then might the professional talents of such artists as Mr. Neagle, meet with appreciation and encouragement.

But the Arts are not represented either nominally or virtually : and to claims and considerations of this nature, as Mr. Shee has beautifully said—

“ Each eye is vacant, and each heart is cold.”

The same blindness and indifference has existed toward merit in Engraving, that we have regretted in our review of sculptured monuments, to observe in the public toward the art of the Statuary. How different has been the fate of Music ! The statuary and the engraver have gratified and charmed the tasteful mind, with all the sweet tones, all the delicate transitions and demi-semi distinctions, and all the powerful execution, of Giardini or Viotti ; whilst of their commercial, political, and moral auditory, some have tattled or laughed, others have eaten their dinners, whilst so few

have listened, that, as in the present instance, the professor has sickened at the public insensibility, and has relaxed those nerves of studious exertion which he once stretched, and would have continued to stretch, with pleasure. Failing to call forth sympathy from the public, he has ceased to hope for it. However soaring his professional aims may once have been, they now stop at the degree which marks the limit of his employer's knowledge, or the average taste of the London collectors; and we perceive in this engraving, and lament, that an irksome and paralysing experience, has tamed down the native professional talent of Mr. Neagle to the trading level, from whence we may indeed hope, but cannot expect to see it arise, until it is perceived that Engraving as well as Music, has powers to charm and delight.

That a brighter day is now dawning upon our benighted taste, there is some reason to suppose.

The great prevailing fault of the engraving before us, is want of energy. We have not seen the original picture, but can scarcely believe that Salvator Rosa, in contriving the chiaroscuro of this picture, can have left a form so cutting and ugly, as extends from the face round the shoulder and down the arm of this portrait. Neither the face nor drapery has any such predominating and characteristic course of lines, as we conceive should be employed in engraving after this master; and the hand—Mr. Neagle's best friends must allow that he has made but a bad hand of it.

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FITTLER'S REMBRANDT, engraved from a copy by P. P. REINAGLE, of the original picture in the possession of the MARQUIS OF STAFFORD.

This is in our estimation, the best engraving that Mr. Fittler has yet produced for the British Gallery of Engravings: yet as we have before observed, universal closeness of texture, is not characteristic of the pictures of Rembrandt.

The chief merit of this painter, as is well known, resided in his chiaroscuro, and this Mr. Fittler has here rendered with considerable fidelity: yet *some* merit must be allowed to his colouring, and to the creative felicity of his penciling. Now the varieties of colour, which the engraver who undertakes to *translate* Rembrandt, undertakes to suggest, it is clear can never be successfully suggested by universal closeness of texture.

It is true that Rembrandt himself, in etching after his own pictures, adopted a close system of lines—so close, that the lines severally, are scarcely discernible: but then he aimed at no more than effect of chiaroscuro.

This however is the best print from Mr. Fittler's graver, that we have yet had the pleasure of reviewing. The shadows are deep, and the light is bright, without harshness; and the countenance of the old woman and face of the boy much resemble Mr. Reinagle's copy.

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HEATH'S HOLY FAMILY, engraved from a copy of a picture by MURILLO, in the collection of HENRY HOPE, Esq.

Unless this plate has been ill printed, there is a want of science in the engraving. Being somewhat disappointed in the first impression which met our view, and fearful of imputing that to the engraver which we know is sometimes the fault of the printer, and even of the paper which receives the impression, we have examined others, but still find the same want of mellowness, sweetness, and subordination of parts.

The print does not display a rich deep-toned brightness softening into neutral tints, such as we expected from Mr. Heath when working after Murillo: but rather the crudity of a picture fresh from the easel of an indifferent harmonist.

The original is remarkable for a peculiar sweetness and mellowness in its tones. There is a grey haziness mingling



with the colours in various degrees, in the half-tints and shadows, which acts as a common bond of union to the brightness of their lights, in which the engraving is so deficient, that it rather suggests the idea of having been done from a modern crayon picture of Mr. Russell, than from an oil picture mellowed by age, and from the hand of Murillo. It resembles those musical compositions wherein may be observed, a feeble attempt at an ostentatious superstructure of harmony, unsupported by any firm basis of melody.

There is more of the master—more of what we should have wished, and indeed did expect, to have seen pervading the whole performance—in the foreshortened head of Joseph, than any where else in the print. Here both the face and hair are executed with much taste; and had this head formed a print of itself, we should have admired it. It was a difficult task to execute well, and yet it is well executed. There is also some very good engraving in the face and neck of the Madonna; but the indefinite and exquisite felicity of indication about the eyes, for which Bartolozzi is so famous in subjects of this kind, is here wanting, particularly in the off eye: and the style of engraving of the infant Jesus is rather silvery than fleshy.

The fingers of the right hand of the Madonna are beautifully engraved: but the palm is not well drawn, nor the hand well set on to the wrist: this, with the want of delicate junction between the fingers and palm, destroys the intended grace of the painter, and gives a degree of affectation to the whole hand.

It is not altogether the fault of the engraver that the body of the infant Jesus is also ill drawn: it is so sausage-like, that we ought perhaps rather to say, it is *not* drawn. The hands and feet and left arm are much better, but his right thigh again, too much resembles the comparison we have made above, and there is not the least indication of a joint between the back part of the leg, and the thigh.

The drapery over the breasts of the Madonna—if she has any—is not engraved with the usual ability of this artist: the right side does not correspond in style with the left, and hardly seems the work of the same hand; while that over her right arm and knee is much more worthy of Mr. Heath's eminence in this part of his art.

The back-ground does not act its part well. In particular the bole of the tree which should be behind the shoulder of Joseph, seems to come before it, and the whole of this tree is ill drawn, and worse engraved.

We strongly suspect that the lines of the graver are too generally evident throughout the shadows of this print, more especially in those of the draperies; and that more frequent crossings and more judicious partial obscurity, would have given us more of the beauty of Murillo.

#### COLOURED IMPRESSIONS

*Of the BRITISH GALLERY OF PICTURES, (No. I.) under the Superintendence of H. TRESHAM, R. A. W. Y. OTTLEY, F. S. A, and P. W. TOMKINS.*

[*Concluded from our last.*]

At the close of the former part of our review of this work, it will probably be recollected that we combated at some length the vulgar notions respecting the colouring of engravings, and laid down the general principles upon which we conceived that the art of Painting should not be blurred and confounded in the public opinion with that of Engraving; nor the latter be regarded either as a feeble, or even as an efficient, means of *copying* the former. We return to our promise of endeavouring to shew how far the utmost efforts which have yet been made to subvert our principles—this *praise* we are willing to allow to the exertions of Messrs. Tresham, Otley, and Tomkins—serve to confirm their truth.

It is painful to have said, and to have still to say, such things as we must say, in the presence of such men as Messrs. Tresham and Ottley. Our situation here, somewhat resembles that of the young Romans who saw Cato reeling—who blushed and turned aside: yet we shall not turn aside; and if we blush, it is a Roman blush—it is not for ourselves.

When their temporary intoxication shall pass away, Messrs. Tresham and Ottley must know full well that mediocrity in fine art (if the *bull* may be suffered to *run*) is worse than of nothing worth. They must know that it would be for the benefit of society if middling painting, middling poetry, middling sculpture, and middling art of every kind, were burned; because it dissipates attention, and by clogging the wheels of the mental machinery, retards the progress of taste. What was the chief cause of Grecian excellence, but the excellence of the models that were always before the eyes of the Greeks, and from which their contemplation was not diverted by such numerous and trivial objects as are ever forcing themselves on the attention of the moderns?

Upon this consideration, and on the futility and folly of “*exertions*” made to render imitable what is valued because it is *inimitable*, and of the “*perseverance*” employed to render the feelings of Genius reducible to mechanical practice, we shall chiefly rest the cause which we have undertaken to advocate.

The conductors with great truth observe (see their prospectus) that “the celebrity of many of the most approved masters is founded on their excellence in colouring.” In printing coloured impressions, and in colouring prints, after these very masters—especially such among them as combine dexterity of penciling with brilliancy of colour—the present scheme will be found to fail most in its execution. That surely cannot be radically right which is most subject to failure where success is most desirable; nor would any man,

we should suppose, be very forward to promote a scheme of Fine Art, of which the projector should be obliged to allow that in the *principal respect*, indeed, it would probably not succeed.

Fyt, Teniers, and Vandyck, are among the number of those who are justly esteemed inimitable, for the beauty and harmony of their colours, and dextrous management of their pencils. If children could be brought, even in the way of copying, to pencil and colour like Fyt, Teniers, or Vandyck, which Messrs. Tresham, Ottley, and Tomkins know cannot be done, those masters would lose their high reputation. To talk therefore of emulating the merits of a finely coloured and beautifully pencilled picture, (either by *calling forth* abilities, or otherwise,) so as to meet the eye, and deserve a place in the cabinet, of a man of taste---and to do this on prints by the score or by the hundred---is little less ridiculous than to talk of a machine for playing on the violin or organ, or of a mill for making verses.

When we compare the pomp with which this coloured part of the work is announced, with the subsequent appearance of the little coloured landscapes, or even with the coloured Rubens, it is like the recent firing (Sept. 16) of the park and tower guns, to announce---British failure; and alike subjects those who have the direction of "*the persevering and ameliorating talents of the country*," to the suspicion of weakness, mistake, or treachery.

But it is some satisfaction, because it argues the dawning of a better era of taste, to observe that the public is beginning to look beyond the specious colouring of a flowery prospectus. This of the British Gallery of Engravings, differs from other things of its kind, in its more assuming tone. Where others have been content with courting our approbation, this carries with it a seeming authority, and thinks itself entitled to command our praise. Its pretensions are of the highest kind. The proprietors profess to "depend on



the intrinsic merit and originality of their design:" "they flatter themselves that their undertaking will merit the approbation of every lover and judge of the fine arts;" and they say that "in exhibiting their prospectus, no uncertain lights are held out, nor is the votary of taste solicited to embark on a voyage of discovery \*."

Yet, confident as the conductors would have us suppose they feel, and strong and implicit as they profess their reliance to be on the artists who are engaged to perform this intrinsically meritorious and original work, it is well worthy of remark, that on the subject of *colouring* they betray a consciousness which might well lead a shrewd observer to suspect that all was not sound at the bottom. When they speak of coloured prints they seem afraid that people will immediately think of the trumpery smearings which thrust themselves upon our notice at every corner, and have converted almost every print-shop into a mere shop of toys; and to obviate this impression, they inform us (in page 5 of the quarto prospectus) that "to the world at large, it is not a matter now to be ascertained, how far the persevering and ameliorating talents of the country lead to *the discovery of new perfections* not only in science and the mechanical arts, but also in the studies that tend to promote the refinement of taste."

It follows, that though *no uncertain lights* are held out, and though *the votary of taste* is NOT solicited to embark on a voyage of discovery, he is most clearly solicited to stand on the shore, pay for the enterprise, and await its success, while *the persevering and ameliorating talents* embark.

How long he is to wait, God only knows. He was promised a number "on the first day of every month;" but as nearly three quarters of a year have elapsed since the publication of No. I, and no No. II has yet made its appearance,

\* See the last sentence and former pages of their prospectus.

we suspect that Messrs. Tresham, Ottley, and Tomkins have ventured "on a sea of troubles," where their progress has been retarded by hidden rocks and quicksands, and that they are now "bound in shallows and in difficulties." Indeed we know that in the nature of things it cannot be otherwise.

We are now, ourselves, arrived at a difficulty. We cannot produce to the reader the original pictures, with which he ought to compare the coloured impressions of No. I. With permission of the Marquis of Stafford and Mr. Henry Hope, he may, however, overcome this difficulty---if after seeing the little great things of the first series, he can entertain an idea that they can possibly be copies of the colouring of Francisco Mola, Salvator Rosa, Claude, and the Poussins.

For ourselves we must frankly confess, than when Tom Thumb entered after the flourish of trumpets, we were a little surprised.

The abilities which have been called forth and employed on this series, are such abilities as we have but too often witnessed before: such as are possessed by most girls and boys, and such as are inferior to some that were called forth some thirty years ago, by Messrs. Goodnight and Co. in Warner-Street, Coldbath Fields, who sold their British galleries of *Pictures* in quires to the toy-shops, which retailed them to the London misses and masters at one penny, and twopence per sheet; for at that time---notwithstanding what flatterers say of our fashionable refinements---a due distance was preserved in the public mind, between such childish toys as were then manufactured, and such engravings as were worthy of the portfolio of the connoisseur, and were then produced by Sir Robert Strange, Vivares, Woollett, Bartolozzi, the elder Rooker, &c. &c.

When boasters talk of *calling forth*, every one thinks of a passage in Shakespear which is become trite from its excellence: but at least it would have been no more than a proper mark of respect to the public and to *themselves*, if the

conductors had made the experiment, so as to have ascertained whether the aforesaid abilities would come when they were called, before they talked of *not* embarking on voyages, and *not* holding forth uncertain lights.

The colouring of the Rubens is far better than that of the sheet of little landscapes and the two sacraments after Pousin, and might put the generality of the print-shop windows of the present day to the blush, if they had not already so entirely lost all delicacy of complexion, as to be past blushing. Yet even here we are at variance, and at issue, with Messrs. Tresham, Ottley, and Tomkins.

Mr. Cardon's engraving, as we have before stated, is a very praiseworthy performance; being an excellent translation of a favourite picture of Rubens. Why is not this satisfactory? Why must the barriers between two beautiful and interesting arts be broken down, and their (consequently) ill-defined provinces be laid waste in order to satisfy the inordinate desires of tasteless sensualists, or fill the coffers of free-booters?

To ordinary observers who see only a single coloured impression, and who do not see Mr. Uwins' drawing nor Rubens' original, the colouring, supported as it is by Mr. Cardon's excellent engraving, peering through its defects like the sun through a murky atmosphere, may appear passable enough; and as the bosom of a woman taken in adultery, may be either red with blushes, or pale with apprehension, and the countenance of a scribe or a pharisee either florid or phlegmatic—*such* observers may perhaps be satisfied. We venture to add that such alone will be satisfied. Those who come prepared to expect, and *qualified to discern, what is exquisite* in Art, if they cannot compare the coloured impressions with the original picture, will at least require from the publishers an opportunity of comparing them with each other, and will be at no loss to perceive such differences as we have mentioned above—differences which we should

imagine would be almost sufficient to lead even negligent observers to infer that these coloured commodities cannot *all* be such "*finished, faithful, representations*" of the colouring of Rubens, as the prospectus in capitals teaches us to expect.

The very differences which are mentioned above, were gross and palpable among the five impressions which were inspected and compared together by our society, and the back-ground figures, particularly that which is said to have been painted from Vandyck, exhibited marks of still less talent in the colourist, and still less attention to Rubens.

Now, while it is clear that coloured prints differing from each other, cannot all be finished faithful representations of the same original picture, it should be recollected as a peculiar felicity of the Engraver's art, that when a finished, faithful translation of an original is once produced, such as we are here presented with from the graver of Mr. Cardon, the impressions are all alike—all equally resemble the original, or do not vary, but as the plate slowly wears under the hand of the printer.

The reader will please to bear in mind that our argument, as it respects the colourists of prints, rests thus. It is not denied that when such men as Mr. Stothard or Mr. Uwins copy Rubens, their copies are in every respect worthy of the original: such copies we have seen from both their pencils. It is granted that he who could produce a copy so exquisite as to satisfy a tasteful and critical eye, in one way, could do so in another: if he could colour a drawing or a picture accurately and feelingly, he *could* also colour a print—this is not denied: but it is denied that such men could be found to colour prints by the hundred, because, whenever such men (the only men that are really qualified for the task) have appeared, they have shown themselves neither willing nor able to endure the mental drudgery, and have recoiled from it to nobler pursuits. And this is what the public ought to wish,



for their own advantage—and will wish, when they understand the matter properly.

We conceive that we have sufficiently expressed our reluctance at opposing doctrines which appear to derive a sanction from the names of Ottley and Tresham. That reluctance was a matter of *feeling* merely: and though it has been felt, the real questions with our *judgment* throughout the volume which is now presented to the reader, has not been *who* writes, paints, or engraves, but *what* is written, painted, or engraved?

We have a tolerably clear foresight that at least some good effects, even to the work before us, will result from the animadversions contained in this last article: for, either the publishers will desist from the coloured part of their plan; or, if they meet with encouragement enough (for that will naturally be *their* consideration) to proceed, will urge the unseen and irresponsible school of colourists to redouble their efforts to make the prints more like the originals and each other; and for a time, at least, some good consequences will thus be produced; but we do not entertain the smallest doubt that our principles, sooner or later, will ultimately prevail. “Let them paint an inch thick, it must come to this at last.”

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*We have just been informed that the original Prospectus of Boydell's Shakespear, so much enquired after of late, is in the possession of Mr. Heath the Engraver. We advertise it for the benefit of those who, in their own defence, may wish to know how essentially, and how far, the conditions of this obligation have been complied with.*

*For a review of BELL'S ANATOMY OF EXPRESSION, which is entitled to a large portion of our approbation, we are sorry that we could not find room in our present Number.*

*Q. A's letter on the ridiculous rage which prevails at present for old picture frames, cannot, for the same reason, be now introduced.*



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